

# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

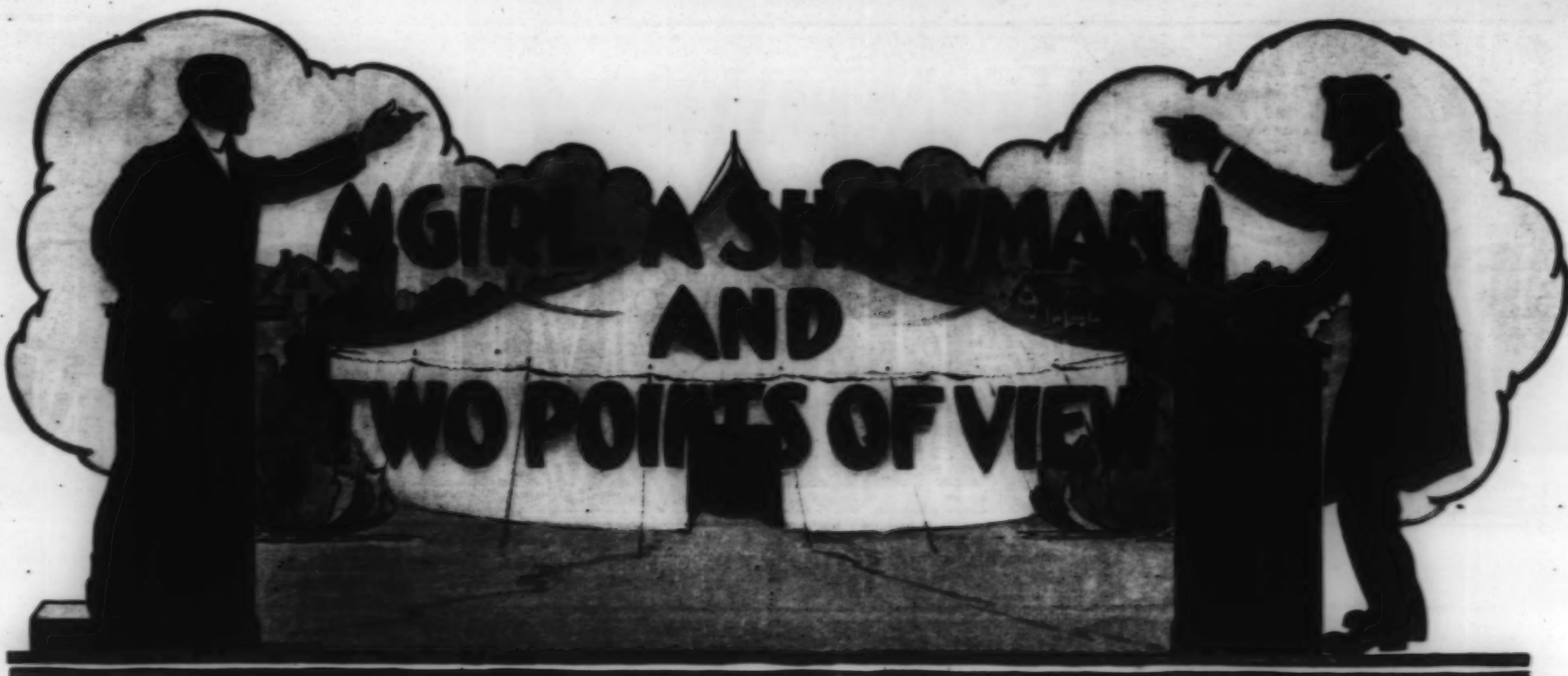
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WILLIAM HAYWARD CLAIRE.



KNOW a good heap 'bout it, but I never claimed to write the show business, like some folks I've knew.

Billy Sadler, for instance. Why, to hear Billy talk you'd jes' natch'ly think he created the whole Theopla stunt, from Shakespear clean down to Barnum and Bailey—rocked the cradle of art, as it were, an' been a wet nurse to it. You can't ever speak of anybody that Billy didn't "put him in the business."

No, I don't lay no claim to writin' the whole show business, but I've seen considerable of it. I made my first kid spiel in a circus tent. The little woman used to leave me rolled up in a shawl, along with my bottled bait on her trunk in the dressing tent, while she went on for her stunt.

She was a trick rider—a great one, too, an' don't you forget it. My ole man learnt her. He'd took her from a good home an' married her, spite o' her folks objectin'. An' he was good to her, 'cept when he got off on one o' his periodicals. But she jes' worshiped the come he drewed in—boosed er non-boosed. An' she never made no complaint. She was one o' the little quiet sort, with them kind o' big eyes that's got to be stuck on somethin'.

The old man put me to tumblin' 'fore my wobbly kid legs is onto their job. The little woman, she'd stand, tremblin' an' cold, watchin' him wops me 'bout. But she never said nothin' of course. I had to be learnt. An' she knew better'a to do anything that 'ud knock my nerve. But every time when he got done with me, she'd grab me an' squeeze me like she'd squeeze the liver out o' me.

Every day she learns me readin' an' writin'; an' I remember how tickled she gets the first time I can read a circus bill all through. She calls the whole bunch to hear me show up my learnin', an' the ole man is so swelled with paternal pride that he celebrates for a week.

When I'm 'long 'bout seven the old man gets kilt in the ring during one o' his periodicals. The little woman comes nigh throwin' up the game for awhile. But she braces up again; an' her an' me we stay by the show 'til I get into my shavin' age. All this time she's watchin' me, 'frail, maybe, I'll take to booze, like the old man. But I don't; that is, I ain't no trestler-Percy-boy, but I ain't lettin' the Gambrians broth wash away everything but damn fool.

'Bout this time I'm gettin' restless. I ain't wantin' to be workin' all my life for somebody else. I'm dreamin' of a show o' my own—of bein' my own boss, an' acelin' my name in big type on the fences. My first plunge is a two-headed calf snap. The little woman an' me has saved up some money, an' I stake it with another feller. She goes 'long to take tickets on the door. I do the spiel on the outside, an' my partner, he shows 'em the wonders of the double-topped bovine to the gasin' multitudes.

It ain't long 'fore I own the whole outfit, an' has added a Armless Wonder, who does writin' stunts with his toes. I make money, but sink it later with an educated pig that dies on me, an' a fat boy that gets the consumption an' coughs up his shape. Then I have my ups and downs with medicine shows, a lightnin' tooth-puller, a dog an' pony outfit, an' then I strikes the movin' picture business an' find myself on velvet.

The little woman she sticks by through thick an' thin. Then she sort o' goes into a decline an' begins to cough. The doctor says she needs Californy, an' I make a big jump for the Golden Gate. It does her good for a spell. Then she's always glad to get back to Californy, for there's where we buried the ole man. But she finally jes' slips out, quiet like, 'thout makin' no fuss, same as she's always lived, an' I lay her 'long side the ole man in Sacramento.

Say, did you ever set an' look at a heap o' dirt that's piled up on somebody that's belonged to you—somebody that you've been with every day o' your life? Why, there's a feelin' like it's piled right on your own heart. I set there a whole half day, lookin' at that heap o' yellow Californy dirt. Seems like the little woman an' me has been partners for so long that I can't get 'way an' leave her alone. Why, I'm like a great hulkin' kid that don't know how to get 'long 'thout its mammy. I try to reconcile myself by thinkin' o' her meetin' up with the ole man in Heaven. I ain't no clear idea of what Heaven is like, only I know it's hitched up somehow with love. The little woman, though, she has it all pictured out. Women seem to be onto them things more'n men. Why, she b'lieves jes' as sure as sun-up that the ole man's goin' to be waitin' for her right there in the main entrance. An' what she b'lieves goes with me. I know the ole man has his good points that's most likely had a chance to shine up consid'ble since he's got out loose from home.

I buy a patch of a gravestone for the two o' 'em. It says somehow to smile 'em more

poetry like to have jes' this one stone. I get it made big as a eight-sheet stand; an' I have carved on it, like 'alf there was two three-sheets with a date strip 'cross the bottom:

THOMAS REDFIELD,  
The World's Renowned  
Bareback Rider!  
Appeared Before All the  
Crowned Heads of  
Europe.

DARING! WONDERFUL!  
UNSURPASSED!

Was Killed June 20th,  
1906, While Doing the  
Greatest Act Ever  
Attempted.

MADAMOSHELLE FIREFLY,  
(wife of same).  
Famous Trick Equestrienne. Without Peers  
Before or Since. Big  
Feature of the Biggest  
Show on Earth.

THE ONE! THE GREAT!  
THE ONLY!

Died in Sacramento,  
March 10th, 1907,  
With Consumption.

This Stone is Erected by Their Loving Son  
THOMAS REDFIELD, Junior,  
Proprietor and Manager of the  
LA PETITTE THEATRE,  
Santa Cruz, California.  
Moving Pictures! Refined Vaudeville!  
Four Shows a Day!

For I've rented an' ole storeroom in Santa Cruz, an' put in my picture machine outfit there. An' that brings me to what I'm goin' to tell.

Up to this date I ain't ever married. I've got it stuck in my system, somehow, that when I tie myself up for better or Dakota that the lady must trot in the same class as the little woman. An' I ain't struck jes' the right one yet, an' I'm twenty-eight. But when I ran across her in Santa Cruz I know the goods has been delivered, an' it's all up with me. An' there's where this story rightly begins.

When I see her it jes' clinches the belief I've always sort o' felt that Heaven an' love is hitched up together. But I'm gettin' ahead o' my route book.

The La Petite Theatre is a lulu—a hummer. I ain't never been stuck on any snap that's represented my cash as I be on this one. It's right on Pacific Avenue, where the crowds can't get by it neither goin' nor comin' from the Casino an' the Beach—an' there are crowds this summer. Why, the place is packed with reporters that's jes' uneasy to get rid o' their dough.

I've had the ole storeroom all decorated up with red, white, green an' gold; an' I don't lay it on none too thick when I bill it "A Dream of Unparalleled Magnificence far surpassing the Pomp and Splendor of the Oriental Potentates!" Oh, it's a daisy, an' don't you forget it. There's a reg'lar Rockefeller wad o' electric lights. They dazzle the passer-by so he can't go no further 'til he sees what's a doin' behind them bunches o' sparklers. And an' I doin' business? Well, I guess! Packin' 'em in four times a day, an' hangin' out the R. R. O. sign at every performance. I stay by it night an' day. Business is always business with me. I ain't leavin' my show to nobody else to run—that is, not 'til this here time that I'm tellin' you 'bout.

I always do my own spielin'. An' while I ain't one to throw bouquets at myself, I will say that I can put up as good a spiel as any I ever heard. I don't go at my crowd with a pitchfork. I jes' coax 'em along with a jolly. An' that always keeps 'em comin'. To keep 'em comin', that's the secret. You may pitch 'em in once, maybe, 'gainst their will, but it leaves a sore spot that rankles; an' next time they dodge an' pass by on 'tother side, baby mine. But ketch 'em with a jolly an' their yours for keeps.

Well, it's one afternoon, jes' the first show time, when I'm lettin' my spiel loose to the crowd that's standin' laughin' at my joshes an' gettin' ready to invest in a roll ticket, when I first see her. She's standin' on the sidewalk, out at the edge of the crowd, watchin' me. An' say! —Well, I got stuck on her the very first blink my lungs get of her—jes' genuine, complete stuck. I ain't offerin' no explanations for them quick runs into the mesh state; but I'm plikin' on 'em for a sure thing.

She's lookin' out o' them same big, love-seekin' eyes, like the little woman; only she's got a little laughin' twinkle back of the sky look in here—that kind of a twinkle that keeps you guessin', an' then some. Her hair is parted, too, like the little woman's; an' it's combed back sort o' plain; different from the game topknots that most o' 'em sport.

I've caught all the crowd, an' they're coughin' up for their tickets an' goin' into the show. But she jes' stands there, watchin'. I can see that she ain't no intention o' comin' in. She looks, though, 'like she wants to. Then a sudden smart frellin' gets me that she'll go away, an' I hustle the crowd along. For I'm intendin' to speak to

her, an' I can't with any o' them yaps hangin' 'round. I don't want to draw no notice to her, to have 'em gasp at her cur'ous, an' laughin', maybe.

Ain't it funny how a man can knock 'round this little ole globe for twenty-eight years an' keep his head; then, all of a sudden—in jes' a minute—go clean woppy, an' not know anything nor want anything but jes' one woman? Well, that's me. Here am I standin' on my little ole perch, pawin' an' wavin' to that crowd o' yaps, throwin' 'em jollies for all I'm worth, an' at the same time not seein' anything but jes' that girl's eyes. Why, in jes' that minute the whole universal hemisphere fills up with that one girl, an' I'm sweatin' blood, 'frail she'll get away from me.

But my chance comes at last. There's a lull in the crowd. I'm watchin' her. But she ain't lookin' at me now. Them eyes is fastened, sort o' longin' like, on the last yap goin' into the show. Then I lean over quick, an' says, soft like, so's even Jimmy in the box-office can't hear me:

"Ain't you comin' in, Miss?"

At that she starts an' turns them orbs on me. "I'd like to," she says, an' smiles, "but I can't."

An' that smile! Well, say!—It ain't no use tryin' to tell what it's like, but it finishes me to a turn. I'm up in the air for a minute. I feel like the boom of the bass drum when the little lady strikes the net—sort o' stunned an' tighlin'. The thought is circulatin' in my nut that she ain't got no money, an' that's why she can't come in. Well! you better b'lieve I ain't standin' for that. Not now! I ketch my breath quick, jerk down my vest, lean over a little farther, with my hand on my chin, an' say, again low:

"I always recognize the perfect."

I see it sort o' guyin' like, but she don't say, not beln' onto the gab. So I ask, perforce as I can sling it:

"Will you accept a reserved seat with my compliments?"

"Thank you," she says, pleased, an' smilin' again, like she don't want to hurt my feelin's none by refusin', "but my father wouldn't like it."

I ketch on instantar. Her ole man ain't lettin' her take attentions from every strange guy that comes along. I like her better for that. An' I agree with the ole gent.

But jes' then another push of rubes comes up an' she turns away. I stand gasin' after her. Seems 'alf she was drawin' me right 'long with her. I don't pay no sort attention to the rubes. I ain't curin' whether they go in the show or to the devil. All of a sudden I jumps down from my perch, tell Hank on the door that it's up to him to run the show, I got an engagement that won't keep, an' light out after her.

She's makin' her way straight to the Beach an' the Casino. I keep some ways behind, intendin' to sunter up careless like, when I spot a chance, an' speak to her. I don't want to scare her none, or have her put me down for a fresh masher. I'm feelin' cautious, like I'm walkin' a slack wire, an' can't take no chances for a mis-step. She goes into the Casino, then out the door onto the beach side. She goes slow, like she's curious an' enjoyin' it for bein' something new that she ain't never see afore. Then all of a sudden, jes' as she's startin' down the board walk, the band on the Casino porch strikes up an' she stops to listen. That looks like it's my move; so I drift up towards her, sort o' careless like, lettin' on not to see her. When I get near to her I stop an' make like I'm listulin' to the music, too. After a little I let my eyes roam in her direction—still careless an' not seemin' to be expectin' to see anything in particular—an' I ketch her lookin' at me. At that I smile, surprised like, an' she smiles, too. Then I nod my head—not fresh, but jes' a little—an' edge nearer to her.

"That hand ain't so bad," I say, sort o' quiet an' indifferent like, jes' to start the conversation.

"Yes," she says, "ain't it beautiful? It's the best I ever heard. Oh, I love music."

At this I turn an' look down at her, smilin' an' more familiar like. The pink is flutterin' in her cheeks an' something shines bright in her eyes. All the rest of her is a blur of blue dress an' white hat.

"Ain't you ever heard Prignoll's band?" I ask, when I gets my breath. "They used to travel with Ringlin' Brothers."

"Ringlin' Brothers?" she says over, wonderin' like; an' I see she ain't makin' out who Ringlin' Brothers is.

"Ringlin' Brothers' Circus," I say.

"Oh, yes. I've never been to a circus."

Never been to a circus! Now, what do you think of that? I'm wonderin' where she's lived at all her life; an' I say, as a sort of a feeler:

"I take it that you don't reside in Santa Cruz?"

"Oh, no, we're only here to the Camp Meetin'."

"What Camp Meetin'?" I asked, for she's got me there.

"Oh, don't you know?" an' now she's lookin' surprised, 'alf she's wonderin' where I've lived at. "Why, the Second Adventists' Camp Meetin'. We hold it every summer out on the beach beyond Twin Lakes."

"Oh, yes." I let on that I know, but had forgot. "An' you've jes' come in town to-day to see the sights?"

At this she blushes an' sends them big eyes up to me, quick an' sort o' guilty like, but with that same little laugh in 'em.

"I hadn't ought to have come down here," she lows. "Father won't like it. Aunt Jane sent me to get some things at the store; but I wanted to hear the band play, an' I couldn't help but come for jes' a few minutes. I love to see all the people an' hear all the music, don't you?"

An' right here I come near to makin' a most awful break. Them eyes is lookin' up into mine 'til I feel like I've been throwin' in some sort o' rapture booze that's gone to my head an' left me dippy-like. An' I'm right on the point o' sayin' that I'd a heap sight rather be away from the music an' the people, alone some place with her. But I ketch myself in time an' don't say it. But I've got to have some outlet for my feelin's or bust. We're standin' close to the booth where they sell the saltwater taffy. I turn an' see it, an' I say, quick, to the butcher there:

"Give us four bits worth o' your peppermint cake."

Then I look 'round to her an' say, sort o' coaxin':

"The treat's sure on me this time. Your ole man can't pass out no objections to that?"

An' the way she takes that bag o' hailroll lumps—pleased like a kid, but blushin' an' shy—makes me want to buy out the whole boardwalk for her. Why, when I plunk down that four-bit piece it sends the bliss axilin' clean up to the roots o' my hair. I have the feelin' that my pile b'longs to her; is jes' achin' to get spent for her. The La Petite Theatre is here. I'm here. I walk by her side sort o' dazed. Then purty soon I spy out a bench and propose that we set down while she eats her taffy. I got a hazy recollection that I lay away a few o' them peppermint stomach insulators myself. I'm in a state to do 'most any fool thing. All this time I'm aggerin' how I'm goin' to get another date with her. At last I say:

"What's the bill over to your camp-meetin' show? What's doin' over there?"

"Oh, you want to know 'bout the meetin'," she says. "Well, there's one every night. But there's goin' to be a big one to-morrow. Elder Thomas is comin' from the East, an' he hasn't ever bin out here before. He's a young man, an' they say he's very fine lookin'. They're expectin' him this evenin'." He's goin' to eat at our tent, an' Aunt Jane will be wantin' those things for supper. I must go. I wish I could stay, though. I thank you ever so much for buyin' me the candy."

An' with that she gets up an' I follow her lead. What she's said 'bout this young gent what's comin' is botherin' me, but I say:

"Don't mention it," means the candy; "what time do you ring up to-night?" She don't seem to savvy, so I say: "What time do you begin?"

"Oh!" Why, Young People's Meetin' is at half-past six. The evenin' service don't begin 'til half-past seven."

I make up my mind that it's me for the Young People's Meetin'. But I change my plans again when she says:

"I'll have to wash the supper dishes for Aunt Jane, so I can't get over 'til the evenin' service."

Hank looks like he thinks I'm goin' bughouse when I get back an' tell him that he's due to run the show again to-night.

"Who'll make the spiel?" he asks, with his eyes bunglin' out.

"There won't be no spiel," I say. "Jes' run her the best you can, an' let her go at that."

For I've got to that des'part point where spiel or no spiel is all the same to me, if only I can look into them orbs.

The lot where the camp-meetin' show is pitched is some ways out o' Santa Cruz on the trolley line. A good deal out of the way for business, it strikes me. But it's their outfit, not mine. I ain't kickin' on distance, though, if only I can get that girl. That's all I'm after. An' I'd take a trip to the moon for her.

When the car stops I get off an' foller a little bunch o' folks up a little country road 'til we make out the canvases in the dark. It ain't far from the beach, for we can hear the waves

wasn't up on the shore. We can't see much, for they ain't showin' up many lights. They seem to be runnin' the map cheap.

I keep back a little, an' let the crowd ahead make their way into the big top. When I come up an' the man on the door turns an' sees me, he makes a jump an' gives me the glad hand, like I'm a long lost brother. I ain't rememberin' him none. But I think to myself he's been to the La Petite Theatre an' heard my spiel, an' he's recognizin' the perfish. He set, in a whisper, to come right in, an' I teller him. I'm late, for they're singin' inside. There's a big house. Everybody's standin' up. I want to drop down in a back seat. I ain't one o' them fresh free guys that wants to hog one o' the best seats when they're standin' 'em up. But that gesser on the door ain't lettin' me stay back. He's jes' set on shovin' me into the best there is. An' I'll be blamed if he don't shanghai me right up through the house an' give me a seat on the stage—on the stage, mind you. No other seat ain't good 'nough for me!

Two or three other gessers stop their singin' to grab my hand an' call me "Brother," in a whisper. An' I hear something 'bout their bels so glad I've come. I'm feelin' hazy an' funny in my head, an' red an' hot 'bout my gills. But I ain't denyin' but what I'm swelled up consid'ble, beln' treated so hospit'ble like. It shows that me an' the La Petite Theatre is some pumpkins in Santa Cruz. I make up my mind, right then an' there, that I ain't goin' to be outdied in hospitality. I'm going to give a sort o' professional matinee an' invite the hull bunch down to the La Petite. I'll blow myself on the Casino band an' have 'em play out in front o' the theatre. Oh, I'll show 'em there ain't nothin' cheap 'bout me. Then I'll finish the elegant by settin' up the lemonade an' peanuts—yes, an' saltwater taffy. She likes that hailroll dope.

Oh yes, I'm swelled up all right, all right. An' I'm hopin'—Gosh! but I'm hopin'—that she's there an' settin' where she can take in the way they're starrin' me on the bill. I'm hopin', too, that that there good-lookin' bloke from the East is-seen. He's been sort o' prickin' round on my thoughts.

Somebody hands me a singin' book, open. I'm so flustered an' swelled that I can't see the words. But I start in an' hum, anyway. I ketch onto some o' the words from the guy that stands next to me.

"I need Thee every hour."

I come out strong on that sentiment. All the time I'm sort o' lookin' over the house, foxy, for Her. But I don't see Her 'til we set down after the song stunt is done. I'm gettin' a little nervous, thinkin' she can't come. Maybe she's somewhere talkin' to the good-lookin' comp'ny they was expectin'. I'm gettin' to hate that mutt. I'd like to punch his head some. Then, all of a sudden I spy Her out, right on the stage, not fur from me. My heart takes a jump that makes me swell hard. Them eyes is on me. They're poppin' wide in surprise. But when I return their gaze she blushes an' smiles that smile again. An', say! Well, don't ask me to tell how I feel. I only need the thing that happens next to make me plumb dippy.

One o' the preacher guys is readin' somethin'. When he sets down, she stands up, close to the organ, an' I know she's goin' to sing. Well! I'd thought I'd heard the best there is. I've heard every serio-comic on the vaudeville stage; I've made apels 'bout "silver-throated cantytriches" an' "melody of angel seraphs," but I ain't never heard singin'—not right down, Simon-pure music singin' 'til now. It's the kind o' singin' that reaches down an' finds you right where you live. It seems to melt out into sweetness like honey out o' the comb. I go clean daffy, as I tell you, an' my heart is jes' tied up into knots. I'm seein' Her in her white dress through a sort o' haze; an' I'm thinkin' she's a angel too good for me to even speak to. I'll cut loose complete. I'll quit cussin'. I'll—I'll—Why, Gosh! fer 'bout five minutes I make myself over into lily white soap for that girl.

The little woman comes into my head. I'm wishin' she's at the La Petite when I get back, so's I could tell her. Wouldn't she be tickled to death with Her, though? Well, I guess.

When she stops singin' she sends me a look as she's settin' down. It seems to ask be I likin' it, 'sif I'm the only one in the house she's been tryin' to please. Guess my face tells her she's made a hit with me, all right, all right, fer she blushes agin an' drops her eyes. I'm so sort o' swimmin' in bliss that I don't take much note for some time of the speakin' turn that's on. I'm jes' tumblin' all over myself in my mind to make money fer that girl. Why, 'fore five minutes is up I'm owner of a eight-ringed circus. An' 'fore ten minutes is done I'm the hull circus trust an' travelin' in a private car with Her.

By this time I'm so swelled up that I send a blotted billionaire sort o' grin out over the house, an' then bring my 'tention, condescendin' like, back to his nibs that's doing the talkin'; an' after a little what he's apelin' kinder breaks through my noodle.

An' say! I'm in a state to pity any one that's got a grouch 'gainst life. An' this duffer sure has. Why, he's sore on the hull creation job, an' knockin' it fer all he's worth. He gits worse as he goes on. As a kicker he's got 'em all shinned. His face would give you a chill. He's got one o' them long upper lips that's like a asbestos drop—proof 'gainst any kind o' warmth.

He's showin' up what he calls "the signs o' the times," which same is earthquakes, fallin' stars and tidal waves. He sez God is sendin' them things to show His wrath; an' that it's His intention to bring the world to an end 'fore long, on account o' the general all 'round cussedness o'

things. He seems to be right in it with God—wise to all His plans. He has a lot to say 'bout His wrath.

We git the 'Prisco quaks painted in a vermilion thirty-two sheet stand. Oh, we git it hot, all right, all right. He throws out a bunch o' language that has Pain's fireworks beat to a frazzle. Then he lets loose on tidal waves. There's one sky-scraper that sweeps over some place an' wipes whole towns off the map. One is likely to come any minute an' swaller up Santa Cruz.

By this time the house ain't breathin'. They all set there, white an' scared, with their eyes peeled for the worst. An' I'll be jiggered if I ain't purty nigh gettin' the willies myself. We can hear them waves lashin' up on the shore; an' we know the big, black ocean is out there in the dark, an'— But here I send a look to Her, an'—Gosh! I feel smokin' shamed to think I let my nerve get away from me like that. After that I don't take in much o' the spiel. I'm feelin' sorry, though, fer them poor, scared devils out there in front. I'm feelin' sorry, too, fer this preacher guy that don't seem to be handin' out anything but lemons. But I'm still gasin' sly at Her, an' thinkin' my own thinks, when all of a sudden I feel that everybody is lookin' at me an' waitin'. I start an' turns quick. One of my pards on the stage is standin' there gasin' at me, smilin' an' expectin' like. Ole Asbestos Lip is

at first, not right at first—"we might jes' as well go home with a laugh as a cry," I sez. "We'll live jes' as long. I ain't claimin' to be up in signs, like our friend here. But I don't think we need to worry none. The thing to do is to keep our nerve with us, whether we're up against it or whether we ain't. As far as I'm concerned I ain't never had much use fer a squealer that's tryin' to save his own hide at the expense of somebody else's. I like to see a man stan' up an' take his dose. An' as for God's wrath an' His proposin' to smash the world up 'fore long—He ain't never informed me none 'bout His feelin's nor His intentions; but I ain't guessin' it that way. This is a party big show He's runnin', an' I don't b'lieve He's runnin' it fer the bad. That ain't good business. An' if He is countin' on lettin' some of us git swallered up in a tidal wave, why, what's the use o' kickin'? We got to pass in our checks some way, some time, an' as fer gettin' to Heaven—why, we can live in Heaven right here."

An' by this time I'm clean forgittin' everybody in that there house but Her. I'm jes' talkin' now to Her. An' I ain't carin' whether they're thinkin' me mush or not.

"Heaven is Love," I sez. "That's what 'tis—love, an' a wife, an'—kids," I sez, an' I'm warmed up now clean through. "We got it right here," I sez, "an' travel with it, an' carry it 'long

"You've come in here an' passed yourself off as Elder Thomas!" he sez.

Two of the other stage guys get up by this time, an' the house is settin' forward in their seats holdin' their breath.

"I didn't come in here to pass myself off as nobody," I sez, beginnin' to blush. "I come to your show, an' I'm willin' to put up the price. I'm Tom Redfield, of the La Petite Theatre, an'—"

But I don't git no farther. Somebody seems to break loose, an' I'm sudden in a free-for-all gabbin' match. The hull house is on their feet. An' yours truly is beginnin' to feel 'em set off a bunch o' fireworks, somehow. He ain't quite wise yet how he's done it. But he's beginnin' to see that he's settin' more of the frozen than the glad hand. Then, all of a sudden, he sees Her standin' by Ole Asbestos, Her hand on his arm, an' hears tier say, out above all the gabbin':

"I invited Mr. Redfield to come to the mornin', father?"

Them big eyes is lookin' straight into mine, an' say!—I've got the queerest feelin' that I ever had in my life. Why, if that there little girl—that slip of a girl that I can hold all there is of her in one hand—ain't standin' up there, gamey as you please, fer me—standin' up fer me!—a great hulkin' guy like me! I'm clean knocked out for a minute. An' the next thing I hear is Ole Asbestos sayin':

"Let us pray for this errin' brother that's been gubbed into our midst."

At that he flops down on his marrows. So does Ole Appellin' Smile and others. The house sets down. I stand there with my hat in my hand, feelin' foolish, an' not knowin' jes' what move to make next. But she bows Her head, so I bows, too. But I ain't hearin' much that Ole Asbestos is gettin' off, my think tank is so full o' Her. All of a sudden it comes to me that she called him father. Great Scott! That ole cuss is Her ole man! Then I begin some tall fingerin' on how I'm goin' to git sold in that quarter where I've sure queered myself.

Everybody is up on their feet again. An' Ole Appellin' Smile he grabs my fat an' sez, "be I feelin' the workin' of the Spirit?" I 'low I'm feelin' a good many things. I like Ole Appellin' Smile. He's the real thing. I'm wishin' he was Her ole man 'stead o'— Well! I'm up 'gainst it. I'm realizin' that fact hard. Then Appellin' Smile sez will I come to-morrow night an' let the spirit work with me some more, an' I sez I will. The La Petite has jes' got to run itself 'till I can win out on this game an' get that little girl promised to be mine fer keeps.

Then I turn to speak to Her, but she's gone. She ain't nowhere in sight. I wait 'bout a few minutes but she don't appear from nowhere, an' as the house is all gals' out I poke 'long, too. But I'm hopin' all the time that she'll show up again from some quarter. But she don't. I wait a minute on the outside lookin' 'bout. There's lots o' small tents with lights inside, an' I see shadows movin' on the canvas. I'm half a mind to ask some one which is hers; but somehow I'm shy'n' on it. I don't know her name, an' I don't want to go into no explanations. Then, too, it seems like she ain't wantin' me to butt in any more to-night. So I finally turn an' start down the road, disappointed an' sore. I'm purty near alone by this time, as the house has scattered. Then all at once I hear my name called soft. I turn quick, an' there she is comin' to me out o' the dark.

"Mr. Redfield," she sez again, sort o' out o' breath, like she's been hur-ryin', "I'm awful sorry 'bout to-night. It wa'n't your fault. They took you for Elder Thomas. They say you look like his picture, with your face shaved smooth, an'—an'—so fine lookin'."—I'm tellin' you this 'cause it's what she said, not 'cause I'm stuck on my shape—"an'," she goes on, more shy like, "I think you're right 'bout—some things you said."

"Fore I can take this all in I feel Her little soft hand slippin' into mine, an' she's sayin' "good-night."

"But I'm goin' to see you home," I sez, an' my hand takes a tighter grip on Hers.

"Oh, I jes' live right 'cross there in that tent," she whispers quick, an' I ketch on that she thinks it best fer me to double back on my route any more trouble to-night. So I don't press the date. But I keep holt of Her hand while I ask if she'll be down to the beach to-morrow. She hesitates a minute, then sez, soft an' shy, with a little half-sart laugh, like she's doin' somethin' she wants to but feels she hadn't oughter:

"I may come down in the mornin'."

"To the Casino?"

"Perhaps."

I don't sleep much this night 'count o' my think factory workin' overtime. But I'm at the beach bright an' early nex' mornin' hangin' 'round the Casino an' board walk, lookin' fer Her. Myrtle!—that's her name. I find it out this mornin'. Myrtle! It fits her to the ground, beln' somethin' soft an' clingin', but still with a spunky little will of its own, that follows its own route an' does its own clingin' stunts where it's a mind to.

We set on the beach fo: two hull hours, though it don't seem more'n ten minutes to me. She tells me 'bout herself, 'bout where she lives 'n a little country town, 'bout her mother that's dead. An' though she don't make no sort o' mention of it, I sense somehow that her life ain't the happiest in the world. An' what's more, I feel I know what's minin': She wants to be loved—that's it—loved and petted. An' anybody to see Ole Asbestos would know that he wa'n't handlin' out much of that sort o' thing. But she cares fer him a hull lot. Oh, yes, she cares fer him, I



"I always recognize the perfish."

seated now, with a glum an' keep-off-the-grass look that sez he's satisfied he's give us what's comin' to us.

"Will you say a few words, Brother Thomas?"

I'm gen'ly called "Tom," but I saves that for the occasion calls fer some etiquet trimmin'. He's lookin' pleasant an' appelin'. He's likely heard me spiel an' wants me to jolly up the crowd a little after that dose o' gloom. I send a quick look to Ole Asbestos, then back again to the Appellin' Smile; an' I feel Her eyes is on me, an' she's expectin' me to do myself proud 'fore her friends, so I gets up, slow, shake down my pants an' takes out my han'kerchief an' wipe my head an' face while I'm pullin' myself together. Then I come down stage, easy like, an' look out over the house, smilin'. Most of 'em smiles back, an' I see they know me, an' they're expectin' me to chirk 'em up after the scare they've had threw into 'em.

"I'm sure overwhelmed by all this here perlitte an' professional treatment," I begin, in the old legit. style that I can sling when I feel the time calls fer it. "It fills my bosom with pride when I look out over this vast arena an' see so many smilin' count'nances come to witness these great-est triumphs of the age." Then I drop jes' a little. "This has been an evenin', ladies an' gentlemen, of rare amusement an' unsurpassed entertainment—an' evenin' without a dull moment. But"—an' here I wait a little an' look 'round. It's my plan not to set on Ole Asbestos too hard

with us when we throw up the game an' git buried under one tombstone. Heaven is love," I sez. "That's what 'tis. An' it spills itself out all over the hull of creation when we git our systems full 'nough of it to overflow. Why, it makes us want to see everybody happy an' enjoyin' a good laugh, and not whinin' an' sour, an' out with a hammer. Heaven is love. An' it's my opinion that the guy that don't find it here is goin' to git left on it everywhere else—tidal wave or no tidal wave. An' what our friend here needs is to thaw himself 'fore the fire of love, an' git limbered into laughin' trim. That's what he needs—a good laugh—sixty laughs in sixty minutes."

Here I turns, good-natured like, an' gives Ole Asbestos a look. An' say!—if you ever run up 'gainst the frozen stare, it's there on his face. Frozen! B-r-r-r! It's a reg-lar Montana blizzard. His lamps is peeled an' glisterin' frost. There's icicles in his spinach. He's stiff paralyzed. I never see anything like it in all my little ole travels. It knocks me fer a second. Then, 'fore I can ketch my wind to go on with my spiel—fer I'm jes' gettin' ready now to throw in a lot o' josh—up jumps Ole Appellin' Smile an' shouts:

"Who be you, anyhow?"

I look at him, an' I'll be hangin' if the billboard ain't struk him, too.

"Who'd you 'pose I be?" I sez, jes' a little off my perch.

# THE WORLD'S A STAGE

<p>NEVER knew an actor yet That didn't have some sort o' sense, And yet 'most every man I've met Declares his life is just pretense.</p> <p>And some folks say the actor'll lie, Will swear and drink and cheat, p'raps steal— And oftentimes you hear it said The actor really isn't real.</p> <p>Well—he's the image of ourselves; What we are, he is, nothing more And when we view the passing show We've only passed life's open door.</p>	<p>He has to hold the mirror up And try to prove this sorry show Of humankind is something worth And sometimes we believe it so.</p> <p>And while we look and laugh and learn, And smile and listen at the play, I wonder if we ever think The lesson's learned the other way.</p> <p>That all the humor and the charm, The wit, the laughter and the tears, Are something made of human hopes, Are something made of human fears.</p>	<p>That 'tis no art, but just ourselves— Ourselves—and a bit added, too, That stand throat-tightened in the wings To prove the great world-passion true.</p> <p>Or if an art; why, then 'tis plain, Here is the greatest art of all— The human art—the art of hearts, From Adam-fall to curtain-fall.</p> <p>The poet writes in glowing rhyme, The artist paints in color brave, The architect, the sculptor, too, Some fragment of the dream would save.</p>	<p>The man who acts; he is <i>himself</i>! The living image of the theme— Hands, heart, brain, soul, he gives them all To rear the fabric of the dream.</p> <p>Say, poet, you have dreamed; here <i>lives</i> The very man, Mercutio! Which is the triumph, yours or his? You answer not. You do not know?</p> <p>I'll answer; out of human hearts, Out of the toil, the strife, the woe: A thousand men have lived and died To act but once, Mercutio!</p>	<p>How stands your art now, poet? mould Another lay to lift the slain What is your man, Mercutio, To those who sacrificed in pain?</p> <p>A dream you had—what is a dream? A human life is something more— A human heart that's rent in twain To try and prove you lived before.</p> <p>Which art's the greater? Why, there live All arts in his—the actor man's And so it shall be for all time, Unless God changes all his plans.</p>
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JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

can see that all right. He ain't been a preacher long. He was a brick mason up to the time he first begins expoundin' on tidal waves. He does some house-building yet, when he ain't rushed with preachin'. An' she's learnt the dress-makin' trade to take care of herself.

She tells me all this; then she sets an' looks out at the ocean with them big eyes o' her'n, sort o' dreamy like, while I tell her 'bout yours truly. For I feel it's up to me to put her wise on my history so she'll know jes' what she's rumblin' up 'gainst. I go back to the time when I'm a kid. I tell her of my ole man an' the little woman. An' when I'm tellin' her 'bout that day when I set an' looked at that new heap o' dirt up in the cemetery at Sacramento, she puts her little hand out all of a sudden an' lays it soft on mine, like the little woman used to when I'm feelin' blue an' she wants to brace me up. That there's too much for me. It sets my blood to jumpin' wild. I ketch that little hand quick, an' 'fore I know what I'm doin' I look up—fer I'm lyin' on the sand by her—an' I ses:

"If you could have knew the little woman you'd of felt more like marryin' her boy."

It was out. I meant to of waited a little while 'til she knew me more, an' not jump at her like that, 'fore she'd hardly learnt to spot me in a crowd. But it was that little soft touch that made me do it. An' now I'm waitin' with my heart in my mouth. An' I take a tighter grab on her hand fer fear she's goin' to get up an' run away from me. But she don't make any move. Her eyes is lookin' straight out to sea, but a blush has come up in her face. I watch her a minute. Then I ses again, sort o' choked, 'count o' my heart doin' such jumpin' stunts:

"I know I'm a good deal premachoor in askin' this, an' I hope you ain't takin' me fer a freesty. But do you think you could ever care fer me 'nough to marry me, Myrtle?"

Still she ain't sayin' anything, an' I go on, more serious an' urgint:

"I ain't askin' you to sign with any bum outfit that's like to go broke any minute, an' have to close to reorganize. I've got money in the bank," I ses, "an' I've got a show that's good fer a hundred plunks a week over an' above expenses. I'll buy you a home right here in Santa Cruz, if you say the word. An' I'll be good to you, little girl—you bet I'll be good to you."

But she ain't seemin' to hear me, fer she breaks in sudden—sort o' dreamy an' shy like:

"You said we can find Heaven here—now; that it's love—"

I set up quick.

"Do you b'lieve it?" I ses.

"Yea," she ses, low like, an' drops her eyes.

An' say! Well, what happens the next minute ain't nobody's business but our own. I want you to know, though, that it's the solemnist as well as the happiest minute of my life.

"Father'll object," she ses, after we come down to earth an' get talkin' again.

"I think he'll be all right," I ses, after he sees the La Petite Theatre, an' finds out I ain't no fly-by-nighter."

"It's the theatre he'll object to," she ses.

"The theatre!" I repeats. "What does he want—a circus? Well, I'll have a circus if he'll jes' give me time nough. But we'll have to be on the road with a circus, an' I'm kinder stuck on havin' a home."

But after awhile she gets it through my nut that ole Asbestos is objectin' to shows of every sort whatever; thinks they're makin' the same play somehow 'long with tidal waves an' earth-

quakes in the wrath o' God. An' I'll be fliggered if she don't tell me that that whole camp-meetin' outfit wants to b'lieve in all that wrath o' God scare. They want to b'lieve it! They contend, too, that everybody on earth is damned, an' can't git into Heaven 'less they b'lieve jes' what they—this camp-meetin' outfit—believes. They don't seem like that sort o' folks to me. They seem kind an' pleasant 'nough. But of course if that's their 'pinion there ain't no use passin' remarks. I could hand 'em out a few more pointers, though, on Heaven, jes' 'bout this time.

"But I'm goin' to marry you anyhow," she ses, "even if father does object."

I know what she means—she'll run away an' marry me. I don't say anything fer a minute, though I give her hand a tighter squeeze. But I'm thinkin' o' the little woman, an' how she used to git spells o' longin' fer her folks, who was mad at her an' had threw her off 'cause she run away an' married my ole man. A woman's folks is her folks, no matter what bug notions they've got 'bout some things, an' I ses, finally:

"No, little girl, I ain't goin' to make no trouble 'tween you'n your folks. We got to bring them to our way o' thinkin', that's all. I'm goin' to marry you right in your father's house, an' it's up to him to give away the bride. Then you an' him can visit back an' forth much as you want to; an' there'll be a corner by our little ole fireside whenever he's a mind to fill it."

.....

An' so I begin to scheme out some fake that'll ketch Ole Asbestos, an' warm him up to me fer a son-in-law.

Of course I ain't callin' him Ole Asbestos to Myrtle. Not on your tinfole. I put embroidery on the way I speak of him to her, y'n bet. For, as I ses, she thinks a good deal o' him. She's wise to good points in him that other folks ain't seein'. An' he's all right, only his human nature's got frow over so's his glad smile can't work. He needs thawin' out, that's all. An' it's up to me to give him a southern exposure. An' at last I hit on somethin' that I think'll do the business.

To carry out my plans I have to make a trip to 'Frisco that takes me away from Myrtle fer two whole days. But she meets me at the train when I come back, an' that makes up fer havin' to leave her. It gives me the feelin' that Santa Cruz is home an' Heaven fer sure. Then I'm dead stuck on my scheme, now, an' crazy to throw the limelight on it. I tell Myrtle somethin' 'bout it, but not all. A woman can't always see things like a man, an' it's best not to put her on too wise.

To make my scheme work I've got to decoy Ole Asbestos down to the La Petite Theatre; an' that's a proposition that takes some tall figgerin' 'fore I hit it jes' right.

I figger that the first play fer me to make is to call on the ole gent, put him onto my intentions to marry his daughter, an' ask his consent. I ain't seein' him fall on my neck fer joy—not right at first—but I'm primed fer any objections he's likely to raise.

I find him alone in his tent. Aunt Jane, who's his sister an' keeps house fer him an' Myrtle, has gone out an' the neighbors. An' Myrtle, she's doin' what I tell her to, an' keepin' herself scarce. I put it to him straight without no flourish. I low she ain't knew me long, but I'm willin' to wait 'til there can be a better acquaintance. In the meantime I refer him to such authority as Ringling Brothers, an' some others that's knew

me since I was a kid, an' can vouch fer me bein' able to deliver the goods.

At first Asbestos gives me the frozen stare again. Then, quick's he can git his wind he lets loose on several things, but the show business in particular. He ses the hull amusement outfit is damned to everlasting hell fire. We don't have no argment, as I'm lettin' him do all the swearin'. Fer that's what it amounts to. Fer even if his language ain't cut out accordin' to Hoyle, the feelin's there jes' the same. Why, it comes to me, as I'm watchin' him, that the ole gent is swearin' in his mind conside'ble of the time; an' this is what he's fixed up to be the wrath o' God.

But there is times—I ain't denyin' it—when he's lettin' loose some o' them personal remarks, that I'm feelin' purty hot under my collar-button. I never stood the same from any other duffer, an' don't you believe it. But I'm thinkin' o' Myrtle, an' him bein' her profligate. I'm owin' him conside'ble fer that.

Well, he spews himself tired after a spell, an' then I puts in my quiet spiel.

"I'm sorry," I ses, "that you've got such a poor 'pinion o' the perfesh. But you better begin to change your mind some 'bout me," I ses, "fer I'm goin' to marry your girl, an' you an' me has got to be friends. I'm wantin' to marry her this mornin'." I ses, "but as you don't seem to be feelin' in the mood to have it done up here, right, then there ain't no place left to us but the La Petite Theatre."

With that shot I ses "good-bye," an' walks out, leavin' him standin' there gaspin'. I ain't told no lie. I'm wantin' to marry Myrtle this mornin', or any mornin', at any ole time or place. But I ain't defendin', as I ses before, to do nothin' but what's on the level an' fer her happiness. I think this will fetch him though, an' it does. He comes tearin' down to the La Petite on the nex' car. I'm there before him, fer I make the round trip in a bus-wagon. I figgered it all out, an' I ain't rumblin' no risks o' makin' the trip on the same car with him.

I'm in the theatre an' I've got everything ready fer him. Fer it's my intentions to make that ole cold storage see a show. It's a bill that I've gone to conside'ble expense to git up special fer him. It ain't sech a bill as I'd give my reglar patrons. Fer most o' them is ladies an' children, and it ain't good business fer me to scare the kids with a show that'll give 'em nightmare, an' cause their folks to cut out my matinees. No, I always make it a point to run clean, entertainin' pictures that has plenty o' laughs in 'em, an' tells interestin' little stories with good endin's.

I've left orders an' they let Asbestos come right in where I be. The house is dark, but I have the lights full on at first, so's he can see Myrtle ain't here. He's talkin' fast an' mad. I make excuses, tell him I was only puttin' up a bluff 'bout gettin' married this mornin', that I ain't no mind to weddin' ceremonials 'til he pronounces the bans.

Then, all of a sudden, when we're both talkin' hard, I give the signal, the lights go off, the piano strikes up, an' Hank, up in the lantern box, begins turnin' the reel an' throwin' the pictures on the screen.

The ole man is fustered dumb fer a minute, then begins sputterin' again. But I know he's sort o' curious, an' I gab away to keep him goin' so he won't leave. But at the same time I'm throwin' remarks up to Hank, givin' him directions 'bout the films.

"This is a new bill," I ses to the ole man, "an' we're jes' rehearsin' it."

An' now there comes some lapses in the talk, an' I know he's got one eye on the pictures. Then I cut my gab some to him an' throw more of it in Hank's direction. An' 'fore long the ole man's two eyes is on the pictures an' his tongue is stopped. He's never see anything like it before in his life. I'm talkin' now jes' to Hank, an' seemin' to forget that Asbestos is still leavin' himself around loose.

Hank has started in with the Eruption of Vesuvius. An' the boys behind the screen is burnin' red fire. He follows that up with the Johnstown Flood; an' I have some effects of bells ringin', whistles blowin', an' shoutin' an' groarin' behind the screen. Then comes a fake thing they call "Danty's Inferno." It shows a feller makin' a trip through hell. With that I run in a lot more groans. An' I must say the boys is doin' the groans up in great shape. After that we run on the 'Frisco Earthquake, which is a long film.

After this gets started I drop over near to the ole man, who is leanin' agin the wall an' is jes' joyously lost himself in all these here blood-curdlers. 'Fore long I venture a remark or two, in an off-hand way, explainin' the pictures. But he stan's there quiet an' not movin', takin' it all in.

Then we get a picture of the kid that's got his little sister in tow down to the ferry house, where they're givin' out sandwiches to all that hungry crowd.

"The kid there," I ses, "is askin' will they give one o' them sandwiches to his little sister? He ses he can go 'bout any himself, if there ain't 'nough to go 'round, but his sister is starvin'."

The picture's a rattlin' good one, an' the look in that gamey little kid's face always makes me swoller hard. An' say!—will you b'lieve it?—I hear Asbestos snuff, an' the next minute he pulls out his han'kerchief an' blows his nose. My thermometer sits up sixty degrees. The southern exposure is workin' all right. The ice is crackin' on his human nature so's he's beginnin' to feel somethin'. Purty soon we git a funny film, an' he gives a queer little chilly laugh. Oh, he's comin' on, mamma dear.

It's near one o'clock when Hank shuts off the machine an' the house lights flash on. The ole man is blinkin' an' dazed, an' I ses, quick an' plesant, 'fore he has a chance to come to:

"Purty hungry, ain't you? Better come out with me an' get somethin' to eat."

He hangs back a spell, up on his dignity agin, fer he ain't more'n half thawed yet. But he's hungry as the devil, an' I know it. I've sised him up fer a good feeder. An' when I urge him to come 'long, he finally does, though he seems to want me to know that he ain't approv'in'. But that's all right. I don't act like I'm on to his offhensness. I take him up to the St. George Hotel an' blow him to the best the house affords. An' that thaws him a little more, an'—well, Myrtle an' me is married in two months, with the ole man in the ring performin' the ceremony, fer which I slip him a new, clean gey'ment rag that sports a century mark.

He ain't changed his mind none 'bout the wrath o' God. But I steer clear o' them oppilions o' his, an' him an' me is tol'le good friends.

I've noticed that when two men has cried to-gether, laughed to-gether, an' et to-gether, they've somehow struck a sort o' human meetin' place where each others' opinions don't cut so much ice.

GERTRUDE NELSON ANDREWS.



# THE TEA GARDENS OF OLD LONDON

**N**OW, Spring Gardens, by Charing Cross, is the home of the London County Council. In 1654 Spring Gardens, having been a popular resort for, at any rate, half a century, was the scene of such outrageous revelry that Cromwell expelled the merry-makers and locked the gates. It is a quaint coincidence. Here one may note, however, that the tendency of open air amusements has been to offend authority—in the particular instances of Vauxhall, Cremorne and Highbury Barn. An aristocratic remnant of the Spring Gardeners retreated to the Mulberry Gardens; but these did not long endure, being eventually effaced by Buckingham

upon the Fries and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their shades I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of Mahometan Paradise." Sir Roger was reminded of the country, and grew sentimental "when a Masque who came up behind him gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her?" But the Knight, "being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts . . . told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business." The friends supped on beef and ale; and angered the saucy waiter by insisting on his service of the remnants to their

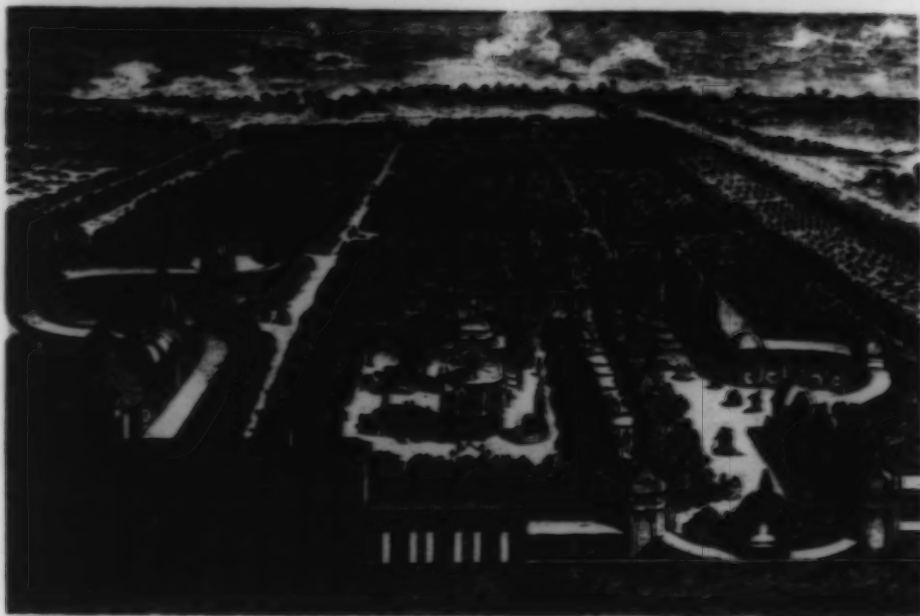
ture are the "Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon. Captain Fopham surveys the distinguished crowd through his glass. Dr. Johnson sits at supper with Mrs. Thrale, Boswell and Goldsmith, a regular patron of Vauxhall, of which he has left a picture in his "Citizen of the World." "Lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full bodied concert bursting upon the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired portion of the grove vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, and the table spread with various delicacies all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian Lawgiver." The design of the Vauxhall gardeners seems to have been to command the imagination of their patrons by contrast. By dimly lighted vestibules one approached a place of illumination—of the tiny lamps that took their name from the Gardens being utilized on occasion; and this one left for Dark Walks eventually suppressed by outraged authority.

Jonathan Tyers made a fortune and then retired to a suburban home, which he decorated in exaggeration of Vauxhall. He committed the care of the Gardens to his son Thomas—a barrister and popular song writer, the familiar "Tom" Tyers of Doctor Johnson and his friends. When old Tyers saw the approach of death he insisted on being carried to his beloved Gardens that he might gaze upon them in farewell. A poet of

making the service that "a very of Countess" was seen reading a chicken and picking the bones. A journalist of the occasion and the privilege of sitting up all night with the Right Honorable Richard Grenville Sheridan, and God forgive him! says no more than that "the talk was brilliant."

In 1811 Madame Saqui was the heroine of Vauxhall. She was a French woman, but ugly and Herculean. Only once did a vast structure of ostrich feathers on her head, she would begin the dangerous journey of her night race as the clock struck midnight, passing midway, while a display of fireworks, planned to throw her figure into relief against the sky, was unrolled. Madame Saqui lived to extreme old age, the possessor of Louis Napoleon. Gradually the vulgar element predominated in the Vauxhall programme. There were balloon ascents, occasionally fatal, optical illusions, sword swallowings, shadow pantomimes. Waterloo suggested a vast, spectacular reproduction of the battlefield, strengthened by Napoleon's circus stud. Captain Ross' polar expedition, and the tale of Versailles were in like manner illustrated.

For nearly fifty years a familiar figure at Vauxhall was that of Mr. Simpson, the master of ceremonies, not effectually replaced after his death. Simpson's benefit in 1833, readily commended the patronage of the King, for the old fellow claimed to have been a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His picture, looking like an exaggeration of Mr. Pickwick, surmounts an exhortation in Simpson's



A VIEW OF VAUXHALL GARDENS

Palace. Archery butts, a tilt yard, a boxing green and a bathing pond were attractions to Spring Gardens; but, greatest of all, the good service of food and wine, especially neats-tongues and Rheish. The Londoner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries loved his table out of doors when the season permitted.

Many of the old tea gardens were built around natural springs, of medicinal virtue, real or imagined. But Spring Gardens took their name from a hidden fountain, which the foot of the unwary, pressing a grass plot of innocent appearance, set in motion, to his great discomfort. There was a second shortlived Spring Gardens at the foot of the Haymarket. After the Restoration the original Spring Gardens again invited to their "thickets and inclosures, their solemn groves." But meanwhile there had come into vogue a new Spring Gardens, destined, as Vauxhall, to flourish throughout two centuries. When one eyes the sordid expanse of buildings west of St. Thomas' Hospital, on the south side of the Thames, he can hardly believe the words of many writers describing with rapture the natural and bestowed beauties of Vauxhall Gardens—dense groves, vast open spaces, many palaces; panorama of English gaiety from generation to generation. The student of popular recreation finds his inquiry leading always toward the Church. The vast estate bestowed by King John upon his favorite Fulke de Breauté was long time owned by the Archbishopric of Canterbury, specifically reserved from the confiscation of Church property by Henry VIII. Eventually the Princes of Wales enjoyed manorial rights of Fulke Hall, sometimes Foxhall, finally Vauxhall. The novelists, diarists and historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries teem with references to a resort popular with great folk and small. In May, 1667, Mr. Pepys, having sent madame with her maid to Dulwich to lie there overnight and in the early morning gather dew for a face wash, proceeded by water to Foxhall, and there walked in Spring Gardens. "It is very pleasant and cheap," he writes, "for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing at all as one." This time Mr. Pepys found the nightingales, the fiddles and the joyous promenades sufficiently "diverting." When next he visited Vauxhall he fell in with Harry Killgrew and young Newport, "very rogues," whose lewd talk and wicked freedom with women made his heart ache. Nevertheless, he supped with them in an arbor; comforting himself with the reflection that a man should be in such company for once, "to know the nature of it." I am afraid Samuel stands confessed of returning to Vauxhall again and again—if again and again to deplore "the vice and confidence of the age" as rampant there.

Half a century did not reform Vauxhall. In the Spring of 1712 Mr. Spectator was persuaded by Sir Roger to an evening of gaiety. They went by water—Westminster Bridge was not yet built; and he who would cross the river at this point must use a ferry barge maintained by the proprietor of the gardens. "When," says the Spectator, "I considered the Fragrance of the Walks and Bowers, with the Chorus of Birds that sung

waterman, a maimed veteran of La Hogue. "As we were going out of the garden," says the Spectator, "My old friend, thinking himself obliged as a member of the Quorum to animadvert on the morals of a place, told the mistress of the house, who sat in the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

When Jonathan Tyers got the gardens in 1732, he procured the patronage of the Prince of Wales—eventually George IV—for his inaugural Bal Masque on June 7, 1733. Four hundred persons paid a guinea each for the privilege of attending. At the outset Tyers does not seem to have prospered greatly, and had even to be reproached for talk of suicide by his friend Hogarth, who advised and actively assisted in the decoration of the Gardens, once rich in art treasures of a kind. Hogarth painted several pictures for his friend—in the Sigmund style. They were eventually sold in a dilapidated condition. But collectors greatly prize the silver season tickets which Hogarth designed for the patrons of Vauxhall, himself enjoying a gold ticket, admitting six persons for all time. The usual charge for admission to Vauxhall was one shilling, occasionally increased. The price of the season tickets, guaranteed to have a metal value of three shillings, admitting two persons during three months, was twenty-five shillings. But if it cost one little to enter, he paid heavily for such creature comforts as he should desire. The transparency of a "Vauxhall slice" became a proverb—it was the boast of a certain carver that he could cover the eleven acres of the Gardens by the shaving of a single ham; and we have the



RANELAGH GARDENS AND ROTUNDA

the period—every lamp of Vauxhall seemed to light an attic in Grub Street—penned this eulogy:

Here sleeps the master builder of delight,  
Who charmed to truth and taste the ear and sight;  
Who wrought at home, to spread his fame abroad,  
And made the astonished foreigner applaud;  
Who drew, by moral craft, the attentive throng,  
And bade his minstrels play to virtuous song;  
Who still the reader of the canvas calls,  
As British glory beams upon his walls.  
If then the zeal of his country's cause  
Friend of her king, and pupil of her laws  
If such an Englishman in peace should be  
Weep not—"tis immortality to die."

Throughout the reign of the Tyers, musical performances, often of distinction were the most important factor of the programmes. Dr. Arne was the assistant of the elder Charles Incledon, who walked like a sailor, talked like a sailor, and sang like an angel, was a favorite of the younger Tyers.

Fireworks began, in 1796, the decadent half century of Vauxhall, shortly to be followed by

habitual style of speech and writing: "To the most illustrious Princes and Princesses of the British Empire. To their excellencies the most noble and eminent Princes and other illustrious ambassadors of the foreign states now residing in London and their truly noble and accomplished ladies; and also to all the other respectable classes of distinguished visitors that so kindly honor and grace the Royal Gardens every season with their distinguished presence and their amiable and lovely ladies." To all those truly illustrious noble and distinguished visitors of the Royal Gardens Vauxhall, their truly humble and very devoted servant, C. H. Simpson commends that "unprecedented occurrence" his benefit; and does so "with all due and humble submission; and filled with the most dutiful and sincere expressions of heartfelt attachment and all becoming awe." When Simpson desired a notice in the Times he "entreated" the editor, "to be pleased to permit one of his gentlemen" to attend the Gardens. When he got the desired notice he wrote:

"Highly esteemed and most eminent Sir, my most heartfelt thanks for that most magnificent piece of composition which you, eminent Sir, was so graciously pleased to insert in praise of my humble person."

In 1830 Sir Henry Bishop was intrusted with the control of the music, and a desperate effort was made to reverse what has once been a distinguished characteristic of Vauxhall. But it failed. Something very like a modern variety entertainment set in: there was a regular exchange of artists with the song and supper rooms. A Vauxhall poet sang:

Why, "Twould make the Pope dance  
If his Holiness could see  
Mr. Ravel on the rope  
dance,  
And then balance on his knee."

Then—that long established crowd  
Clown, comes in with  
laughs and whoops  
Then, Ducrow's unrivaled  
pony  
Jumping through a dozen  
hoops.

Then—Herr Joel's imitation

sets the birds on every stem  
In a regular illustration  
For they think he's mocking them.

A draggie-tailed masquerade provoked a picture in Punch, by Leech, of a strayed reveler in police custody, and some verses:

Know ye the scene where the clerks and the tailors  
Are ducked out in costume, both dirty and fat,  
Where till robbing shop boys, as soldiers and sailors,  
Now sleep down to beer, now sacred up to gin.



VAUXHALL GARDEN ON A FASHIONABLE EVENING, BY ROWLANDSON

picture of a frugal citizen pricing each mouthful of his meal. A journalist with the reputation of a bon vivant has preserved the recipe for "Vauxhall Nectar," much affected in the Summer time. The ingredients are rum, syrup and benzoic acid! Rowlandson keeps Vauxhall vivid in a print dated 1785. Tyers' constant supporter, the Prince of Wales, is present, in attendance on Mrs. Robinson—his ill-used Perdita. In the center of the pic-

balloon ascents. The first (in 1804) was that of Garnerin, who rose four thousand feet and descended in a parachute. But there were such splendid interludes as the Victoria Fete in 1813, to celebrate the victories of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular. A thousand gentlemen dined, at two guineas a head, with the Duke of York as their president; and twelve thousand people visited the Gardens, so completely demon-

So nearly a contemporary journalist as Edmund Yates, by way of glorifying Cremorne, recalled the latter days of Vauxhall: "With its thousand of extra lamps, and its gritty arcades, and its ghostly Italian walk, and its rickety firework gallery, and its midwintery Eve at the fountain, and Joel II Diavolo's terrific descent with the crackers at his heels, and the skinny fowls and the dry ham, and the rack punch."

Vauxhall "cut its last fling" with great applause on Monday, July 25, 1859. There were old English dances, a concert of some distinction, circus performances, employing the celebrated Harry Crouse, "Farewell for ever" blazed against the sky; the inevitable National Anthem. A month later, on Monday, Aug. 22, one of those preposterously pathetic sales at auction wherein, for instance, "Neptune and his sea lions" must accept the insolent appraisal of the broker.

Ranelagh, a mile or two west of Vauxhall, on

ridotto at guinea tickets, for which you are to have supper and music." Horace did not like Ranelagh so well as Vauxhall. He had pleasant memories, doubtless, of a supper in the older gardens, where Lady Caroline Petreham minced chicken into a silver chafing dish; and where, after the free manner of the time, my Lord Granby came "very drunk." Robert Blomfield has described Ranelagh in a set of verses with a refrain suggestive of perpetual perambulation:

A thousand feet trod on main—  
A carpet that once had been green;  
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,  
With corners so fearfully thin.  
Fair maids who at home in their boudoirs  
Had left all clothing else but a train  
Swung the floor down as they passed  
Then—walked round and swept it again.

Merely to enumerate the lower gardens would occupy a great space. Caper's Gardens, famous in their later days for fireworks, occupied somewhat of the site of Waterloo Station. Lambeth

varied. It ranged from "Aids and Galatas" to Egyptian pyramids as illustrated by eight acrobats "standing on the backs, arms and shoulders of each other to an astounding height." Ranelagh Wells, said to have been Neil Gwynne's residence once, is now located for us by Clarendonwell Police Court. At Pentonville was the particularly pastoral White Conduit house. Belais—to which countless now amble through avenues of villas—demanded a dangerous journey. To reassure its patrons the management caused the patrol of Hampstead Road by "twelve stout fellows, completely armed." Ranelagh Wells, originally "medicinal," became a music house, a theatre, and finally a "popular" music hall.

Many a modern Londoner can, if he will, recall Cremorne, which made one desperate effort to become regular; but rain poured in torrents o'er the aristocratic and the demi-rue resumed their way. Chelsea Farm was the nucleus of the estate which took the name of its somewhat tem-

balloon ascents. In 1881 H. T. Smith acquired Cremorne. Hardly any important enterprise in amusement, from Vauxhall to Her Majesty's Theatre, escaped this remarkable man—banker, newspaper proprietor, licensed victualler and what not. He endowed Cremorne with a ballroom capable of accommodating 8,000 people, and "reproduced" with a certain success the Egyptian Tournament. A Fire King and a Man Fish enjoyed their hour of fame. Smith's successor was a Mr. John Baum; but a naughty reputation grew into intolerable notoriety that aroused the authorities; and finally the license of Cremorne was respectfully declined.

Years previously the same fate befell Highbury Barn, the counterpart of Cremorne in north-eastern London. Here the antiquarian locates a Roman Camp; later, the Summer retreat of the Knights of St. John. Eighteenth century Londoners would make a pleasant pilgrimage to drink new drawn milk in a veritable barn, that grew



BANQUETING HALL—CREMORNE GARDEN.



INTERIOR OF RANELAGH—ROTUNDA, 1751.

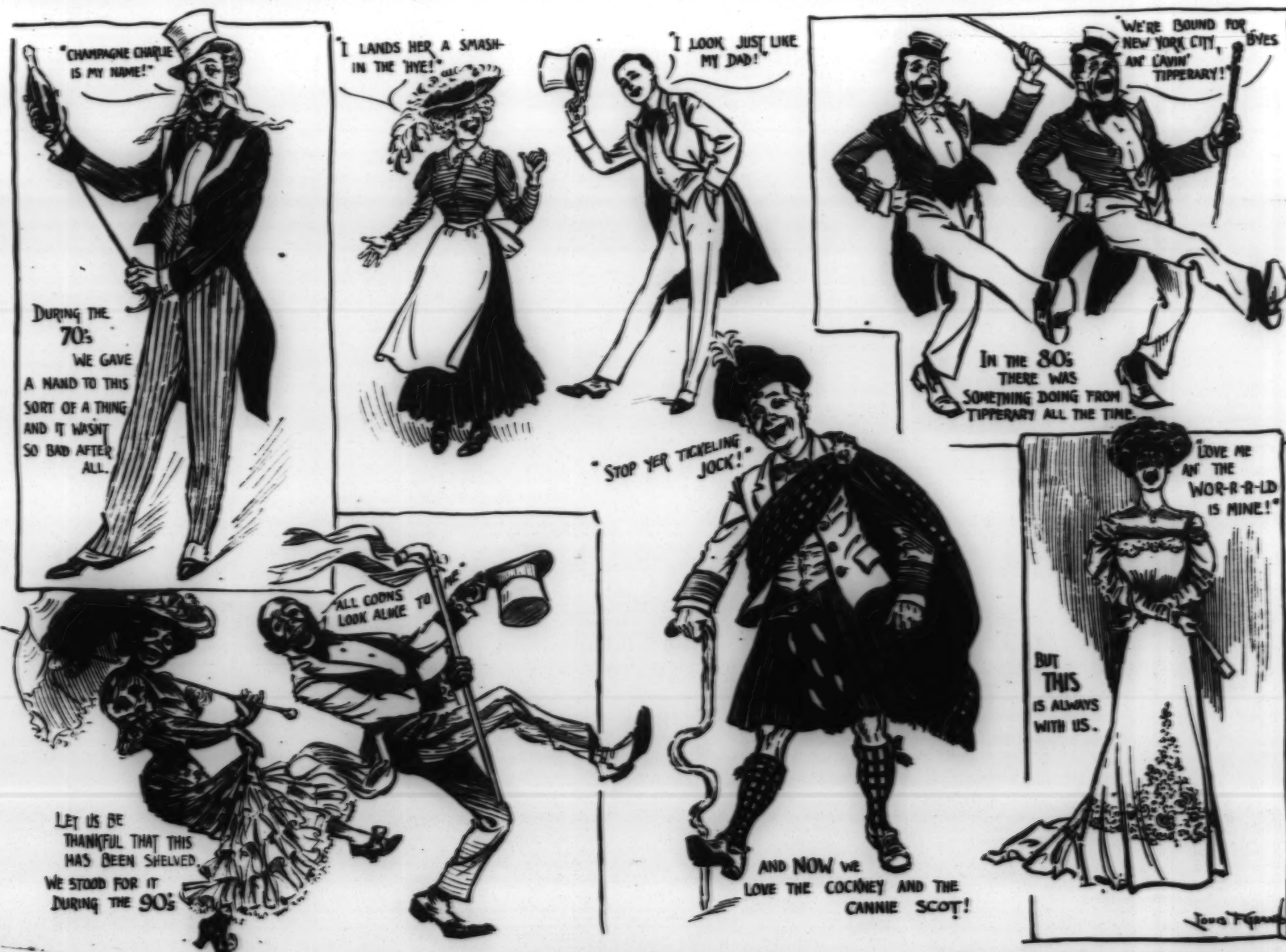
the north bank of the Thames, but not, at first, accessible by river, endured little more than half a century, from 1742 to 1803. The Gardens were rivals, to an extent, but there was a difference. Ranelagh was more aristocratic, and more in the way of what we now curiously entitle a Winter Garden, chiefly under cover. Public breakfasts in the great Rotunda were popular—prolonged breakfasts, after which merry parties would proceed to Vauxhall. In the center of the Rotunda was an orchestra; all round, little boxes. Horace Walpole writes on May 26, 1742: "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea. The prince, princesses, duke and much mob besides were there. There is a vast amphitheatre finely gilt painted and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring or crowding is admitted at twelve pence. The building and disposition of the Gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be

Wells, excused by a mineral water, given to the poor, but sold to the 'affluent' at a penny a quart, were in the course of time memorialized by the Ranelagh Tavern. The Surrey Gardens (not to be confused with the Surrey Theatre), near the Elephant and Castle, were nominally zoological. Vast pictorial structures and firework displays were, in fact, the important consideration. In the center of the grounds was a spacious building variously used for public dinners, for religious services exploiting Mr. Spurgeon, and for the relief of St. Thomas' Hospital, burnt out. Further afield were the North Woolwich, and the still existent Rosherville Gardens. In northern London were Marylebone Gardens, where the failure of a firework display so angered Dr. Johnson that he exhorted his companions to break a few colored lamps. The entertainment which kept Marylebone Gardens popular till the eighteenth century neared its end was curiously

ant, from 1803, Viscount Cremorne. In 1830 Baron de Borenger, a city man of a certain celebrity, acquired Cremorne, and in the grounds established a gymnasium, which he called The Stadium. Then "Baron" Nicholson, better known in connection with an obscene kind of song-and-supper room entertainment, called Judge and Jury, acquired Cremorne, and definitely turned Cremorne into a tea garden. Money troubles caused him to associate Mr. Simpson of the Albion, a well-known theatrical tavern near Covent Garden in his enterprise. In time Nicholson retired, with a grievance, and Simpson remained, to make, as he admitted, £100,000 out of Cremorne. A theatre, a great platform for dancing, Franconi's Circus, and some queer little monsters known as Boje-men were among the attractions of this time. A female Blondin crossed the Thames; and fatal accidents more than once gave a horrid charm to the frequent

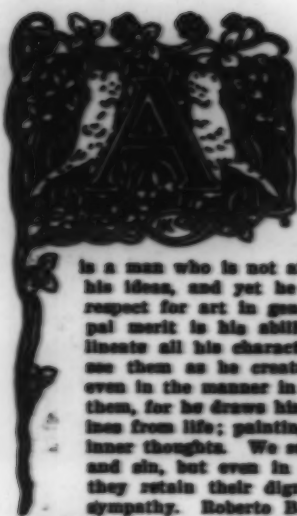
into a cake and ale house, with a bowling green, brewery and hop garden adjacent. It was a favorite resort of picnic parties, and especially of those convivial anti-papists, known, for more than a hundred years, as the Highbury Society. They used to trundle a ball from Moorfields to their destination, and drank, till 1833, to the blessed memory of William and Mary. Again we encounter E. T. Smith, who, in 1865, expanded and vulgarized the establishment, endowing it with an Alexandra Theatre, and the dancing platform long since anathema of the licensing authority. In succession to Smith came Edward Giovanelli, an enterprising artificial flower maker, who engaged Leotard, the historic hero of the flying trapeze. But in 1880 Highbury Barn was shorn of its privileges—save those pertaining to a licensed victualler, who still continues, hemmed in on every side by dingy dwellings.

HENRY GEORGE HINCHY.



THE SONGS FROM '70 TO '07

# ITALY'S MOST MODERN DRAMATIST



Among the modern dramatists of Italy Roberto Bracco is considered the best author. Extremely talented, and gifted with fine perceptions, he is a man who is not afraid to proclaim his ideas, and yet he has the highest respect for art in general. His principal merit is his ability to clearly delineate all his characters. In fact, we see them as he created them, perhaps even in the manner in which he studied them, for he draws his heroes and heroines from life; painting accurately their inner thoughts. We see them love, cry, and sin, but even in their degradation they retain their dignity and win our sympathy. Roberto Bracco if called a materialist, is still, above all, an optimist; because he believes that a man does not do wrong through wickedness of his soul, but that he is a victim of circumstances; of another man's cunning and insolence; therefore, their example, instead of injuring humanity will be beneficial to the world. Roberto Bracco seems born for the theatre. He has the sentiment, the expression, the measure, the form, and his conversation is so natural, so precise, that there is never an unnecessary word, and never does he sacrifice the climax of an act for the sake of scenic effect. He is a lover of nature, and of all that is spontaneous; admits all kinds of literature, accepting and using only those forms which most appeal to his soul.

Bracco was born in Naples and has always lived there. Endowed with an artistic tempera-

under the dynasty of the Bourbons, offered very few opportunities to those who wished to follow a literary career. Moreover, there was a great deal of competition, as we all know how much cleverness exists in the South of Italy. It was, then, very remarkable that Roberto Bracco, through his merit only, was able to reach his goal and attain success early in life.

After a few months of clerkship at the Custom House he met Martino Caffaro, the editor of the *Corriere del Mattino*, the best newspaper man of the time. The young clerk made such a favorable impression on Caffaro that he did not only encourage his work, but placed him as reporter on another paper, *Il Piccolo*. He was then only eighteen years old and began to write under the pseudonym of "Baby." Immediately he came into prominence for daring to write against spiritism, which was then the question of the hour. These articles, written so humorously

young author's career. It would have been easier if he had abandoned Naples and gone to reside in Milan, which is the Mecca of all important Italian playwrights; but he wished to remain faithful to his native town and therefore had many a struggle before the public of the Northern part of Italy recognized his talent. There was, and still is, a strong feeling there against the Southerners. He stood alone in the fight, and he owes it to his perseverance, courage and ambition if to-day all Italy considers him her best dramatist. Up to the present time he has written twenty-one plays. Those who are studying his theatre will no doubt notice, as I do, a great change of ideas in his later dramas; his thoughts are deeper, his observations so exactly true. He may be called a realist, if you wish, but, above all, an idealist. In all his dramas he paints *La vie intime*, and seems to understand so well the inner thoughts of women, and draws

his spare time is spent at his old sick father's bedside, and the devotion he has for his mother amounts to adoration, and is often spoken of her unwittingly in his works.

Roberto Bracco has been the first modern Italian dramatist to inaugurate the Italian importation to the United States, and of late he often speaks in a very grateful way. He has much respect and admiration for the American stage, and is well informed about our stage, and he has a



BRACCO AT HIS VILLA

day to visit this country. In my association with this Italian author I was able to make many interesting observations about his method of working out a play, for instance: If a thought or a sentence inspires him he will build up on that. In *Contessa Coquette* the comedy is based upon: "I swore to you that the day you really accused me I should make up my mind to deceive you;" and in the *Sins of the Fathers* the two verses of the *Trovatore*:

"*Scanto col sangue mio  
L'amore che posi in te  
Non ti scorderò di me.*"

Of course he works only on inspiration, and there are times, especially when he gets discouraged, that he can write absolutely nothing. But if a happy thought comes to him he isolates himself, and he generally goes out into the country, near Sorrento or Castellammare. He then becomes so much absorbed in his work that often he lets his meal time pass and spends many sleepless nights. Not always can he write fast; a drama like *Phantasma*, for instance, took him a year, but he told me many of his works were composed in the space of a week or a month. Often he will spend more than a week studying a sentence, which he feels is not exactly true to life. He is very fond of writing about the poor class of Naples, and in order to make a realistic study he will look for a good subject in the streets of Naples, and when he has found it will try to associate with him and study him to the smallest detail. I asked him once if the subjects of his short stories were taken from real life. Here is his answer:

"Art is always based on truth, and is always based on fantasy. The union between fantasy and truth produces art. In truth there is the element of art. But the fantasy takes it, cuts it, enlarges it, reproduces it, rebuilds it. But generally in all my short stories I have the intention to see truth through my imagination. I am by nature very impressionable, and impressionability is like a lens, which in only an instant reveals to the eye many things and many delicate details. Hence the synthetic form of my novels, the multiplicity of visions, the frivolous, the tragic, the gay, the gloomy, and also art without literature, or better yet, that kind of literature which is composed of words.

"I wished to create a new form of drama, and, though I think I am the greatest writer of our time, yet I cannot say I tried to imitate him. Besides, one should not forget that my temperament, which is at the bottom Southern, could not totally follow his sublime school; but the greatest of all, the one who was able to write any form, any style, the one who has been our master for centuries, and who will continue to be so, is William Shakespeare."

In fact, Mr. Bracco has much admiration for the famous English writer, and he is fond of quoting him at every opportunity.

This interesting Italian author is also a good stage manager. He has a way of his own to inspire the whole company during rehearsals, and always attends every play he produces, being particular that the smallest detail should not be forgotten. But he is ready though, to accept, from those who are interpreting his play, any intelligent suggestion; therefore, he is much sought by the managers to assist at the rehearsals of his plays.

Roberto Bracco is still young and ambitious. Working seriously as he does, and not for the mercenary side, we are convinced that his best work has not yet been achieved, and that he will advance more and more to attain his ideal in the modern drama.

Diana W. Cra.



BRACCO IN HIS STUDY IN NAPLES

and yet so convincingly, brought him into notice. Outside of journalistic circles he soon became known as a writer of short stories. At nineteen he published a first volume of them called "Baby's Prattles." One can always recognize at once a story of his, even if it does not bear any signature, for it has always a physiognomy of its own. His style is not a dense minute narration with much coloring, but it has strokes of subtle lines, with few outlines and nothing else; therefore extremely clear, so that the reader penetrates without difficulty into the character and the situation. In Bracco's writings every little line has a great importance—it always determines a moment and explains "why!"

His devotion to his master, Martino Caffaro, was something extraordinary. The latter became blind, but his young pupil was his inseparable companion. Caffaro died in 1887, mourned by the whole artistic circle of Italy, and after his death Bracco went to another paper and became a dramatic critic. But journalism was not his goal, the drama was attracting him, and one day he made up his mind to face the difficult experiment of producing a play.

Ermete Novelli, who was then already known as a comedian, asked Roberto Bracco to write for him a "lever de rideau." He wrote two or three one-act comedies full of humor and very clever. The public encouraged him at once, and the young author passed immediately from the "lever de rideau" to the social comedy, then to the psychological drama. He wrote *A Woman*, which was produced by Duse in Italy four years after it had been written. His next play was *Indole* (*Contessa Coquette*), which was last spring given in New York by Madame Nasimova. Afterwards he wrote *The Triumph*, which is one of his favorites. It is a powerful drama, full of thought and sentiment, capable of arousing the coldest audience. The subject is so simple yet so human, and the play is remarkably well constructed and extremely interesting to the very last. This drama was much commended for its originality, and for its new form which had nothing in common with the old methods, and since then a new school called "Bracco's School" has arisen in Italy, and to-day counts many followers.

He wrote, also, a socialistic play, in three acts, *Il Diritto di Vivere*, then a one-act powerful drama called *Sins of the Fathers*, which is perfect in its construction. The principal part was created by the famous Italian actor, Ernesto Zaccanti. This play brought much fame to the

them with all their virtues and faults, but above all they always retain their poetry.

The keynote of one of his latest dramas called *The Hidden Spring* is this: The humblest woman may be indispensable to the proudest man. The author shows how a woman is undoubtedly a man's inspiration. His last play, *Phantasma*, was produced last winter in Naples, and brought to the dramatist much success. The protagonist is once more a woman, who is faithful to the extreme. It is a powerful psychological drama, which many consider his best. More and more Bracco's wish is to break with all the old rules of playwriting, and in this last work, we find after the second act, a new drama starting, and it is only at the end of the play that we find again a relationship with the first part, cleverly in. "Succed," which explains the author's ideas. He does not believe that a playwright should work only by crescendo, and that all the strength of the drama should be based on the last act; that is, when the curtain falls. No, he is convinced that in real life—as all his works are based on truth—we may at a certain period reach a critical moment, which leads us to a determination, and the consequences are either the cause of a happy ending or a crash, which would emphasize the first climax.

This author is an indefatigable worker; for several years he was the editor of the *Corriere di Napoli*, but he has given up newspaper work so as to devote himself to playwriting. This summer he was engaged upon a new volume of stories, which will be published some time this winter, and at present he is writing a new drama. At first view, on seeing Roberto Bracco, one would think him happy and contented, because he has always a kind and encouraging word for everyone he meets; but in reality he is very melancholy, and that is caused by his extreme sensitiveness and also by his artistic temperament. Whatever kindness he receives he never forgets; if a wrong is done him he feels it very deeply, but bears no grudge. Those who come closely in contact with him can fully appreciate the depth of his character, but very few of his intimate friends have enjoyed the privilege of knowing his ideas about the drama, as he always avoids speaking of himself, or of his work, and of his future plans. Sometimes it happens that the world knows only a few days before that Bracco is producing a new play.

For a man who is sought everywhere and as much liked as he is one could never believe that Bracco leads the simplest life imaginable. All



Photo Artico and Co., Milan

ROBERTO BRACCO

ment he showed at an early age talent for music and drawing. One of his old school-mates told me some very interesting anecdotes about him when he was a mere boy in breeches:

"We attended a private school and the future dramatist was always the last in the class, but that was not through lack of intelligence, but because he was full of mischief; yet he was very fond of reading and at twelve he knew well all the old masters, Dante, Tasso, Alfieri, etc. Even then he was very popular and a leader in his class. He formed a dramatic club and would compose comedies or dramas for the occasion, stage them by himself and also play a part. We had to obey him, as he looked so solemn, and inspired us with respect. Sometimes in school we were asked to write a composition; his were always so deep, so interesting and so full of pathos that they often brought tears to our eyes."

It was Bracco's hope, when still a boy, to be able to finish his studies at the University, but his father lost part of his fortune, and the family was left in moderate circumstances. Roberto then left school at the age of seventeen and secured a position as clerk in the Custom House, so as to be able to help his people. Doing work, which was so totally against his artistic temperament and dealing with persons who were so beneath his education and ideals, did not discourage him in the least; on the contrary, he confessed to me once that it had been a great source of inspiration to him to start life as he did, he had learned much!

All those who are familiar with the history of Italy, especially of Southern Italy, will understand how hard it was, about eighteen or twenty years ago, for a young, ambitious person to make his way, and Naples, which had suffered much

## THE THEATROFONE OF THREE CENTURIES AGO

MANY have been the prophecies uttered on the stage in the past, but I never in my life came across a more realistic foretelling of the modern theatre telephone (or theatrofone) than in the old play of *Albamar* (1606). Here is the excerpt intact:

BONKA.

The great Albamar, by wondrous art, Hath framed an instrument that magnifies Objects of hearing, as 'tis doth of seeing. That you may know each whisper of Prester John, Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere delivered Through a trunk, or Gloucester's listening wall.

PANDOLFO.

And may I see it, sir? Bless me, once more.

BONKA.

'Tis something ceremonious, but you shall try it. Stand thus. What hear you?

PANDOLFO (takes instrument).

Nothing.

BONKA.

Set your hands thus, That the vortex of the organ may perpendicularly Point out our senith. What hear you now?

PANDOLFO (listening).

A humming noise of laughter.

BONKA.

Why, that's the court And university that now are merry With an old gentleman in a comedy. And what now?

PANDOLFO (silently listening).

Celestial music, but it seems far off. List, list! 'Tis nearer now.

BONKA.

'Tis music 'twixt the acts. What now?

PANDOLFO.

Nothing.

BONKA.

And now?

PANDOLFO.

Music again, and strangely delicate. O most angelical they sing.

BONKA.

And now?

PANDOLFO (still listening, hears —):

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause The heavenly orbs themselves to pause. And at our music stand as still As St. Jov's amorous will. So now release them as before: 'Tis have waited long enough, so move.

'Tis gone! Give me 't again. O do not so!

BONKA.

What hear you now?

PANDOLFO.

No more than a dead oyster. Oh, let me see this wondrous instrument.

BONKA.

Sir, this is called an otakustikon.

PANDOLFO.

A 'kustikon!

Why, 'tis a pair of asses' ears—and large ones!

BONKA.

True, for such a form the great Albamar Hath framed it purposely, as 'tis receivers Of sounds—as spectacles like eyes for sight.

PANDOLFO.

What gold will buy it?

BONKA.

I'll sell it you when 'tis finished. As yet the optiotis is imperfect.

This remarkable prophecy telephoned, which, best of all value, something that can Pandolfo's eager inquiry

# THE PALACE OF PACTOLUS



NE night, not many weeks ago, a brilliant gathering took place in a superb palace on Lake Lugano, where the boundary line separates the mild-mannered Swiss peasant from the seemingly more puerile people of the macaroni eating nation.

The occasion was a trial performance of a new grand opera called *Erminio*, the composer of which was leading his own orchestra of forty-five artists picked from the La Scala in Italy and from the great theatres of Paris.

The audience was assembled from every part of the globe. It was seated in great expectancy in the beautiful little theatre that opened into a magnificent atrium, where could be seen the splashing of a fountain amid a forest of marble

columns. The people in the auditorium were mostly famous in arts and letters and in finance, and many of them were speculators in the successes of others, and some were working in the fields of diplomacy, and all came to applaud and to be seen—at the expense of their host, who now stood before them as the director who was to command both the musicians and the performance on the stage. He was diminutive in stature although of perfect form, of coralline personality, and with a glance that was either hypnotic or dynamic. It was plain that he was born to command. "The very devil is in him—see how he galvanizes everyone!" said Jules Bois to me, and which he repeated subsequently in his "Gil Blas."

When he raised his baton everyone caught the sparkle of his eye. Mile. Celine Mercier, the celebrated actress from the theatre des Invalides, turned to the Marquis of Daux and said: "They say his money is like the sands of Pactolus streaming from the mouth of a cornucopia that has no beginning!"

It was a great night; a wonderful night. Let me tell you of a few people who were there. First I saw Leoncavallo, the composer of "Pagliacci," who told me he wrote that immortal opera with his heart's blood. Then there was sitting, very near the conductor's box, Dr. Cesare Lombroso, the philosopher from Turin; Mile. Barbieri, Dr. Voschide of Paris; the Comte Vianotti di Modrone of Milan, the Minister of the Interior; R. R. Strauss of Paris; Judge and Mme. Soldati, president of the Swiss Federal Tribunal; Robert David, chief of the Algerian government; Count Palli, Italian Consul-General, and from the United States were H. H. Morgan, Consul to Amsterdam; Mr. Keene, Consul to Geneva; Mr. Mansfield, Consul to Lucerne, and

their wives; Mr. Dickinson, vice-president, Carnegie Trust Company; Madame Louis Chappuis of New York, who taught Lillian Russell and many other beautiful beings how to sing; Mr. and Mrs. Harbison, New York, and artists and maestros from all the leading opera houses of Europe.

Was not this a distinguished gathering? Was it not something to be the host and director on such an extraordinary event as this?

Who, then, was the person whom they called "The little man from America," who owned this famous old palace, the Chateau Trevano, whose head was full of music, his soul with divine fire, and in whose pockets ran the sands of Pactolus? I will tell you.

Twenty years ago, in the town of Utica, N. Y., was a small "musical institute," or conservatory, that was attended by a number of young men and women who did well in their work because they were carried along by a dominating spirit and a pulsating accompanist. One day one of the pupils of the conservatory said to his preceptor: "Monsieur, one could not help doing well with you to teach him—you ought to be a very rich man; you have such an indomitable will, and so much perseverance!"

The little music master thought this over seriously. Yes, he had perseverance, he knew that, and he ought to be a rich man. The dedication of his pupil was like the act of a pious-leader. That night he poured over the "Wall Street news" very seriously, for the music master had more than one string to his bow. He had studied the great question of finance long in secret. He knew all the leading and misleading stocks of the market. "You should have been a tailor," a friend said to him facetiously, "because you seem to be always measuring tape!"

Indeed, not a day passed by that the little music master did not steal away from his conservatory to read the tape in the ticker of the Hotel Begg.

Meanwhile he saved nearly every penny he earned. He became so miserly he almost starved. Finally he accumulated the sum of \$2,000, and bidding good by to his beloved pupils, closed the door of his establishment. The next morning while sitting in my office in New York I was presented with the following card:

LOUIS LOMBARDO,  
Conservatory of Music.  
DIRECTOR.

His name was familiar to me through editorial correspondence. He told me of his plans for the future. I advised him against it. He said:



Louis Lombard's Chateau Trevano

"Why not? Do I not stand as good a chance as anyone else? You shall not see me again, my dear boy, until you visit me at my castle in Spain! An revoir!"

Astoria; that he had a retinue of one hundred servants. There was no doubt about it; this was my old friend, the director of the conservatory. I stepped off the train at Lugano and went to



Pompeian Atrium, Chateau Trevano

I lost sight of Louis Lombard for sixteen years. Recently I was speeding along the great St. Gothard Pass. I was idly scanning a copy of the ubiquitous *Paris Herald*, when my eyes were arrested by the announcement of a great affair to take place "at the superb Palace of Trevano, the residence of Louis Lombard." It said something about his millions and the grandeur of his belongings, and indicated still further that "The little man from America" was a public benefactor with his concerts for the poor in many places on the continent. The account was most fulsome; it described the glories of his home, his theatre and concert hall and his forty-five musicians that lived under his own roof; how that same roof covered more space than the Waldorf-

the Hotel Splendide, where a telephone connected me with the palace. Was it not wonderful to again hear that familiar voice? "I told you it was only an echo," it said, and then continued: "In twenty minutes my carriage will await you." . . . I sank back in the cushions of the magnificent barouche. There were two men on the box, and the harness of the black horses shone with gold. We drove down the Paradise road and along the Piana Gardine, and up through great dingles along the slopes of the lake—into an almost impenetrable darkness. Suddenly we stopped and simultaneously a great light from innumerable bulbs lit up massive gates that opened as if by magic, and we drove through an illuminated archway among the trees. At the end of the boulevard stood the great white marble palace. Footmen in gorgeous livery formed a way for me and in another instant Louis Lombard and I embraced each other.

"Ah, my dear friend—it was a great struggle!" he replied to my query, as we sat sipping coffee and cigars and smoking cigars made for kings, in his Roman atrium among the sixty-five marble columns and six hundred colonettes. "The day I left you I retired to what I considered worse than a prison pen—a hall room in a New York boarding house. I saw no one. I dined on 'sinkers' and slept on stock quotations. I lost money rapidly. But all at once I began to win—just a little at first; then it rolled up like a snow-ball. I was on the make, make, make! Think of it, I, little Louis Lombard, making \$20,000 a day! The little music teacher—think of it! I tell you it was a fearful joy; I nearly went mad! One day I met Tom Allen, president of the Iron Mountain Railway. His tips gave me millions and finally he added his daughter. On our wedding tour abroad we saw this superb castle, made by that genius Botta, architect for the Czar Alexander. We bought it and here we live. We have eight children; they know all about America, for in my garden we grow corn and beans, and have succotash! Some day we will go back to God's country!"

DORIAN WELCH.

## WHEN JULIET WAS DEAD

ROMEO and Juliet was one of the first theatrical performances ever given on a certain island possession of England, and the Governor of the island announced his intention of being present. The police magistrate took the very necessary precaution of surrounding the house with a double row of constables, to secure the performance proceeding to a straightforward close without that prolific garnishing of con-

vulsive hiccoughings, sentimental sighs, heigh-hos, fainting fits and other significant tokens of a spiritual overpowering which had on a previous occasion prolonged the performance to a very late hour. Things glided on most smoothly until the last scene, where the pensive Romeo was seen staggering toward the tomb of his dear Juliet, vociferating her name in a manner which too evidently showed how he was affected.

To his repeated tender exclamations of "Juliet! Juliet!" not even a sigh was returned. The audience became impatient, but their murmurs of impatience were converted into one universal shudder of horror on Romeo exclaiming, with a wild shriek, "She is dead!" which was quite apparent to the whole auditory, perceiving her heels sticking up out of the tomb. The fond Romeo passionately seized the protruding mem-

bers and dragged her feelingly forth from her resting place, making at the same time such a display of her charms in the chivalrous attempt as forced the lady visitors to a hasty flight from the "too theatric" sight. All eyes were now riveted to this tragic spectacle of youth and beauty, and "Dead! Dead!" burst in one unbroken exclamation from every part of the house. "Yes," sighed Romeo, "dead drunk."



MER COLLINS



PEARL EVANS



LOUISE LE BARON



J. LEWIS UNGER as BLACK HAWK  
Photo by Smith, Buffalo

# THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE



THE Children's Educational Theatre, which holds forth at Jefferson Street and East Broadway, in New York City, has been attracting much attention in the metropolis and elsewhere in the past few weeks. The purpose of this institution and the scope of its work is of a nature different from any undertaking of its kind in America, and perhaps in the world.

A representative of the Minnion recently spent an afternoon at the theatre, witnessing a regular Sunday afternoon performance. The afternoon was largely spent in the company of Alice Minnie Herta, under whose direction the work is being carried on. Miss Herta is a woman of unusual intellectual powers, a charming conversation-

alist, and withal is possessed of a beautiful personality: which accounts for the high esteem in which the Minnion representative found she was held by all the children.

children who are at present turned away from our doors, and who find less inspiring entertainment elsewhere.

"These children are to become the future citizens of this great American city. Take care that the children are saved and no fears need be entertained for the future welfare of the American republic."

Miss Herta, in expressing the above sentiment, sounded the keynote which makes for the progress of civilization, and her work, as exemplified in the Children's Educational Theatre, is getting at the truth as expressed therein more forcibly than any other work of a like nature in America to-day.

The supplying of this need of a larger theatre furnishes an opportunity for some philanthropist to do a service to his fellow man the value of which cannot be estimated in words.

While witnessing the performance the Minnion representative was surprised to overhear two little fellows, about nine years of age, anticipating the actors in the reading of their lines. Upon inquiry it was learned that this particular case was not an isolated one, but that the whole audience, which was practically the same at every performance, knew the lines, after the third or fourth performance of a play, as well as the actors appearing in them, such was their interest.

So, besides furnishing edifying entertainment for the audience, and developing in the child-actors and actresses personalities unknown to them, the theatre fulfills a third mission. It is the mission of uplifting the stage. Nothing but refined classic plays are given, and, as a result, a

added, in almost the same breath. "I have had my share of training and now I take care of the costumes. That's a responsibility, and it's an inspiration to know that others have faith in you."

them he is equipped with a knowledge of human nature, and is better able to take up the burden of life in his chosen vocation, whatever it may be.

When the time comes—and it eventually will—when every large city in the United States in-



INGOMAR

Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry is the dramatic instructor of the theatre.

"When a child shows that he understands one character," said Mrs. Fry, "he is not allowed to continue in that part. We do not go on teach-

some form or other, has its Children's Educational Theatre, Miss Herta may have passed away. But her name will not be forgotten. She will take her place in the ranks of those whose lives have made the world better. The story of her



THE LITTLE PRINCESS

The theatre has grown in importance to such proportions that it has been found necessary to conduct it as a separate institution from the Educational Alliance, of which it was originally only a branch. As it exists to-day it is the result of an inspiration of Miss Herta, and had its origin in an endeavor to provide proper entertainment for the poor children of the East Side of New York City.

"Originally our players were furnished by some of the amateur theatrical schools in New York City," said Miss Herta to the Minnion representative, "and occasionally, professional players would lend their services. These players could not be relied upon, as engagements with traveling companies would take them out of the city at inopportune times, and as the theatre could not afford to hire players we experienced some trouble in giving performances."

"I began to look for a way to overcome this difficulty," continued Miss Herta, "and I realized that a greater interest in the performances would be cultivated in the children by letting them take part in the production of the plays themselves. Realizing this, no further time was lost with professionals, and the children were called in to give the performances. We found that those who could not take part in the plays were interested to a greater extent, by seeing their companions take part in them. And then, different casts were selected for different plays, and in this way an unusually large number of children were brought under the uplifting tendency of the institution."

"And what is this uplifting tendency?" asked the Minnion representative; a question which is the first to present itself to almost everyone who in any way becomes interested in the subject.

"You must understand," replied Miss Herta, "that the children who are directly benefited are those whose parents are not capable of inspiring in them high ideals in life. A way must be found to awaken in these neglected children these ideals. In what way is this to be done? How is the dwarfed or undeveloped personality of a child to be lifted into the ideal personality of a Prospero? In what other way than that which our institution affords could the narrow, cramped existence of these East Side children be taught to know of a higher existence than that which they live? There is no other way; and when he shows that he understands the part in which he has been placed, he has accomplished his task; he has learned that there is another individuality in the world besides that of his own nature; he has broadened himself to that extent."

"With our limited means and in our present quarters we are prepared to give only one performance each week. Our seating capacity provides for only 689 persons, and more than twice that number are turned away from each performance. In the course of the year we give instruction to about 300 children. In the new theatre, which we hope to have, we will be able to give a performance every day. This, you see, will enable us, during the year to train and educate about 2,100 children, besides enabling us to provide entertainment for the vast number of

taste for the refined classic drama is cultivated early in life.

There is only one of these institutions in New York City at present. President Elliot, of Harvard, was recently a visitor to the theatre, and the object of his visit was to learn some suitable entertainment for children. It can easily be seen the benefit to the human race that would be derived from enough of these theatres in all the large cities of the United States, to fulfill the demands that would be made upon them.

The idea of the stage as a profession is discouraged in the children. Eight boys and girls who seemed to possess histrionic talent were questioned by the Minnion representative as to their plans for the future. Not one expressed a desire to follow up the work as a profession. One little girl, fourteen years of age, was asked in what way she had been benefited.

"My English is better," she replied, clearly enunciating her words; "I have been with Miss Herta four years—ever since the work began, and I hope to be with her always, she is so good," she

ing him the technicalities of acting. Excellence in dramatic art is not our purpose. I place him in another character—a king, a general, or an Orlando, for instance, and teach him to know those natures, and when he shows a knowledge of

life will always be a symbol of hope and inspiration to a struggling world; for her work has proved that, while individuals may degenerate, the human race ever goes marching on in triumph.



SNOW-WHITE



TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN UNABLE TO FIND SEATS

BURT & NICOLAI PRESENT  
**BEULAH POYNTER**

AND HER EXTRAORDINARY COMPANY



FRANK BURT



EMMA BUTLER



SYLVIA STARR



SAM D. MERRILL



J. IRVING WHITE



TED V. ARMOND



SAM J. BURTON



BEULAH POYNTER



MARIE DAY



NETTIE LOUDEN



WILLIAM HECK



GEORGIANA WILSON



L. J. LORING



BURTON NIXON

PLAYING  
**LENA** JOHN REUBEN **RIVERS**  
Direction- **BURTON NIXON**



ARTHUR H. WINDISH

# RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE THEATRE ORCHESTRA



ALTHOUGH the seasoned player goes like a rule to see the musicians in their normal position, there can be little doubt that the fastidiousness which either prompts their complete suppression, or leads to their stowage underneath the stage behind curtains or greenery, has logic on its side. So far from being of organic growth in the theatre, the orchestra was merely parasitic. It owes its origin to the upspringing of opera, whence it was grafted onto the dramatic trunk. The very term "orchestra" is a misnomer. In the original Greek it signifies, not a body of musicians, but "the dancing place"; and its modern use was suggested by the intermediate position eventually attained by the band, a position analogous to that occupied by the ancient Greek chorus. That the word derived its popular misinterpretation in this way is shown by the fact that although musicians were employed in the theatre for dramatic and other purposes long before they assumed their now well recognized position, they failed to become known as "the orchestra" till they had occupied for long the place indicated by the term.

Italian in origin, the modern orchestra was consistently evolved by the impulses of opera. In the beginning, when the Euridice of Rinuccini was performed at Florence in 1600, the musicians were all grouped together behind the scenes, and the instruments used were six in number—a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol, a large lute, a flute and a triple flute. During the succeeding half-century, opera progressed more rapidly along the spectacular, than the musical, plane. Stage mechanists vied with each other in perfecting methods of swiftly changing scenery and in inventing ingenious flying effects. The vogue of mythological themes pondered to these sorceries: the whole atmosphere was one of magic and surprises. Under these conditions one can readily divine that even so small a number as half a dozen musicians would prove a serious embarrassment behind the scenes, and that their transference elsewhere became a pressing necessity. No definite evidence exists on the point, but it

played, but the back of the stage was hung, quaintly enough, with portraits of celebrities. In front are flambeaux arranged as footlights. On either side is a curtained entrance way for the players, the one on the spectators' left surmounted by a balcony, in which the musicians are to be seen standing. This arrangement, born of special circumstances, was rarely, if ever, repeated. In the routine theatrical performances in France, one finds that when the employment

advised to infer from this circumstance that the public playhouse made permanent adoption of the Italian system from this precise moment. When Chappuzeau wrote of the French stage in 1674, the musicians were occupying a box at the back of the auditorium, where, he says, they "could make more noise than in any other place that could have been found for them." So little were they in touch with the traffic of the scene that he strongly recommends them to become ac-

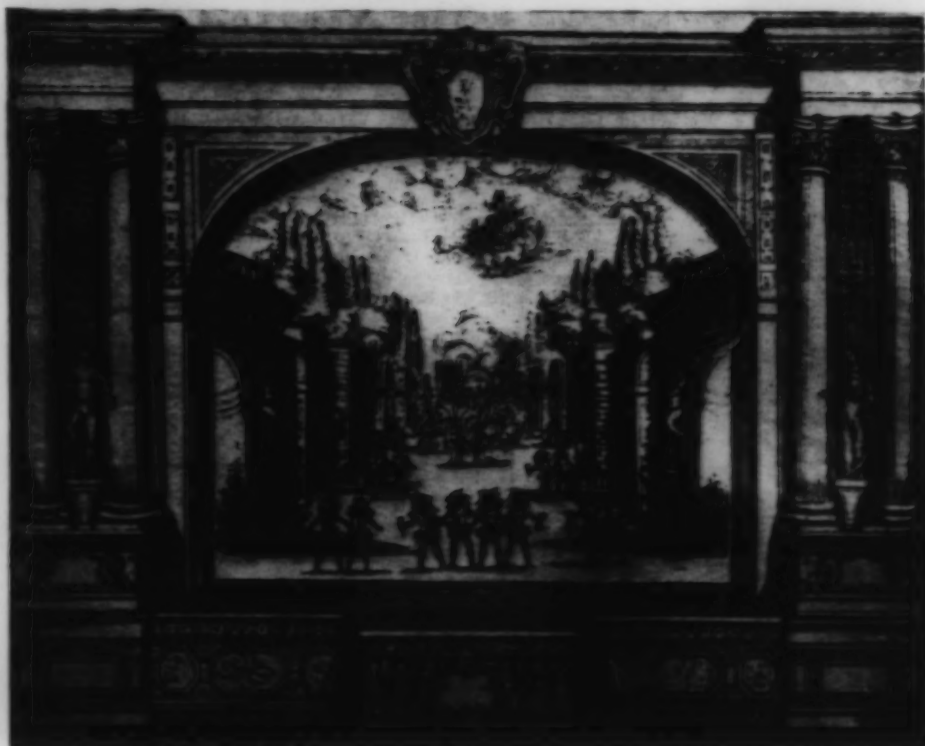
quainted with the closing lines of each act, so that they may know when to begin the symphony "waiting for the cry of 'Play!' so often heard." In the little known public museum of the Grand Opera in Paris is to be found an authoritative model of the interior of the Theatre Francaise in 1680. The orchestra in front is clearly indicated, and one is safe in assuming that from this time onwards the musicians regularly occupied their now familiar position. When the Italian comedians produced Arlequin Phaeton, in 1692, some rivalry was indulged in at the expense of the opera in the scene in the third act where Momus catches Arlequin as to his choice of a profession. "Je pense à une chose," says Doria, "s'il se faisoit Violon, il entreroit à l'Opera." To which Phaeton significantly replies, "Violon, moy, suis-je fait pour être enseveli dans une orchestre, Je voudrais briller sur le Théâtre."

One important point remains to be commented upon in connection with the early orchestra of the Comedie Francaise. Not all the railed off portion at the beginning of the eighteenth century was occupied by the musicians. To their use was devoted a small central inclosure of oval form, which was flanked on either side by rows of seats for spectators. In those days of a standing pit the new arrangement was a boon, and so great was the demand for orchestra seats that they were added to bit by bit and year after year, until the pit finally shrivelled up into the meagrest proportions. Hence the origin of the stalls. By an irony of circumstances, the orchestra, after having brought out this momentous revolution, fell into disfavor at the Comedie Francaise, and was abolished by M. Perrin in 1874.

The position assigned to the musicians in the London theatres in Shakespeare's time is not very definitely assured, but investigation tends to prove that they occupied an elevated box at the back of the non-scenic stage. This box was com-

posed of scenery and stage mechanism, were first introduced into England. With them came the principle of "the orchestra," but it is difficult to arrive at an opinion as to when the new disposition of the musicians was first resorted to, how long it remained in vogue at the outset, and when it was universally and permanently adopted. In this matter, England, like France, refused for long to create any conventionalism, with the result that throughout the latter half of the seventeenth century no fixed rule held sway. There are sound reasons for believing that "the orchestra" was first introduced into London with the opening of the first Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. We do not find Pepys recording, after a visit to the new house on May 8, 1660, that "the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the basses at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended." Great attention came now to be paid to the claims of instrumental music, and Killigrew boasted to the grasping diarist in 1667 that within a few years he had increased the number of fiddlers from three to nine or ten, although receiving little encouragement from the public, whose taste was yet in abeyance. It is curious to compare this pronouncement with the opinion of Count Magalotti, who came to London in 1689 in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's train, and found England supreme in the matter of instrumental music. He speaks of the delightful symphonies played in the theatre before the rising of the curtain, and avers that people went to the house long before the hour of performance merely to hear the music. There is in this an amazing error, the fact being that in those days, when it was impossible to book seats in advance, players had to be early a foot if they desired advantageous positions, and the preliminary music was provided merely to beguile the tedium of the wait. Three pieces were invariably played before the rising of the curtain—a grand and impetuous custom. One finds the principle of "First, Second and Third Music" still in vogue in Dublin toward the close of the first half of the eighteenth century.

As the main office of the musicians in the Restoration theatre was to mitigate the boredom of the long initial wait, and fill in the void spaces of the intervals with sounds of sweet sounds, it mattered little in what part of the house they were situated. When a song had to be sung on the stage, it was an easy matter for the accompanists to station themselves in the



SCENE FROM THE OPERA BALLET, I PERMESTRA, FLORENCE, 1658

of the resuscitated chorus (as a means of marking the act divisions) fell into disuse, about the year 1630, instrumental music was resorted to to fulfill the same purpose. At first the executants were hidden away in the wings, then they were transferred to the auditorium and placed at the back of the *troisième loge*, only to be removed a little later to the back of the second row. From this a final transition was made, under Italian influence, to the orchestra. In the court performances the musicians were slower still in attaining a conventionalized position, and Menestrier, in writing in 1681 of musical representations of this order, has a chapter entitled "La manière dont on place les Musiciens sur des Niches, dans des Balcons, et des Loges de Palais, sur divers animaux, dans des Grottes, dans des Vallées, sur des Chars, et sur leurs habits bizarres, et la forme de leurs instruments que l'on déguise quelquefois pour les faire paroître ridicules." It will be noted from this that at the French court, as in the English masques, the musicians frequently fulfilled a double office and participated in the spectacle as fantastically arrayed auxiliaries. When, however, Les Fiddlers de L'Isle Richemont was performed at Versailles in May, 1684, upon an open-air theatre, the musicians were ranged along the front of the stage in the new Italian style. One knows not whether this disposition proved distracting by its novelty, but it is to be remarked that when the opera of Alceste was given in the marble court of the same palace, on July 4, 1674, the musicians, instead of being placed in front, were divided into two bodies and ranged along the two sides of the auditorium. Small wonder that orchestration in Lully's time was ill-considered, that the violins, violas and bass violas did little more than follow the voice!

In France, where the profession of player was long deemed infamous and frowned upon by the Church, it was difficult to get vocalists to appear on the stage. Thus, when Andromede was per-



STAGE FRONT OF PERGOLESE THEATRE, FLORENCE, 1657

formed in 1656, the actual singers were hidden behind latticed boxes, although provided on the boards with dummy doubles. This absurd practice was not without its measure of gratefulness, for it permitted vocalists and musicians to be in the closest possible touch; but Molière abolished it in 1671 by making the chorus in *Psyche* appear *coram populo*. For the court performance of this tragedy-ballet he had also employed an orchestra of a dozen violins, but it would be ill-

known as the "music room," a term one finds applied to the orchestra some time after the musicians had regularly entered upon their now familiar position. Although Sir William D'Avenant made some modest experiments toward the introduction of opera during the Protectorate, it cannot be gleaned that the new Italian system of placing the musicians in front was then introduced. In his "Address to the Reader," D'Avenant, referring to the performance of *The Siege*



From the Scientific American.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK

SCENE FROM THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, DUKES THEATRE, 1673

would seem that the musicians took their now generally accepted position in front when the first Italian opera house—the Teatro San Cassiano—was opened in 1637. A view of the emblematic picture, certain and highly ornate proscenium of the same theatre in Florence, issued exactly twenty years later, shows an elaborately decorated cover-like enclosure fronting the stage, apparently for the use of the musicians. Another view of the same theatre in 1658 reveals to us the stage with the curtain raised, and the Dance of Furies proceeding in the opera-ballet of *Ipermestra*. Again we note the same odd high enclosure, occupying about a third of the extent of the stage front, but, as in the former case, devoid of executants. It may be, of course, that the musicians are hidden from sight, as the three sides of the partly decorated inclosure are equally as high as the stage front. Fiddlers and vocalists, indeed, in those days in very close touch; a fiddler and a half were to elapse over the conductor and his baton materialized.

Austria derived her inspiration in theatre building from Italy, and with it the conventionalism of the modern orchestra. In the elaborate folio *sovereign* issued in Dresden in 1678, in commemoration of the magnificent Ballet of the Seven Planets, one finds a folding plate of the imposing stage front in which the same small, chest-like inclosure is plainly in evidence. There is also extant an engraving of the Ducal theatre of Heidelberg in 1684, showing a proscenium of Corinthian columns with central arch, upborne by the Palatine House. Reliefs representing Truth and History adorn niches at the sides, and in front is to be seen the usual severely inclosed musicians' box.

Although the French theatre pressed into service lute and viola players long before it yielded to the seductions of the Italian orchestra, they were allotted no conventionalized position until that event took place. Among the Harlequin collection in the British Museum is to be found a curious illuminated manuscript conveying the text of a Festival represented in the churches of the Collegiate Church of Montfalcon, on February 27, 1688, in celebration of a recent victory over the Germans. One of the many interesting sketches in color gives a view of the stage and of the crowded auditorium. No scenery was em-

## THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

wings. Apparently the experiment of introducing "the orchestra" at Drury Lane in 1663 had not proved successful; Pepys, in the passage already cited, affords us a clue to the defects of the installation. Since the music sounded so ill below, what wonder that Killigrew and D'Avenant set their faces against the new system, and reverted as closely as possible to the old Ellinæthian principle by giving the performers an elevated position? On Nov. 7, 1667, when Pepys went to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields to see Dryden and D'Avenant's painful sophistication of *The Tempest*, he found the house so crowded owing to the King's presence and the lateness of his arrival, that he was forced "to sit in the side balcony over against the music room." Apparently "the music room" at the Duke's was a box in the auditorium situated close to the stage. That the "orchestra" at the first Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, had been abolished within a few years of its introduction, and the musicians placed somewhere at a considerable elevation, is shown by a curious ballad setting forth how the house was destroyed by fire on Jan. 25, 1672. No sooner was the play finished, we learn:

But on a sudden a fierce fire 'gan rage  
In several scenes, and overtopped the stage  
The "Horror" waiting on this dismal sight.  
Soon taught the players to the life to act a fright.  
The Boxes were splendored us'd to surprise  
From constellations of bright ladies' eyes  
A different blazing lustre now is found.  
And the music-room with whistle flames doth sound.  
Then catching hold o' the roof, it does display,  
Consuming fiery trophies every way.

From this description, beginning below and gradually working upwards, one can very well see that "the music-room" at old Drury was near the ceiling of the building. Might it not have been situated immediately above the proscenium arch? Even in our day the position is not an impossible one. When M. Hostein designed the ill-fated *Théâtre Historique* for the elder Dumas, in 1848, he placed the musicians in a gallery over the proscenium; and the idea was borrowed in 1890 by Steele Mackaye, when he came to build the Madison Square Theatre, New York. We shall see later that a view exists of the interior of a noted Restoration theatre, in which a large box is clearly to be seen over the proscenium. If this was not mere ornament, what use could it have been put to save as a "music room," in the old sense of the term?

When the second Theatre Royal in Drury Lane first opened its doors early in 1674, with the French opera of *Ariadne* as a lure, it too, like its predecessor in its closing years, had no orchestra. In the specialized sense of the term. A valuable view of the scene of the Prologue, given as frontispiece to the book of the opera, shows that the rounded front of the stage jutted out beyond the proscenium and had an appropriate emblematic decoration. This grouping of masks and musical instruments on the base clearly indicates that no orchestra was placed between audience and stage. Possibly in this instance the musicians were placed behind the scenes. As orchestration was as yet in its infancy and did little beyond echoing the voice, position mattered little.

But while New Drury Lane was content to pursue the reactionary policy of its predecessor, even in association with matters operatic, the gorgeous Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, now some two years built, had determined upon progression. When Shadwell's operatic version of the Dryden *D'Avenant* *Tempest* was brought out at the latter house, in the Spring of 1674, the band, by way of novelty, was placed temporarily in the orchestra. In the printed copy of this production, issued anonymously and misleadingly by Herringman in the same year, one finds an initial description beginning with "the front of the stage is open'd and the Band of 24 Violins with the Harpsichords and Theorbus, which accompany the voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing the Curtains rise, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joy'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage." In this case the position of the band was conditioned by the number of executants and the magnitude of some of the instruments. Possibly no such body of musicians had been seen publicly in England before. That their resort to the orchestra was unwelcome is shown by the very existence of this description, which would have been superfluous had the position been normal. Doubtless a return to this intermediate location was made again and again as opera grew more and more popular, until finally the orchestra came to be a recognized institution. But there are cogent reasons for believing that even at the Duke's Theatre in 1674 and thereafter, the musicians employed during the ordinary dramatic performances, being much fewer in number, occupied a different and far less conspicuous position. A curious view of the interior of the Dorset Gardens house, published

in 1673 with Settle's sensational play *The Emperess of Morocco*, shows an immense box over the projecting soffit of the proscenium. This was open on the three sides, doubtless to emit sound, and can hardly have been utilized for any purpose save as a "music room." The superficial resemblance of the whole to the music gallery in the Madison Square Theatre, New York, is very striking. To accept this position as the one usually occupied by the musicians during the routine dramatic performances of the later Restoration theatres, as the place where the long preliminary selections and the inter-act music were rendered, is to explain a puzzling passage in "The Dublin Scuffle" of Danton, the itinerant bookseller. Dublin was at least a quarter of a century behind London in the adoption of opera, and it is in the Irish capital that one looks naturally for evidence of the belated employment of the elevated music room. That quest is not disappointing. While in Ireland in 1898, Danton paid a visit to the Smock Alley Theatre to see *The Squire of Alastia*, and found "the Dublin playhouse to be a place very contrary to its owners; for they on their outside make the best show; but this is very ordinary in its outward appearance, but looks much better inside, with its stage, pit, boxes, two galleries, lattices and music loft, etc." Nothing could be well more expressive in this connection than the term "music loft,"

the experience of the anonymous English lady who visited Parma in 1771, and went to that great show-place, the vast and gloomy Teatro Farnese. There was no orchestra, so far as she could perceive, "but the place," she writes in her "Travels," "where it should be is occupied by a long leaden trough, reaching the whole breadth of the Proscenium; from which are pipes or shoots so contrived as to enable them to fill the trough with water, intended for the representation of a naumachia or sea-fight. I imagine this trough was to serve the double purpose of an orchestra and an artificial sea; but when it so happened that a naumachia was to be represented, what became of the poor musicians? They surely were not to remain in the trough; that would be a symphony of *fresco* indeed."

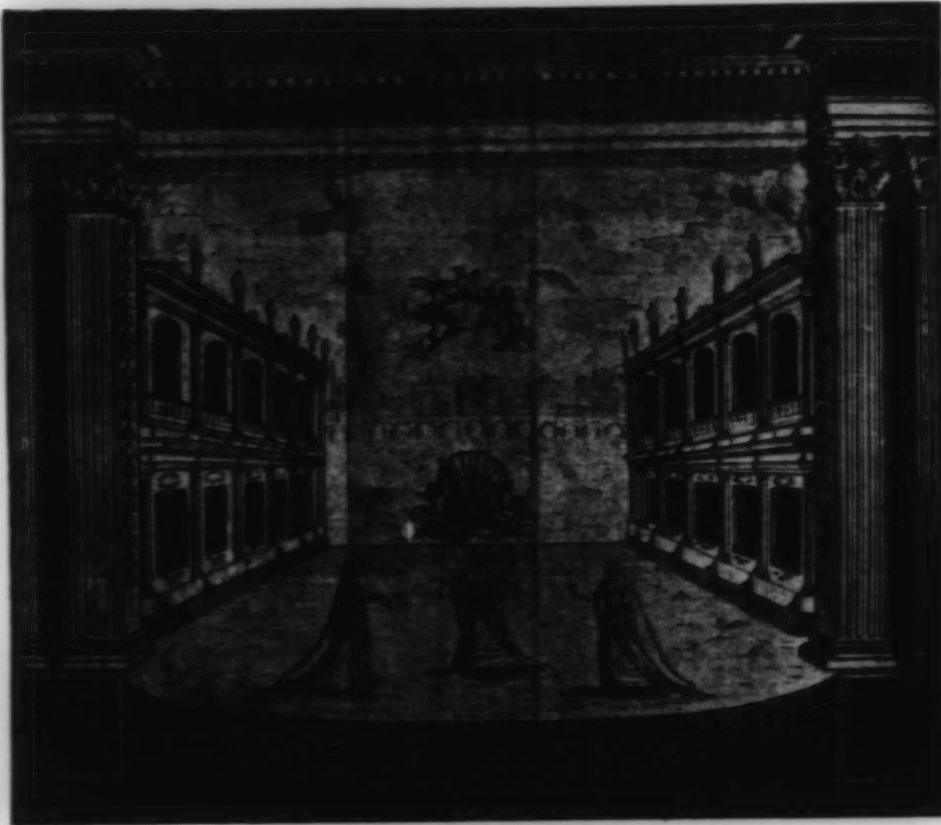
In one important respect England followed the lead of France, although not with a similar result. From about the period of the erection of the First Covent Garden Theatre in 1732 a few favored members of the audience were permitted to occupy seats in the orchestra. The privilege was much esteemed by men of fame who happened to be hard of hearing or short of sight. Even the great theatrical managers did not disdain to sit there on occasion. Murphy relates that John Rich placed himself in the orchestra on the first night of *The Suspicious Husband*, in February, 1747, and that when Mrs. Pritchard

sat in the orchestra. A hum of excitement went through the house when Fox, Erskine or Lord Holland was to be seen entering among the musicians. Boaden relates that Sir Joshua Reynolds was frequently among those who occupied this coign of vantage during the height of the 18th century. Not excomfury but convenience urged him to take advantage of the renewed privilege. He was so deaf that he had to use an ear trumpet—and thereby hangs a tale. On one occasion when he was in his favorite seat, "all gaze, all wonder," during the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, a consequential young sailor in the front row of the pit began to explain the various musical instruments to a loutish comrade, calling them, as it happened, mostly by the wrong names. When the nautical Sir Oracle had almost exhausted the list the greenhorn suddenly cried Sir Joshua, seated in the extreme right hand corner, and pointing to him, asked what instrument was that. "Oh, that," said the confident tar, "why that's a newly invented trumpet blown by the ear!"

Like the illusion-marring practice of sitting on the stage, which had obtained at an earlier period, orchestra haunting died hard. When Edmund Kean first played *Othello* at Drury Lane in 1814, Michael Kelly, by right of his official position as Director of the Music, occupied a seat in the orchestra. Next to him sat Lord Byron, who turned round after Kean's great third act and said, "Mr. Kelly, depend upon it, this is a man of genius."

No sooner had the orchestra become a recognized feature in the theatre than its moulding influence became apparent. It inspired new genres in dramatic art, gave rise to the vaudeville or ballad opera, and led to ultimate and abuse of theatrical expedients in suggesting the abnormalities of melodrama. One wonders that under the circumstances any departure from the conventional position in front of the stage could have been possible in the latter half of the eighteenth century. A remarkable example is, however, on record. Judging from an inventory of the effects of the Crow Street Theatre in Dublin, made in June, 1776, that capacious house had formerly possessed a normal orchestra, with the usual row of spikes in front, terminated on each side with iron scroll work reaching to the stage boxes. Audiences were notoriously riotous in those days, and these precautions were taken at most theatres to prevent the more audacious from climbing over the stage. Allied with later corroborative evidence, the fact that the "Women's Wardrobe No. 9" in this inventory contained such items as "Iron spikes round the orchestra, two of them wanting," and "two pieces of iron scroll work, from the boxes to the stage," goes to show that the musicians at Crow Street had ceased to occupy their old position. Confirmation of this is afforded the inquirer by a description in *Saunders's Dublin Newsletter*, for Jan. 30, 1798, of the elaborate alterations and improvements just made in the old theatre by Frederick Jones, the new patentee. The old orchestra, we are told, had been thrown into the pit, "deepening the house the size of a box on each side." This means, if it means anything, that the musicians in Daly's time had been ranged along the two sides of the pit, after the system employed at Versailles in the performance of *Aicléste* in 1674. Certain French architects still advocated the claims of this odd disposition under restricted conditions. In his important work, published in Paris in 1772 entitled "Suite de Projets détaillés de Salles de Spectacles Particuliers, avec des Principes de Construction," G. P. M. Dumont demonstrates the method of constructing a small private theatre in the attic of a mansion, in a design inscribed "coupe d'une salle de Comédie au droit de l'avant scene, et des Orchestres places sur les cotés, pour laisser la Vue libre aux Spectateurs." One must remember that in the eighteenth century the view from the pit in most public theatres was seriously obstructed by a row of ugly, smoking footlights, with obtrusive tin reflectors. The presence of the musicians in the orchestra accentuated this evil. That possibly was the main reason for their removal to the sides in Dublin, although the change in a theatre that was not simply a "salle de Comédie," but gave many semi-operatic performances, indicated how little individuality the orchestra yet possessed. True, a nominal conductor presided at the harpsichord or pianoforte, and the first violin led the band; but simultaneous control over singer and player was still lacking, and consequently the music could do little more than follow the voice. The genius of a Berlioz or a Wagner would have been paralyzed under such conditions; scientific orchestration was only rendered possible by the coming of the conductor with his wonder-working baton, in the second decade of the nineteenth century.

W. J. LAWRENCE.



THE FRENCH OPERA, ARIADNE, DRURY LANE, 1674

and as Danton uses it without comment, we may assume that the thing indicated was lacking in the merit of uniqueness.

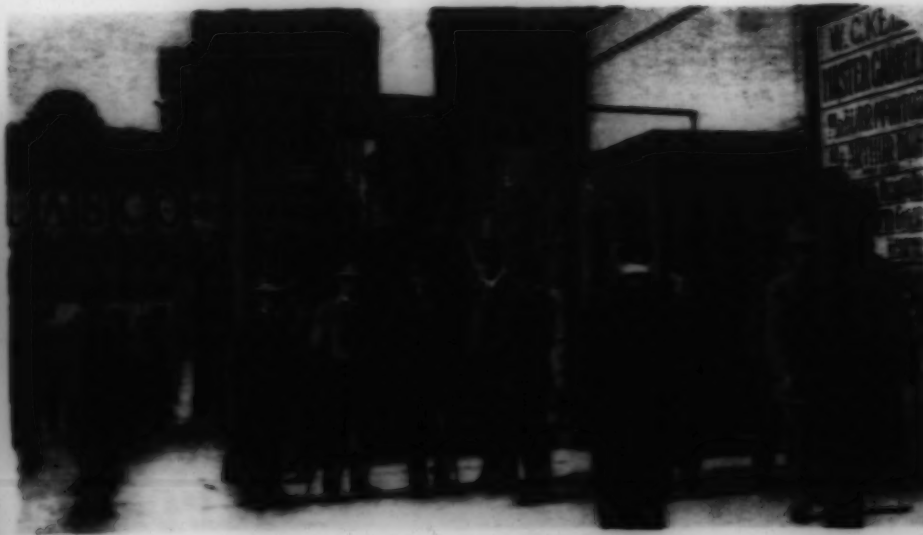
By the beginning of the eighteenth century, mainly owing to the growing popularity of opera, the principle of "the orchestra" had become firmly established in London, and only in rare instances (such as the performances of oratorios in the theatres) were departures from the rule made. An exception occurred when Eccles' non-scenic masque, *The Judgment of Paris*, was performed at the Dorset Garden Theatre in March, 1701, and when the eighty odd executants were seated on the stage. In a letter describing this performance, Congreve, who had supplied the libretto, wrote: "The place where formerly the music used to play, between the pit and the stage, was turned into White's chocolate house, the whole family being transplanted thither with chocolate, cooled drinks, ratafia, portico, etc., which everybody that would called for, the entire expense being defrayed by the subscribers." One remarks that Congreve fights shy here of using the word "orchestra," which apparently did not begin to receive its modern accepted sense in England until Gay so used it in 1720, and Swift a few years later in "Martin Scribbler." The temporary debasement of the locality at Dorset Gardens in 1701 into a refreshment stall recalls

came to say "the manager is an owl," in delivering Garrick's fable epilogue, the famous Harlequin turned to a friend and whispered: "He means me." Little Davy himself soon came to follow Rich's example; an "Ode to Garrick," published in *The London Magazine* for June, 1746, alludes to his habit of "sitting in the Music-box" at the play. According to Parke, Roscius not only retained his own private box at Drury Lane after his retirement, but still went on occasion to his old seat among the musicians. "When his own afterpiece," we are told, "called *The Jubilee* was acted, in which there was a pointed allusion to himself, he invariably sat in the orchestra. As soon as Garrick appeared there all eyes were directed toward him, the actors being for a while forgotten. While the compliment to himself was delivering, the little man, with much apparent modesty, bent forwards, held his head a little down, and smiled, saying, as it were, 'Oh, this is too much,' though he had written it himself; and when the gaze and admiration of the audience had subsided, he coolly retired to his box for the remainder of the evening." It is said that when Mrs. Siddons blossomed into fame at Drury Lane in 1782, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the manager, contrived to give a filip to her attractions by making it fashionable for persons of distinction of both sexes to



Photo by Fisk, E. F.

MAY STEWART



A BUSY NEIGHBORHOOD

This photograph, taken by Fred Schrader, of Belasco's press staff, shows E. J. Anhalt, business manager for David Belasco; W. G. Smyth, booking agent for David Belasco; Charles Gregg, dramatic editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*; Charles Emerson Cook, general press representative for David Belasco; Brandon Tynan and

Tom Kirk, manager of the Nixon Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. The subjects were posed in front of the stage entrance to the Belasco Theatre, immediately adjacent to the stage entrance to Hammerstein's Victoria. The vaudeville bill in upper right corner refers to the programme at Mr. Hammerstein's house, not at the Belasco.



Photo White, E. Y.

BERTHA BLANCHARD

# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

## HARRY GILLESPIE BATES.

Harry Gillespie Bates, whose picture appears elsewhere, is thirty-four years old, and has been a character actor since his fifteenth year. If he has a favorite character it is the "coon part," and, as he is a native of Knoxville, Tenn., he has had opportunity to study the characteristics of the negro from his earliest days. He has played in stock, repertoire, minstrel and sung in comic opera. His work of recent years has been with the Spoor Stock company, Portland (Maine). Stock companies: Hearts of the Blue Ridge, Lover's Lane, The Fatal Wedding, in the Land of Cotton, Sam Houston, and, of course, The Volunteer Cavalier. Last Summer he was in Binghamton with the Army Stock company, and this season he is under the management of the Kirke La Salle company in The Virginian, now playing in the South.

## FRANK COOMBS AND MURIEL STONE.

Frank Coombs and Muriel Stone, in The Last of the Troupe, although comparatively new to vaudeville, have created much favorable comment by the excellent character of their offering and their work in it. Probably the most attractive feature of the act is the unusual tenor voice of Mr. Coombs, the sweet and sympathetic qualities of which are displayed to advantage in several high-class songs.

## J. PALMER COLLINS.

A cut of J. Palmer Collins appears in this issue. The wonderful success Mr. Collins has made in the part of Lachlan Campbell made famous by J. H. Stoddard is another instance of how patient, earnest effort, years of close study and unselfish devotion to a profession which is often discouraging will bring a rich reward in time. Mr. Collins, always known as an actor of ability, may be said to have awoke one morning to find himself famous when Mr. Stoddard was taken sick in Galt, Ont., with several weeks of his season not to be played. Mr. Collins, who was then playing Mr. Chure, jumped in and saved the day. The tour was continued, and Mr. Collins not only found his opportunity, but earned the gratitude of his managers as well. He has remained at the head of The Bonnie Brier Bush since, and his name, particularly through Canada, is

now well known. Messrs. Stimson and Colvin, who are managing Mr. Collins, are now negotiating for a play to star Mr. Collins in when The Bonnie Brier Bush is no longer a drawing card.

## KELLAR AND THURSTON.

Kellar, famed the world over as one of the most remarkable magicians of any age, is now making his farewell tour, and will retire permanently from the stage at the end of his present season. Kellar has been on the stage for forty-seven years, during which time he has had phenomenal and unparalleled success. He has now arrived at the time in life when he owes it to himself to retire, and is introducing to the world Howard Thurston as his successor. The tour is being made over a route including the principal American cities, and Kellar and Thurston are each experiencing the most enthusiastic receptions of their lives; this notwithstanding the depression in the financial world. They are giving the most sensational performance ever presented by them, augmented with European and Oriental creations. The company is under the direction of Dudley McAdow, with Stair and Havila, 1441 Broadway, New York city.

## LITTLE GEORGE EDWARDS.

"Little" George Edwards is in his second season as Mose in Nixon and Zimmerman's Simple Simon Simple. The hit of the comedy is said to be made by diminutive George Edwards in this character.

## McMAHON AND CHAPPELLE.

Tim McMahon and Edythe Chappelle have been enjoying a very successful season with their Pullman Porter Maids, playing in the leading vaudeville houses. Incidental to the act, McMahon and Chappelle introduce the original and amusing skit, Why Husbands Missed the Train, in which only the most up-to-date jokes are used. They are assisted by eight girls, all of whom have been carefully trained by Mr. McMahon in pleasing songs, dances and marches. The turn has been characterized as "the biggest, gayest,

who has a brilliant future. He is tall, of commanding appearance, graceful bearing, a charming personality and an abundance of magnetism, a combination of qualities rarely found in the young actor today. The "Cleveland Plain Dealer" in a recent criticism of his work, speaks of his having "the softest Southern voice in the world." Mr. Claire has been very successful in the dramatic field, having been connected with the Belasco, Frohman and Savoy productions, and is now contemplating a tour in vaudeville. Cecil de Mille, the well-known young writer, has written a sketch called Brothers at Arms, which Mr. Claire will produce next season. He may be addressed care of Wales Winter, suite 11, Empire Theatre Building.

## WILLIAM STUART AND ANNA HOLLINGER.

William Stuart and Anna Hollinger are two capable and well-known young players who have had much excellent experience with prominent stars and leading attractions. For several years they were associated with the best stock companies in this country, and are now on their fourth tour with the Charles E. Blaney Amusement Company. Miss Hollinger has originated a variety of leading roles, and Mr. Stuart is especially known for his eccentric comedy work.

## THE DAVID BELASCO INTERESTS.

The season of 1907-1908 has been another highly successful one for David Belasco. Mr. Belasco has opened to the public the Stuyvesant Theatre, one of the finest, the most comfortable and most modernly equipped theatres in America. The theatre in its detailed construction is highly characteristic of the man that built it. It is needless to say that the venture has been a complete success. The house opened with David Wardell in A Grand Army Man, which attraction is still holding forth there, and which will continue to do so as long as David War-



ED VAN VECHTEN

funniest, costliest, gari-novely in vaudeville." Special scenery of a very elaborate nature is carried, and the act is under Mr. McMahon's constant supervision. Another novelty, called McMahon's Pumpkin Party, is in preparation, and bids fair to rival, if not excel, his previous efforts.

## ED. VAN VECHTEN.

Ed. Van Vechten finds time between rehearsals and performances to pose for Remington, Kellar, and other artists. Mr. Kellar's painting of "David, King of the Jews," for which Mr. Van Vechten posed, are reproduced in the Christmas number of "Munsey's Magazine."

## WILLIAM HAYWARD CLAIRE.

William Hayward Claire, a promising young leading man whose picture occupies the title page, is an actor



CONKLIN AND ROSS

field chooses to play in it. Blanche Bates is making her farewell appearances in The Girl of the Golden West. Frances Starr is on tour with The Rose of the South. The Warrens of Virginia, with Charlotte Walker and Frank Keenan, is playing at the Belasco Theatre.

## ESTELLE WORDETTE.

Estelle Wordette is still playing her original sketches A Honeycomb in the Catskills and When a Cat's Away. They are both made for laughing purposes only, and judged by the way Miss Wordette and her company are in demand by managers they must certainly fill the bill. For the past two years the Wordettes, has been playing continuously and they are still at it. Miss Wordette is writing a new sketch for herself and is also considering one from a well-known author. She is in receipt of a flattering offer for a starring tour under the management of Jules Hertz, and is giving the matter serious consideration.



GRACE HAZARD

"Five Feet of Comic Opera"

To all my friends, both far and near,  
I wish a happy, prosperous year.

## JOHN F. FERNLOCK AND NINA CARLETON.

John F. Fernlock, who has made himself prominent playing heavies and characters in various companies, is now playing the part of Lieutenant Brightly in the Eastern Flaming Arrow company, under the management of Lincoln J. Carter. Mr. Fernlock is on the lookout for a good offer for next season. Nina Carleton (Mrs. John F. Fernlock) is at present in vaudeville with Louis Chevrolet and company. Miss Carleton has played leads in vaudeville for some time, and has made a name for herself. She likewise invites offers for next season.

## PEARL EVANS.

Pearl Evans, after several seasons of stock and vaudeville experience, is playing the ingenue role of Marie Goldberg in Broadway and Clifford's Phantom Detective company this season. She introduces a singing and talking specialty, meeting with much success, particularly in her "Tag Along" number, which is filled with original "business," and which never fails to gain many recalls. Miss Evans has been aptly christened the "Singing Ingenue," which title is very appropriate, as the young lady has a remarkable singing voice.

## A. H. WOODS' PRODUCTIONS.

A. H. Woods this season is living up to his reputation for having in his bookings all that's good in melodrama. Stair and Havila are the leading directors for the A. H. Woods' productions, and they have already announced that they now have in preparation fourteen big melodramas for next season; and if they are equal to those which are now on the road under their management, there is no reason why their ventures in the future should not be as successful as they have been in the past, and it is safe to say that they undoubtedly will.



Photo Hall, N. Y.

FRANK COOMBS AND MURIEL STONE



ESTELLE WORDETTE.

# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

## CONKLIN AND ROSS.

Robert R. Conklin and Gladys E. Ross have joined hands in forming a new song and dance team, and invite offers to play small parts and do their specialty. Road or repertoire managers looking for reasonable people at a reasonable salary would do well to communicate with R. E. Conklin, 110 Hudson Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

## W. B. PATTON.

W. B. Patton, known as the Peculiar Comedian, is pictured on this page as he will appear next season in his new play, The Blackhead. The character of Professor Steele is unique and original, and the play, a comedy drama, entirely out of the ordinary. This season Mr. Patton is appearing in his Western play.

Anna in Anna and the Archduke, Eva in The Wedding of Fig, Hilda in An American Girl, the Girl in The Girl in Waiting, and the leads in A Society Policeman and The House of a Thousand Candles. In this way Miss Reed came directly under the observation of the Shuberts, who were so impressed with her work that they offered her the position of leading woman with R. H. Southern. She received several other excellent offers, but decided to sign with Mr. Southern, in order to receive the benefit of the classical training.

## HELEN WHITMAN.

Helen Whitman in this season with Dicky Bell in Shore Acres, playing the part of Ann Berry, the woman whom Uncle Nat has silently loved all his life. Her work in the role is excellent, meeting with



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

## PAULINE FLETCHER.

Pauline Fletcher, now with The Street Singer, is a young actress of considerable experience, having played leading business in stock companies in Philadelphia, Chicago, and New Orleans. Very few young actresses can claim to have played a longer list of difficult roles. Miss Fletcher has been noticed favorably by the press for her elaborate gowns, artistic impersonations and tall, graceful appearance. She is negotiating for a starring engagement next year.

## HORACE RUSHBY.

Horace Rushby, whose characteristic picture as Cy Prime in The Old Homestead, appears in this number, is another living proof that the minstrelsy of the old days was indeed a thorough school. Mr. Rushby was a favorite name in the great minstrel companies of the past, and was a member of the famed "Mastodons." Some of the best character work of Mr. Rushby is his personation of the Judge



## HORACE RUSHBY

in Richard Golden's Old Jed Frouy and his Cy Prime in Denman Thompson's The Old Homestead, in which character he is at present, and has been for some time appearing.

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

This well-known brand of whiskey has stood the test for years. It is a blend of straight rye whiskeys absolutely pure and guaranteed under the national pure food law.

## WALDO WHIPPLE.

"Goes right out in one and sings, talks and makes 'em laugh, and dance, too. I swan, when I see him set out that corn and tramp I reckoned he'd make a good Yankee out of." That's what they say about Waldo Whipple, who plays Hiram Swatton in Nixon and Zimmerman's Simple Simon Simple company.

## ARTHUR CHATTERDON.

Arthur Chatterdon is a young Western actor, who has recently come to the front as a stock leading man. At the Indiana Theatre, Marion, Ind., Mr. Chatterdon played a successful ten weeks' engagement during the summer. He has received good offers for the coming season. He is at present under the Popular Amusement Company's management.



Photo Quiner, Chicago

## ARTHUR CHATTERDON



## CHARLES R. HANFORD

The Slow Poke, which is even exceeding its success of last year. He still continues under the management of J. M. Stout, with whom he has been connected for the past seven years. The firm of Macaulay and Patton has three attractions on the road this season. The Minister's Son, The Slow Poke, and William Macaulay in When We Were Friends.

## THERESA MILLER.

Theresa Miller is playing as Blowing Haskins and Ned Bowers, a dual role, in W. F. Mann's production of Shadowed by Three. She is winning much praise from the press and public for her work in



Photo Young and Carl

## THERESA MILLER

three parts, and has been re-engaged for season 1908-1909, to originate the leading role in Meadow Brook Farm, under direction of W. F. Mann.

## FLORENCE REED.

Florence Reed, whose picture appears in this issue, is one of the most promising actresses on the stage to-day. She is now in her fifth season in the profession, having made her debut after the death of her father, the late Richard Reed. Her training has been received solely in the stock company school, under the excellent direction of Malcolm Williams, in whose company she was leading woman for three years. Last season Miss Reed originated the leading roles in eight new plays that were being tried out for the Shuberts. Among these parts were:

together one of the largest audiences ever seen inside the Castle Square Theatre. Miss Le Baron possesses the talent which eventually lands an artist on the totem pole of the ladder.

## J. LOUIS UNGERER THE INDIAN.

J. Louis Ungerer, the popular portrayer of Indian characters, is this season under the management of the J. L. Voronov Amusement Company, successfully playing the part of Black Hawk in Lillian Mortimer's new play of Bunco in Arizona.

## GUS AND MAX ROGERS.

Gus and Max Rogers are playing a successful engagement this year in Rogers Brothers in Panama. These two well-known comedians are always called

the commendation of press and public everywhere. Miss Whitman's versatility is remarkable, and her range of roles runs from the clinging weeping heroine and offensiveness ingrate to the vengeful adventurer, lovable matron and tragedy queen.

## LOUISE LE BARON.

Louise Le Baron is filling a prima donna position with the Stock Opera company at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. She has been an immense favorite for the several months she has sung in that city, and last month, owing to a general request, she was tendered a testimonial benefit, which served to bring



## CHARLOTTE HUNTINGTON

entirely received wherever they go. Their recent engagement at the Broadway and other New York theatres in the Rogers Brothers in Panama made them many new friends.

## CHARLOTTE HUNTINGTON.

Charlotte Huntington has made rapid progress in the short time she has been in the profession. She is petite and dainty, and her work shows rare versatility combined with dramatic power. The last two seasons she has been with Western drama. She has shown herself to be no less strong and convincing in the portrayal of the natural abandon of the Western girl than in the delineation of such an intensely human and sympathetic character as Anna in "Way Down East."



## CLARA MATHES.

As usual, the portrait of Clara Mathes appears in the Christmas number of THE MIRROR. During the present season this popular actress is, as she expresses it: "Taking the rest cure in one play." She will accept a stock engagement for next summer. Miss Mathes began her theatrical career in Berlin, where her mother was a favorite leading woman. Some of her best known successes are Nell Gwynne, Juliet, Lucretia Borgia, and Camille. In several recent successes she has been very favorably noticed.

## LOW'S STEAMSHIP AGENCY.

Edwin H. Low's Steamship Agency issues a "List of Sailings" monthly, which will be sent free upon application. The agency was established in 1888.

## SANFORD DODGE.

Sanford Dodge, whose likeness appears in this issue, is now enjoying a very successful season in Shakespearean and classical tragedies and comedies. His reception in all the cities he has visited this season has been most flattering from an artistic, as well as a financial, standpoint. Some of his favorite characters are: Hamlet, D'Artagnan, Shylock, Don Caesar De Bazan, Macbeth, Romeo, Virginia, Leontine, Petruchio, the Gladiators, Marcia, Richard III, Othello, and many of the other classic and romantic parts. Mr. Dodge hopes to visit New York soon.



Photo Morrison, Chicago

## SANFORD DODGE

# WHEN

# ACTORS

# PLAY



WILL OPEN  
IN  
SEPT

CLOSED  
FOR  
THE  
SUMMER

THIS  
THEATRE  
WILL  
OPEN  
EARLY  
IN  
SEPT



**T**HE performance of an actor upon the stage all others call play. He calls it work. He acts, he performs, he portrays, he renders a scene, but on the stage he never plays. The word as applied to his art of a making would be for the criticism of a poem.

How players play, how they react from the strain of the week or the season; what is the counter irritant which they choose for the professional life which seems so easy and is so hard, interests those who are close to their lives and interests those who are afar off.

admits being "as tired as though I had worked all day." But no furtive glance of the visitors back again. And after the midday country dinner they walk again, and when they are eligible for a physician's certificate that he or she could walk no more for a week, their hosts relent and they drive for the rest of the day. So tired Cochlin Chinan and Brahmas on Miss Bates' heels have scarcely put their heads under their wings before her tired guests have placed their heads upon their pillows.

where he lives literally upon the heights, a jagged rock on the highest point of the place seeming to tear a rest in the sky.

William Gillette finds his greatest joy in his houseboat, Polly, which floats about the Sound on calm days as serenely as a fairy boat among lotus blooms. The strenuous world of dry land and long contracts never intrudes itself except in the person of Charles Frohman, as an occasional guest.

when it is from the town where she is playing the theatre in the task of looking over household alijurations to the caretaker. So congenial are these tasks that when she leaves the silence of her country place to go back to the city's roar there are tears of regret in her eyes. Miss Walsh has said "The Lilacs," at Great Neck, L. I., and bought a handsome place at Wood's Hill, with Martha's Vineyard for a front and Buzzard's Bay for a back yard.

Blanche Bates resembles Maude Adams in her liking for the smell of the earth and the new life that may be imbibed from sunshine and unadulterated come. Every Saturday night when Miss Bates is playing in New York, she drives straight to the Grand Central Station and catches the midnight train for Ossining. Ossining is a village chiefly known because there the prison of Sing Sing raises its gray walled challenge to offenders against the law. Miss Bates' farmer—she has no coachman, she doesn't want any—meets her at the station, and they drive in an old "buggy" through sleet or snow, or rain or wind, whatever the season and the dispensation of the elements, past Sing Sing's high, gray towers, and plunge into the open country, and boundary line of town and country.

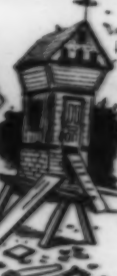


That is the reason that persons whose names blaze in letters of electric light above theatres on Broadway say "it's as good for you to go to Blanche Bates' farm as to Muldoon's, and as hard on you."

Rose Stahl rests by reading and answering letters. As with Ellen Terry, she always personally answers letters. The pleasantest of these letters she says, and since she receives so many her escriptore bulges with them.

Margaret Anglin's pleasures are not strenuous ones. "My favorite recreation—I wish I had more time to indulge in it"—she says, "is to lie on my back for an hour and think that I have nothing to do."

Julia Mariowa likes best to trap, short-skirted, through the woods of her place in the Adirondacks with a couple of dogs at her heels, and next in the category of her pleasures is the hour alone every day with a book.



Fritzi Scheff is frankly fond of society. She likes to whirl from a luncheon to a tea and thence to a bridge-whist party and an early dinner.

Maxine Elliott relaxes from stage cares by dipping into smart society in London.

Billie Burke is by her frank admission a motor fiend. Sallie Fisher belongs also to the guild who try to be content with flying on the ground can fly through the air. Sallie can that takes her back and forth to her cottage on Long Island.

Carlotta Nilsson takes seriously her pleasures. If she has a fortnight untried she crosses to Paris to see Jane Harding act.

Amelia Summerville says her greatest fun is giving lectures on new beauty fads.

Willie Collier says the world never seems more than a misty kind of a planet except in those times when he is arranging a match game between the Willie Collier nine and some lesser as a baseball "fun" that caused some one to hand him the copy of "Casey at the Bat" the night he first recited it.

E. H. Sothern plays where he toils—in his library.

Wilton Lackaye likes to exercise his constructive faculty in the building of strange, incongruous edifices in the backyards of his divers dwellings. The neighbors say that his language when the hammer goes astray, falling unintentionally and without malice and quite by mistake upon portions of his body, is such that they consider compelling him to apologize to the hammer. When these amusements or the hammer's vagaries have wearied him he goes back to the house and writes a poem.

Otis Skinner, to "get the poison of the theatre out of his system," takes long walks. The Lambs have equal odds up as to whether Otis Skinner or David Warfield be the better pedestrian.



of the elements, past Sing Sing's high, gray towers, and plunge into the open country, and boundary line of town and country.

"To-morrow I shall rest," she says.

The guest who fancies that rest means a limona, a novel and perhaps a cigarette, marks a next morning at the hostess's appearance in a Norfolk suit of storm serge, the brevity of ing quite long enough to meet her high-topped, rubber-soled wading boots.

"Want to see my cows?" she demands, and the determined gleam of her eye forbids the lounge by her fireside to confess a distaste for kine.

Miss Bates shows him not only the cows and horses, but introduces him to the pigs, and he is expected to show a due regard for fowl in the barnyard as well as on the table. And how Blanche Bates can walk in those high boots and that skirt that no Comstock ever designed! Having reached the highest hill within a radius of ten miles about Ossining, the visitor sees his hostess "take her deep breathing exercise." When she has "in-hale—count eight—hold the breath, count eight, exhale, count eight" at least twenty times, she

Less strenuous is a day spent with Maude Adams at her farm at Rosetonkoma, L. I., or Adams dislikes walking. She rides and drives and swims, all admirably, but walks as little as possible, "because I don't like to," is her feminine reason.

"Sandy Garth," her farm, is set with a fine back drop of the young walnut trees she planted four years ago, and has countless horses and dogs as "supernumeraries."

When not at play in the out-of-doors Miss Adams recreates in her library, or at her piano, for she is an admirable amateur musician. One further recreation is an expensive one. She has a fad for architecture, and gratifies it in the form of tearing down and rebuilding her homes. To build a new wing on a house is to Maude Adams the summum bonum of human enjoyment.

Francis Wilson by way of genuine recreation writes a book of memoirs. Dustin Farnum says in the bottom of a boat at Bucksport, Me.—lying there on his back all of a Summer day, reading Marie Corelli's novels.

Maclyn Arbuckle spends Winter and Summer vacations alike in a quaint, rambling house on the New York side of the St. Lawrence River, going out on snowshoes for a ten-mile walk before breakfast in the winter, or dreaming, and sometimes snoring, the long Summer hours away in the guise of fishing. He draws good pictures in the summer.

Henry Miller's pleasure is the development of his "Sky Meadows" farm near Stamford, Conn.



may have to slip quietly away to the theatre, or after-theatre suppers at her home near Central Park. At these functions no guest is wittier nor more brilliant than their charming hostess.

Ethel Barrymore believes that the best form of rest is to lie abed late. The chief pleasure she finds at her piano, alternately playing and dreaming of her girlish ambition, to become the world's greatest female pianiste.

Her cousin, George Drew Mendum, forgets the fatigues and the frivolities of life in reading the philosophy of India.

Blanche Walsh hurries to her country home



MARIE BATES



Photo, Otto Sarony, N. Y.

CHARLES H. ROSS KAM

## CIBBER'S OPINIONS.

(man. Mr. Warfield always walks to and from the theatre, be he three blocks or three miles from it.

"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other imprudence. It is his panacea for every ill, running the gamut of human ills, from toothache to spurned affection.

Robert Lorraine rides as assiduously as David Warfield walks.

Robert Edson is an amateur carpenter, a better and more composed than Wilton Lachays.

Bridge-whist is the beginning and end and middle of all recreations for J. B. Dodson. He declares that it is the queen of pleasures.

Robert Mantell wishes that hay grew the year round, so that he might make hay every year as he does in July on his farm at Atlantic Highlands.

Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Faversham's recipe for recreation.

COLLEY CIBBER, in his *Disquisitions*, says of Garrick, "Though I have as quick a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirers, and have not less pleasure from his performance, when he condescends to pursue simple nature, yet I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his overfondness for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitchings, juckings of the body, sprawling of the fingers, slapping the breast and pockets, his pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence, with a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricatures of gestures."

"If I may be allowed a conjecture concerning things before my own time, it shall be that the pantomimical excellences of Rich gave rise to these extravagances. Garrick was undoubtedly a most diligent student of his art, and attended with severe assiduity both to the beauties and defects of his youthful contemporaries. Rich was then in his meridian, and a wonderful mimic;

striated exhibitions. Men of genius have mostly been discovered in new plays. Auditors are so far from being capable of making a cool and dispassionate comparison between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is carried by the ignorant part of the audience to such excess that an actor who came out in the part of Mungo at Covent Garden was censured because the garter, which hung down as a token of drunkenness, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Dibdin was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original characters, then, must in general establish the fame of players. It was his performance of Lord Ogilby which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were sensible of his merit before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of Lord Ogilby, the play of *The Clan-*

## TO A MOLE.

O, mole on her lip,  
Say, why don't you slip  
Just half-an-inch downward, so shyly to slip  
The honey that hangs on her pomegranate  
mouth?  
Such beauty were well worth a short journey  
south!

Or, why don't you slide  
Just a bit to one side,  
Where, deep in a dimple, you're able to hide;  
Or climb up the smooth, satin mount of her  
cheek—  
Like a rose-tinted gladder—eager to seek  
In the depths of her eye,  
Where swift shadows lie,  
Like mountain lake mirroring clouds in the sky?

The reason is not  
That you are a blot—  
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—  
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace  
And piquancy, too, of her beautiful face;  
But, still, on my soul,  
You're an impudent mole,  
And when I behold you I scarce can control  
The pressing temptation—(that's too good to  
miss)—  
Of trying to brush you away with a kiss.  
WILLARD HOLCOMB.

## AN EARLY PRIMA DONNA.

THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1602, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concerts given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1603 by Signor Tool, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1602 as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Greber, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Greber's Peg." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of £10,000, a sum which, by relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, "August 4, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windoor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another drah, and a parcel of soldiers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

## GALLIC SUBMISSION.

AFTER the performance of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français in December, 1834, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchenois. For nearly half an hour no one appeared upon the stage; the clamor was deafening. At length Talma came forward, bowed and made his exit. Like Banquo's ghost. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began with cries for Duchenois. The row was at its height when a little man with a blue sash entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed; the audience suspended its breath. The man was a commissary of police. "In future," said the little man, "no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated." The parterre was agitated. "Talma appeared," said one. "He did wrong," replied the little man; "the authorities have commanded as I have informed you, and if you wish to hear the afterpiece you will be silent." The chop-fallen audience sat down; the little man took snuff; and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

## A POPULAR SONG.

ACCORDING to a learned writer on music, the origin of that well-known but rarely well-sung melody, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is a greater mystery than the source of the Nile. Its age is certainly venerable, for when Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799, and the band struck up this tune, its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliriously. They averred they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the melody was brought to Europe from the Dark Continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders. Although the tune has become associated in this country with that rebellious spirit which strong liquor engenders, it is possible that it was intended to fulfill quite a different purpose. The jerkiness of the rhythm and the note of irresponsibility which are the salient characteristics of the melody, however, hardly warrant one belief that the song was originally an Egyptian funeral march.

## MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DREAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world  
Where rainbow-tinted tears of sorrow  
gleam,  
And Joy's rare gifts, and Fancion's colored  
fire  
Soft mingle in the glamour of Love's dream.  
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm  
Where Music's lyre touch Flity's, all adre—  
Thy songs, thy dreams, and rich imaginings  
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.  
L. G. McCLUNG.

FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wondrous amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the summer between studying Shakespearean roles and hoeing corn in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their parochial duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done them," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Brooke likes best to play golf, and to sail into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.

that Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forego any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want monitors. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly rake, the gay gentleman, the choleric and early father, the worn out debauchee, the cunning hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successively delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Wilford, Ranger, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc., to recall a train of pleasing ideas into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in so masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performance of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always beheld with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectable, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance stamps him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fidelity and identity of the portrait.

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

# THE MATINEE GIRL

**I** DON'T like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the chorus of dissent, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Mark that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our pocketbooks, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sea of the holidays. The biggest purse in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces fresh from the hideous pattern in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our frenzied needs at Christmas. For at the great annual heartwarming we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be careless throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next twelvemonth, and there will be less need of costly abstinence on the Christmas of 1908.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appeals to us. Ninety-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring as aids our courage and resolution. Memory is the hermit of the nut of Christmas. A wee card with a sprig of engraved holly and a "God bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unexpectedly and unvarnished expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mischances of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass farther the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognizing that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and careless heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all those wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Mummer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts."

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will eat our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A drear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as drear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centred!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Glided it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Keenan shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective refulgence of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Keenan's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the limelight of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flutters its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-smiles at his daughter's suitor, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender-hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotizes us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Hansel Kirke and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Babbie and Herr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

forces us to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wrings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Keenan's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost uncanny power of reflecting whatever the emotions. When he played the scene with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some despatches that will leave her lover, the face is so sinister that it seems to bode murder. Yet in the same act it is suffused by the tenderest feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little sentence of his surrender of his own will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten drawn words, virulent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By him no flicker of an eyelash is wasted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warrens of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously on any one who has had a stormy scene in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to repress his anger work. Again, they are swung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid Bolinas school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warrens*. "Tense down, not up," we can almost hear the master adjust her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a poltroon." So in her acting we miss the shell tones that we forgive her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to swell of bosom that some sculptor must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic utility. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Bolinas has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vichitudo, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier, to roundup a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation on the Broadway stage. But the Blaisie legend has it that she, before buying her ticket to San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake, take me!" she begged.

The result was *The Warrens of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the vision of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldron, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His aids in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero rebels, are mainly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the droids you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's Sapho. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black Sapho's laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

## ART IN GREASE PAINTS

**S**OME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Bound Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the surly look on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Say, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outlines of that Indian's make-up. His many colored garb made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled."

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's blends could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head, reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.

On being requested to give an explanation of his method of drawing, Mr. Arbuckle said:

"How do I do it? With my fingers—a separate finger for each color. First I smear a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard. Sometimes it's black, sometimes red, as the subject demands. Then, with my fingers, I touch it up, with red here and yellow there, making a nose or an eye in this way, wherever necessary. The picture on cardboard is made the same way in which I would go about making up my face. I find these pictures grow richer and deeper in colors as they mature with age."

With the exception of a red bandanna handkerchief, which adorned his head, the picture shown here is a reproduction of the sick, surly Indian, as he sat in that saloon out West, several years ago.

Mr. Arbuckle lays no claim to being an artist. He has never taken a lesson in drawing in his life. But simply to divert himself at times he draws these grease-paint pictures, the coloring of which aroused the curiosity of artists wherever his work was known.

Maybe the painters of old were not so skillful in the blending of colors, which artists of the present day are unable to reproduce, but had some secret of blending, which was more the result of nature, rather than art, and might be explained in a way not unlike that which explains the coloring in the remarkable

grease-paint pictures by this well-known actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is a Texan by birth. Much of his education was obtained in school at Glasgow, Scotland, and in Boston. It was the wish of his parents that he should become a clergyman, but such an occupation was not to his liking, and he left school and returned home.

The elder Arbuckle then placed his son in line to become a physician, by securing for him a position in a local drug store. He mixed wrong syrups and broke so many bottles that he was thought more aptly employed in a hardware store. One week settled the hardware business, after which he was employed by his father as manager of a stock farm. This work suited him, but his father had higher aims for him and he was placed in a banking house in Dallas. This work he could not endure, and he went to Texas, where he entered a law office and began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and a few years later ran for justice of the peace. He was defeated, and it was then that he began to look to the stage as his natural field of endeavor. He had long been a student of Shakespeare, and when Peter Baker, the German comedian, came his way he joined his forces. And this was the beginning of the theatrical career of this versatile actor, who can do many things besides act and make grease-paint pictures.



THE SICK INDIAN

Grease Paint Sketch by Maclyn Arbuckle

trian. Mr. Wardfield always walks to and from the theatre, be he three blocks or three miles from it.

"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other imprudence. It is his panacea for every ill, running the gamut of human ills, from toothache to spurned affection.

Robert Lorraine rides as audaciously as David Wardfield walks.

Robert Edson is an amateur carpenter, a better and more composed than Wilton Lechaya.

Bridge-whist is the beginning and end and middle of all recreations for J. M. Dodson. He declares that it is the queen of pleasures.

Robert Mantell wishes that hay grew the year round, so that he might make hay every year as he does in July on his farm at Atlantic Highlands.

Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Faversham's recipe for recreation.

## CIBBER'S OPINIONS.

COLLEY CIBBER, in his *Discussions*, says of Garrick, "Though I have as quick a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirers, and have not less pleasure from his performance, when he condescends to pursue simple nature, yet I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his overdone and extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twittings, jerking of the body, spreading of the fingers, clapping the breast and pockets, his pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence, with a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricatures of gestures."

"If I may be allowed a conjecture concerning things before my own time, it shall be that the pantomimical excellencies of Rich gave rise to these extravagances. Garrick was undoubtedly a most diligent student of his art, and attended with severe candour both to the beauties and defects of his youthful contemporaries. Rich was then in his meridian, and a wonderful mimic;

strict exhibitions. Men of genius have mostly been discovered in new plays. Audiences are so far from being capable of making a cool and dispassionate comparison between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is carried by the ignorant part of the audience to such excess that an actor who came out in the part of Hamlet at Covent Garden was censured because the garter, which hung down as a token of drunkenness, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Dibdin was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original characters, then, must in general establish the fame of players. It was his performance of Lord Ogilby which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were sensible of his merit before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of Lord Ogilby, the play of *The Cland*

## TO A MOLE.

O, mole on her lip,  
Say, why don't you slip  
Just half-an-inch downward, so slyly to slip  
The honey that hangs on her pomegranate  
mouth?  
Such beauty were well worth a short journey  
south!

Or, why don't you slide  
Just a bit to one side,  
Where, deep in a dimple, you're able to hide;  
Or climb up the smooth, satin mount of her  
cheek—  
Like a rose-tinted gladder—inclination to seek  
In the depths of her eye,  
Where swift shadows lie,  
Like mountain lake mirroring clouds in the sky?

The reason is not  
That you are a blot—  
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—  
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace  
And piquancy, too, of her beautiful face;  
But, still, on my soul,  
You're an impudent mole,  
And when I behold you I scarce can control  
The pressing temptation—(that's too good to  
miss)—  
Of trying to brush you away with a kim.  
WILLIAM HOLCOMB.

## AN EARLY PRIMA DONNA.

THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1602, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concerts given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1603 by Signor Tosi, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1602 as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Greber, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Greber's Peg." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of £10,000, a sum which, by relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, "August 8, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windoor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another drah, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

## GALLIC SUBMISSION.

AFTER the performance of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français in December, 1824, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchesnois. For nearly half an hour no one appeared upon the stage; the clamor was deafening. At length Talma came forward, bowed and made his exit, like Banquo's ghost. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began with cries for Duchesnois. The row was at its height when a little man with a blue sash entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed; the audience suspended its breath. The man was a commissary of police. "In future," said the little man, "no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated." The parterre was aghast. "Talma appeared," said one. "He did wrong," replied the little man; "the authorities have commanded as I have informed you, and if you wish to hear the afterpiece you will be silent." The chop-fallen audience sat down; the little man took snuff; and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

## A POPULAR SONG.

ACCORDING to a learned writer on music, the origin of that well-known but rarely well sung melody, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is a greater mystery than the source of the Nile. Its age is certainly venerable, for when Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1798, and the band struck up this tune, its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another delightedly. They averred they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the melody was brought to Europe from the Dark Continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders. Although the tune has become associated in this country with that rebellious spirit which strong liquors engender, it is possible that it was intended to fulfill quite a different purpose. The jerkiness of the rhythm and the note of irresponsibility which are the salient characteristics of the melody, however, hardly warrant one belief that the song was originally an Egyptian funeral march.

## MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DREAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world  
Where rainbow-tinted tears of sorrow  
gleam,  
And Joy's rare gifts, and Fandon's colored  
dream  
Soft mingle in the glamour of Love's dream.  
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm  
Where Music's lips touch Fity's, all aye—  
Thy songs, thy dreams, and rich imaginings  
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.  
I. G. McCLUNE.

FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wondrous amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the Summer between studying Shakespearean roles and hoeing corn in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their parochial duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done thus," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Broese likes best to play golf, and to call into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.  
ANA PATTERSON.

that Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forego any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want monitors. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly rake, the gay gentleman, the choleric and surly father, the worn out debauchee, the canting hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successfully delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Witwoud, Ranger, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc., to recall a train of pleasing ideas into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in so masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performance of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always beheld with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectable, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance stamps him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fidelity and identity of the portrait."

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

# THE MATINEE GIRL

**I** DON'T like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the chorus of dissent, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Mark that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our pocketbooks, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sea of the holidays. The biggest purse in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces from the hideous pattern in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our funded needs at Christmas. For at the great annual heartrending we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be careless throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next twelvemonth, and there will be less need of costly absolution on the Christmas of 1908.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appeals us. Ninety-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring as aids our courage and resolution. Memory is the bureau of the nut of Christmas. A wee card with a sprig of engraved holly and a "God bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unexpectedly and unwarrantably expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mischances of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass farther the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognizing that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and careless heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all those wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Memmer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts."

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will eat our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A drear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as drear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centred!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Gilded it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Keenan shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective refulgence of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Keenan's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the limelight of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flutters its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-smiles at his daughter's suitor, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotizes us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Hazel Kirke and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Baidie and Herr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

forces us to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wrings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Keenan's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost uncanny power of reflecting sentiment like emotions. When he played the scene with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some despatches that will involve her lover, the face is so subtle that it seems to bode murder. Yet in the same act it is suffused by the tenderest feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little sentence of his surrender of his own will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten down words, virulent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By him no flicker of an eyelash is wasted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warrens of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously as any one who has had a stormy scene in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to suppress his anger work. Again, they are flung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid Belasco school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warrens*. "Tense down, not up," we can almost hear the master adjure her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a policeman." So in her acting we miss the shrill tones that we forgive her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to oval of bosom that some sculptor must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic unities. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Belasco has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vicissitudes, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier to roundup a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation on the Broadway stage. But the Belasco legend has it that she, before buying her ticket in San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake take me!" she begged. The result was *The Warrens of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the union of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldron, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His aids in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero rebels, are mainly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the doldrums you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's Sapho. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black Sapho's laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

## ART IN GREASE PAINTS

**S**OME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Round Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the surly look on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Say, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outlines of that Indian's make-up. His many colored garb made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled."

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's blends could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head, reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.

On being requested to give an explanation of his method of drawing, Mr. Arbuckle said:

"How do I do it? With my fingers—a separate finger for each color. First I smear a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard. Sometimes it's black, sometimes red, as the subject demands. Then, with my fingers, I touch it up, with red here and yellow there, making a nose or an eye in this way, wherever necessary. The picture on cardboard is made the same way in which I would go about making up my face. I find these pictures grow richer and deeper in colors as they mature with age."

With the exception of a red bandanna handkerchief, which adorned his head, the picture shown here is a reproduction of the sick, surly Indian, as he sat in that saloon out West, several years ago.

Mr. Arbuckle lays no claim to being an artist. He has never taken a lesson in drawing in his life. But simply to divert himself at times he draws these grease-paint pictures, the coloring of which aroused the curiosity of artists wherever his work was known.

Maybe the painters of old were not so skillful in the blending of colors, which artists of the present day are unable to reproduce, but had some secret of blending, which was more the result of nature, rather than art, and might be explained in a way not unlike that which explains the coloring in the remarkable

grease-paint pictures by this well-known actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is a Texan by birth. Much of his education was obtained in school at Glasgow, Scotland, and in Boston. It was the wish of his parents that he should become a clergyman, but such an occupation was not to his liking, and he left school and returned home.

The elder Arbuckle then placed his son in line to become a physician, by securing for him a position in a local drug store. He mixed wrong syrups and broke so many bottles that he was thought more aptly employed in a hardware store. One week settled the hardware business, after which he was employed by his father as manager of a stock farm. This work suited him, but his father had higher aims for him and he was placed in a banking house in Dallas. This work he could not endure, and he went to Texarkana, where he entered a law office and began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and a few years later ran for justice of the peace. He was defeated, and it was then that he began to look to the stage as his natural field of endeavor. He had long been a student of Shakespeare, and when Peter Baker, the German comedian, came his way he joined his forces. And this was the beginning of the theatrical career of this versatile actor, who can do many things besides act and make grease-paint pictures.



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"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other imprudence. It is his panacea for every ill, running the gamut of human ills, from toothache to spurned affection.

Robert Lorraine rides as amiably as David Warfield walks.

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Bridge-whist is the beginning and end and middle of all recreations for J. H. Dodson. He declares that it is the queen of pleasures.

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Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Faversham's recipe for recreation.

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COLLEY CIBBER, in his *Observations*, says of Garrick: "Though I have on quite a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirer, and have not less pleasure from his performance, when he condescends to pursue simple nature, yet I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his overdone for exaggerated attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, writhings, joggings of the body, spreading of the fingers, clapping the breast and pectorals, his postured manner of acting every word in a sentence, with a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricatures of nature."

"If I may be allowed a conjecture concerning things before my own time, it shall be that the postured confidence of Rich gave rise to these extravagances. Garrick was undoubtedly a most different student of his art, and attended with greater anxiety both to the beauties and defects of his youthful contemporaries. Rich was then in his meridian, and a wonderful actor:

stated exhibition. Men of genius have mostly been discovered in new plays. Audiences are so far from being capable of making a cool and dispassionate comparison between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is carried by the ignorant part of the audience to such excess that an actor who came out in the part of Shylock at Covent Garden was censured because the garter, which hung down as a token of drunkenness, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Shylock was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original character, then, must in general establish the fame of players. It was his performance of Lord Ogleby which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were capable of his merit before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of Lord Ogleby, the play of *The Cenci*

## TO A MOLE.

O, smile on her lip,  
Sag, why don't you slip  
Just half-an-inch downward, so dily to dip  
The honey that hangs on her pomgranate  
mouth?  
Such beauty were well worth a short journey  
south!

Or, why don't you slide  
Just a bit to one side,  
Where, deep in a dimple, you're able to hide;  
Or climb up the smooth, satin mount of her  
cheek—  
Like a re-stained gladder—inclined to seek  
In the depths of her eye,  
Where swift shadows lie,  
Like mountain lake mirroring clouds in the sky?

The reason is not  
That you are a mole—  
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—  
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace  
And piquancy, too, of her beautiful face;  
But, still, on my soul,  
You're an impudent mole,  
And when I behold you I scarce can control  
The pressing temptation—(that's too good to  
miss)—  
Of trying to brush you away with a kiss.  
WILLARD HOLCOMB.

## AN EARLY PRIMA DONNA.

THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1602, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concerta given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1605 by Signor Todi, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1602 as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Grober, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Grober's Peg." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecata, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of £10,000, a sum which, by relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, "August 6, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another drah, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

## GALLIC SUBMISSION.

AFTER the performance of Hamlet at the Théâtre Français in December, 1834, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchesnois. For nearly half an hour no one appeared upon the stage; the clamor was deafening. At length Talma came forward, bowed and made his exit, like Banquo's ghost. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began with cries for Duchesnois. The row was at its height when a little man with a blue sash entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed; the audience suspended its breath. The man was a commissary of police. "In future," said the little man, "no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated." The parterre was aghast. "Talma appeared," said one. "He did wrong," replied the little man; "the authorities have commanded as I have informed you, and if you wish to hear the afterpieces you will be silent." The chop-fallen audience sat down; the little man took muff; and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

## A POPULAR SONG.

ACCORDING to a learned writer on music, the origin of that well-known but rarely well sung melody, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is a greater mystery than the source of the Nile. Its age is certainly venerable, for when Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1798, and the band struck up this tune, its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliciously. They cheered they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the melody was brought to Europe from the Dark Continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders. Although the tune has become associated in this country with that rebellious spirit which strong liquors engender, it is possible that it was intended to fulfill quite a different purpose. The jerkiness of the rhythm and the note of irresponsibility which are the salient characteristics of the melody, however, hardly warrant one belief that the song was originally an Egyptian funeral march.

## MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DREAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world  
Where rainbow-tinted tears of sorrow  
gleam,  
And Joy's rare gifts, and Pandon's colored fire  
Soft mingle in the glamour of Love's dream.  
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm  
Where Music's lips touch Pity's, all adre—  
Thy songs, thy dreams, and rich imaginings  
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.  
L. G. McCLUNG.



FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wonderful amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the summer between studying Shakespearean roles and hoeing corn in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their parochial duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done thus," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Broese likes best to play golf, and to sail into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.

ADA PATTERSON.

that Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forego any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want monitors. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly rake, the gay gentleman, the choleric and surly father, the worn out debauchee, the canting hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successfully delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Witwoud, Ranger, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc., to recall a train of pleasing ideas into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in so masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performance of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always beheld with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectable, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance claims him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fidelity and identity of the portrait.

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

# THE MATINEE GIRL

**DON'T** like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the chorus of dissent, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Much that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our pocketbooks, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sea of the holidays. The biggest puns in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces from the hideous pattern in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our faded needs at Christmas. For at the great annual hawking we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be careless throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next twelvemonth, and there will be less need of costly abstinence on the Christmas of 1924.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appeals us. Fifty-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring as aids our courage and resolution. Memory is the hand of the nut of Christmas. A was card with a spray of engraved holly and a "God bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unexpectedly and unwarrantably expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mechanics of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass further the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognizing that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and careless heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all these wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Mummer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts."

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will eat our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A drear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as drear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centered!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Glided it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Koman shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective refugence of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Koman's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the limelight of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flutters its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-smiles at his daughter's suitor, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotized us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Hazel Kirke and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Babbie and Herr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

seems as to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Koman's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost unsway power of radiating exuberant like emotions. When he played the scene with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some dispatches that will involve her lover, the face is so sinister that it seems to bode murder. Yet in the same act it is softened by the tenderest feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little intonation of his surrender of his own will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten dozen words, violent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By him no flicker of an eyelash is wasted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warriors of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously as any one who has had a stormy scene in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to suppress his anger work. Again, they are flung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid Belasco school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warriors*. "Tense down, not up," we can almost hear the master admonish her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a politician." So in her acting we miss the shrill tones that we forgive her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to swell of bosom that some scripter must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic utility. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Belasco has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vicissitudes, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier to roundup a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation on the Broadway stage. But the Belasco legend has it that she, before buying her ticket to San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake take me!" she begged. The result was *The Warriors of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the admission of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldron, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His side in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero rebels, are mainly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the oldsters you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's Sapho. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black Sapho's laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

## ART IN GREASE PAINTS

SOME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Round Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the curly lock on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Hay, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outlines of that Indian's make-up. His many colored garb made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled."

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's hands could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head, reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.

On being requested to give an explanation of his method of drawing, Mr. Arbuckle said:

"How do I do it? With my fingers—a separate finger for each color. First I smear a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard. Sometimes it's black, sometimes red, as the subject demands. Then, with my fingers, I touch it up, with red here and yellow there, making a nose or an eye in this way, wherever necessary. The picture on cardboard is made the same way in which I would go about making up my face. I find these pictures grow richer and deeper in colors as they mature with age."

With the exception of a red bandanna handkerchief, which adorned his head, the picture shown here is a reproduction of the sick, curly Indian, as he sat in that saloon out West, several years ago. Mr. Arbuckle lays no claim to being an artist. He has never taken a lesson in drawing in his life. But simply to divert himself at times he draws these grease-paint pictures, the coloring of which aroused the curiosity of artists wherever his work was known.

Maybe the painters of old were not so skillful in the blending of colors, which artists of the present day are unable to reproduce, but had some secret of blending, which was more the result of nature, rather than art, and might be explained in a way not unlike that which explains the coloring in the remarkable

grease-paint pictures by this well-known actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is a Texan by birth. Much of his education was obtained in school at Glasgow, Scotland, and in Boston. It was the wish of his parents that he should become a clergyman, but such an occupation was not to his liking, and he left school and returned home.

The elder Arbuckle then placed his son in line to become a physician, by securing for him a position in a local drug store. He mixed wrong syrups and broke so many bottles that he was thought more aptly employed in a hardware store. One week settled the hardware business, after which he was employed by his father as manager of a stock farm. This work suited him, but his father had higher aims for him and he was placed in a banking house in Dallas. This work he could not endure, and he went to Texarkana, where he entered a law office and began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and a few years later ran for justice of the peace. He was defeated, and it was then that he began to look to the stage as his natural field of endeavor. He had long been a student of Shakespeare, and when Peter Baker, the German comedian, came his way he joined his forces. And this was the beginning of the theatrical career of this versatile actor, who can do many things besides act and make grease-paint pictures.



THE SICK INDIAN  
Grease Paint Sketch by Maclyn Arbuckle

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## VARIOUS VIEWS.

As readers well know, the question of Sunday amusements is not confined to New York. It is a live issue in various cities, among them being several places in the West in which regular dramatic performances on Sunday long have been given, apparently to public approval. There seems at the moment to be a common movement either to suppress Sunday amusements or to more clearly define those amusements that are permissible on that day.

As New York is the American centre of life and activity, the movement here against Sunday amusements naturally attracts much more attention than such a movement confined to quieter cities would draw. The situation here, too, is different, in that New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world and numbers among its heterogeneous mass great bodies of persons whose religious faith does not lead them to respect Sunday more than a secular day, with others of foreign habit and training that look to Sunday as a legitimate day for recreation.

It is interesting in the present aspect of affairs to note the views of those who represent sentiment in various places both with respect to the situation here and its influence on other cities. The metropolitan press generally has spoken for a repeal of laws based on ancient sentiment and habit, and for enactments at least somewhat in line with present conditions of life and the complexion of population. An editorial in the Brooklyn Eagle, a journal which, while metropolitan, still has an immediate field more homogeneous than Manhattan, after stating the condition of affairs here and noting the widespread local protest against Blue Law enforcement, says:

"From all this a considerable state of excitement is bound to result. The people of New York will never endure the sort of wholesale closing now being adopted. Their protest will be loud and strong. That protest will go to the Legislature, to meet in three weeks. There is grave danger that the effect of the local indignation will be to push the legal pendulum to the other extreme. Instead of a law closing all entertainments we are in danger of getting a law which will license all. That would put the New York Sunday on the same plane as that of New Orleans, St. Louis or Chicago, a step greatly to be deplored.

The way to avoid such a reaction is to secure

an agreement here in New York as to what the new law shall be. The conservative men on both sides should unite in a movement of this kind for a law which will permit harmless Sunday entertainment while it excludes the immoral and the pernicious. If we should, unfortunately, come to a contest between all Sunday shows and no Sunday shows New York would be for the wide open Sunday and the wide open Sunday would win. The men who wish to preserve the distinctive character of our Sunday should unite with the managers who wish to give creditable and clean entertainments for a new law which can be passed, enforced and respected. The line is not hard to draw, provided fair-minded men set out to ascertain it. It should be drawn in a spirit of fairness and common sense and with a frank recognition of the fact that this is the twentieth century and not the eighteenth.

The Springfield (Mass.) Union believes that there will be a modification of the Sunday laws in this State, "as there seems to be a considerable amount of sentiment in favor of Sunday amusements," though it thinks such a modification will be difficult, basing its opinion on the doings of the Massachusetts Legislature at the last session.

Rochester has fallen in line with the banning movement. The Herald of that city regards the movement there as due to the growing popularity of the cheap moving picture "shows," and says that "if public sentiment favors the opening of theatres and other places of amusement on Sunday, such sentiment can only be manifested legally by amending the penal code of the State," without committing itself one way or the other.

In Kansas City, where Sunday amusements long have been permitted, readers know that strenuous means to suppress them have been taken. The Journal of that city notes that there is no State law in Missouri against theatre and kindred amusements on Sunday, and states that the prosecutions there have proceeded on an archaic statute defining Sunday labor and its prohibition. There, as in some other cities where the movement against Sunday amusements is active, the press intimates a sentiment in favor of something different from old-time illiberality.

The outcome here and elsewhere no doubt will be more liberal laws on this subject.

## AN OPHELIA REALLY INSANE.

IN Percy Fitzgerald's History of the English Stage there is an interesting story of Mrs. Verbruggen, who became insane through the treachery of her friend, the actress Santlow. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet. In this play she had won one of her greatest triumphs in the character of Ophelia, and with that cunning which is usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants and hurried to the theatre. Here she concealed herself until the moment when Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state, and then, before Miss Santlow, who played the part that evening, could make her entrance, she pushed by her on to the stage and at once took up the role, giving a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, and the storm of applause with which her exit was greeted dumfounded the performers and overwhelmed her rival. This last effort, however, had exhausted her vital powers, and she died while being conveyed home.

## A MUSICIAN'S REPROOF.

EVEN in the days of Colley Cibber the musical genius seems often to have been subjected to the same annoying indifference and impoliteness so common in New York at the present day. Cibber himself gives this example:

"While the famous Corelli, at Rome, was playing some musical composition of his own to a select company in the private apartment of his patron Cardinal, he observed, in the height of his harmony, His Eminence was engaged in a detached conversation, upon which he suddenly stopped short and gently laid down his instrument. The Cardinal, surprised at the unexpected cessation, asked him if a string was broken. To which Corelli, in an honest consciousness of what was due to his music, replied, 'No, sir, I was only afraid I interrupted business.' His Eminence took the reproof in good part and broke off his conversation to hear the whole concerto played over again."

## SOTHERN'S PRACTICAL WIT.

ALTHOUGH Laura Keane and the elder Sothern were good friends, they were continually at variance, and many amusing anecdotes are told of their little tiffs.

On one occasion Miss Keane lost her temper while they were together in the evening in the parlor of a hotel. Sothern stood the beautiful Laura's railings in silence for a few moments, then without a word ambled over to the gas jet with his best Dundreary hop, and turned down the flame.

"Wait a bit, Laura," said he, then as the room settled into darkness, "Now go ahead. I do hate to see such a pretty face in a rage!"

## MACBETH'S DESCENDANTS.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, great actress and fine woman though she was, had a brusque way of getting at the root of things which sometimes astonished people. Her criticism, made in 1866, regarding Edwin Booth's Macbeth was most characteristic. Upon seeing a rehearsal of the play, she remarked to a friend: "Judging from Mr. Booth's rehearsals of Macbeth, he must have had in mind a polished and very intellectual conception of the character, but he must remember that Macbeth is the grandfather of all the—Bewery villains!"

## THEATRICAL RETROSPECTIONS.

THE following by Richard Cumberland appeared in Oxberry's Dramatic Biography, January, 1820:

"It is of a long succession of departed favorites, eminent in their profession, that I could speak within the period of nearly seventy years. To have seen them and retain a lively recollection of their persons and performances is amongst the few gratifications which time bestows upon old age in compensation for much better comforts which he takes away.

"I can imagine that I sit and hear the deep-toned and declamatory roll of Quin's sonorous recitation; solemn, articulate, and round; dealt out with that pendant, magisterial air as if he were a professor lecturing his pupils at the academy, and not an actor addressing his audience from the stage. I can fancy that I see him waving the air with his unwieldy arm, whilst the line labored as he mouthed it forth. A vast full-bottom perriwig, bedowering a velvet coat embroidered down the seams, a long cravat, square-toed, high-heeled shoes, and rolled silk stockings clothing two sturdy legs that rivalled balustrades, were in his day the equipments of a modern tragic hero; whilst the hoop and shape (as we see it represented by Hogarth) surmounted by a high plumed helmet over the forehead full-bottom, denoted the Roman or Grecian chief in his ancient and appropriate costume. We saw those things without amusement then.

"Let me not, however, fail to recollect that this Atlas of the stage could stand under the enormous globe of Falstaff's paunch and carry himself through that eccentric character with consummate plesantry. When I saw him once in that part I was very young and of course very easily amused; but I was in my much riper state of judgment when I kept much more careful watch upon Henderson, in the same part, and his performance was, according to my conception of good acting, one of those instances so summed up of absolute histrionic perfection; and I class it, in my idea of excellence, with the Lear of Garrick, the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Pritchard, the Penruddock of Kemble, and, I must take leave to add, with the Iago of Mr. Cooke.

"Quin was not a confined actor. He did not walk in a narrow path, but took a circuit in his road to fame through all the graver casts of the legitimate sentimental comedy. He would not have done much for the merry dramatists of the present day, but to the writers of the middle age, Vanbrugh and Farquhar and Congreve, he was a tower of strength. I believe he was oratorical precursor to King George III. I know that he taught Lord Halifax and some other persons of distinction, and, until the pointed, penetrating style of Garrick gave a less laborious and a quicker current to poetic measure, Quin's Atlantic swell kept its majestic roll unrivaled.

"It is no new thing to tell the world that Quin was a mannerist. Every tragic performer, male or female, has been, is, and will be, a mannerist, as long as the stage endures. Mrs. Cibber was decidedly such. I have her now in my mind's eye. I behold a slender, graceful form, from the wings of a wide expanded hoop petticoat (pushed sideways on the stage), 'rise like an exhalation.' As she advanced in the character of Calista, Belvidera, Monimia, she pitched her recitation in that plaintive key from which she hardly ever varied, and you felt yourself professedly at a tragedy in the first sentence that she uttered. It was sweet, but it was sweetness that sickened you: a song that wearied you; a charm that unnerved; a perfume that stifled you. You would have thanked Mr. Fawcett or any other saw grinder to have broken the spell. There was no hearing the pathetic prolongation of one silver tone, although melodious as Apollo's harp. Neither is there any reason why metrical recitation should copy the mechanical correctness of a

I sincerely wish her to dismiss it. Every picture must have light and shade; the eye enjoys the change of seasons; so does the ear, of sounds. The tragic performer should be aware that the passions must not be wearied by continual solicitation; the strong appeal must be reserved for great occasions. No hearer can sit through five long acts of continual lamentation; the finest feelings are the most fugacious; they can only be arrested by a master hand, and they can only be held but for a certain time; a tedious petition destroys its own purpose, and a loquacious plainer is not calculated to excite compassion.

"Mrs. Cibber was extremely elegant and alluring in her action; her very frame was fashioned to engage your pity, for it seemed wasted with sorrow and weakness; the cheek was hollow and the eye was joyless; there was neither youth, nor health, nor beauty; yet, perhaps, in the representation of many of her characters she became more impressive by the privation of those charms than she would have been in the possession of them. I have heard some who remembered her contend that as an actress she has never been equaled. I am not of that opinion. Her style and manner harmonized with Barry's, as Mrs. Pritchard's did with Garrick's. Barry was the Mark Antony and Romeo of the stage; Garrick would have played Macbeth and Abel Druggin in the same night, and Mrs. Pritchard would have played with him as Lady Macbeth and Doll Common. Foote said that Garrick would have rehearsed Richard the Third before a kitchen fire in July to amuse the boy that turned the spit. I do not know that Mrs. Pritchard would have done quite as much, but she was so little fastidious about her cast of parts that she took first, second or third, as they fell to her lot; and as Nature was her guide, she always appeared to be the very character she assumed. Whilst she could display the finest powers in the loftiest parts, I have seen her play the humble confidante to Mrs. Cibber's heroine and never give elevation to a single line above its pitch and station in the drama. I remember her coming out in the part of Clarinda, in The Suspicious Husband, whilst Garrick acted Ranger. The usefulness of her age and person only added to the triumph of her talents. As Garrick's genius could dilate his stature, so could her excellence give grace and juvenility to her person. In short, he might have played a giant, and she a fairy, if Shakespeare would have written parts for them. On the first night of The Jealous Wife, at which I was present, she rescued Garrick from his embarrassment and the audience from its languor, when she broke out and feigned a fit that electrified the theatre and saved the play."

## EXCEPTIONS.

WHEN Lord Orrery and David Garrick were discussing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Mowcap as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Garrick himself. "By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his voice is coarse and unharmonious."

"Well, but excepting his voice, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

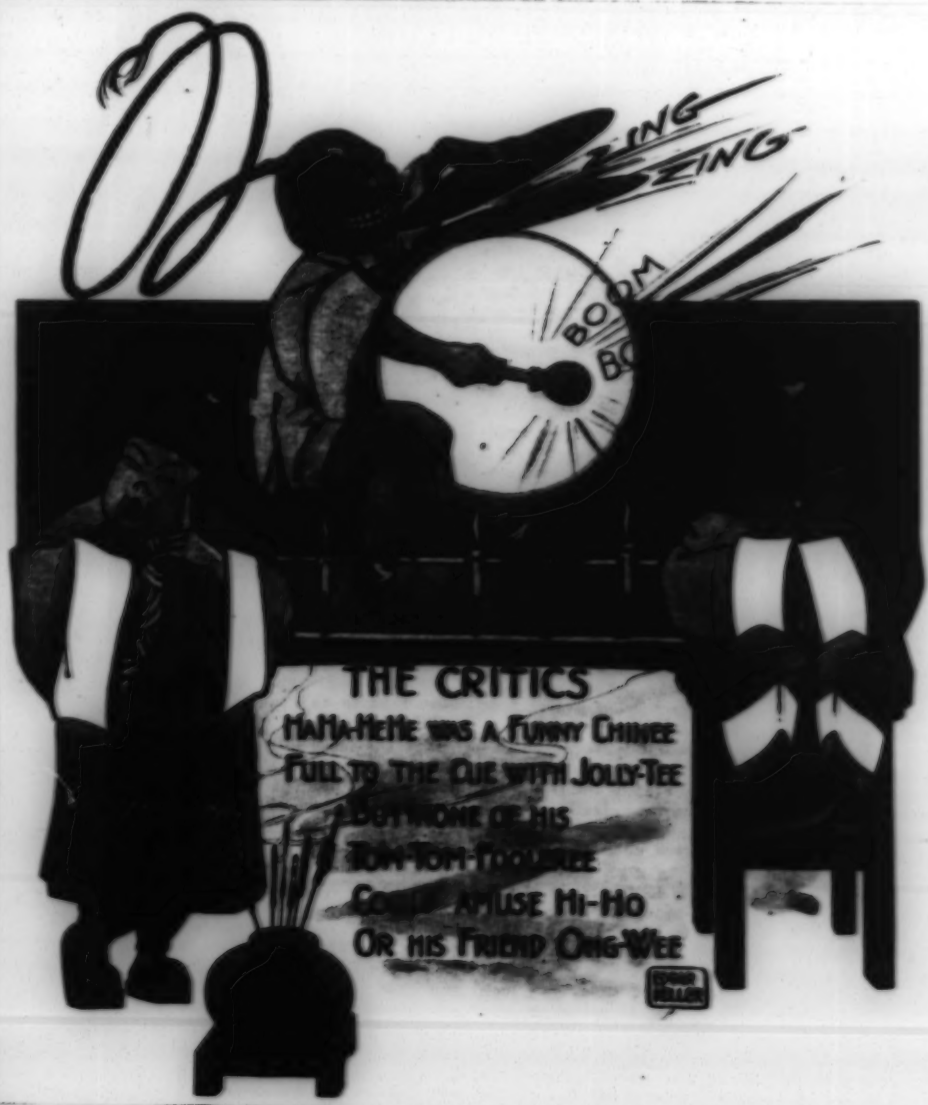
"No, his action has a feature of sameness in it that must ever destroy the necessary illusion of the scene."

"Well, but Garrick, excepting his voice and action, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"No, his conceptions are not governed by truth."

"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his voice, action and conception, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"No, his person is to the last degree ungraceful."



steam engine; because heroic lines are of the same length, it does not imply that they must all be set to the same tune and sung in the same time. Let the heroine who wishes to have mourners at her death, recollect that the swan only sings when she is dying. Whilst I am writing this I have Mrs. Henry Siddons in my thoughts; and as this is the one only instance in which she shares the feelings of her prototype,

"Well, well, my friend Davy, to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you, but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his voice, action, conception and person, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"Yes, you, my lord, allow me these four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your enunciation on Mowcap."



[illegible]



Photo Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

WINSOR MCCAY.  
"SILAS."

## CHARLES E. EVANS AND COMPANY.

There is, perhaps, no name better known to the theatrical world of the United States than that of Charles E. Evans. For many years, as the principal member of the firm of Evans and Elroy, he kept the country in convulsions with Hott's farce, A Farther Hatch, which enjoyed a popularity that caused it to exhaust hundreds of similar entertainments, on account of Mr. Evans' plan of always providing novelties and innovations. A graduate of the variety school, Mr. Evans has returned to that branch of theatricals, and in George Arliss' one-act comedy, It's Up to You, William, he has one of the most successful offerings now before the public. Mr. Evans has developed from a farceur into a genuine comedian, with poise, action and originality. He has surrounded himself with an uncommonly clever company, and the presentation of his sketch is always accompanied with laughter that is loud and hearty.

## MARIE BATES.

Marie Bates is a character actress whose talent has been recognized as quite out of the ordinary. For a number of years she has been associated with the productions of David Belasco, and at present is appearing with great success as Letitia Blagden in A Grand Army Man, with David Warfield. As Aunt Bess in Hans she did remarkable work, and her splendid comedy as the boarding house keeper in The Music Master is well remembered.

## THE WIGGERY.

All ladies wearing corsets who will kindly take notice that The Wiggy, 102 State Street, Chicago, Ill., will send free of charge, upon application, a twelve-inch cutting stick, free of charge. The Wiggy has just completed a new magnificent illustrated catalogue for 1908. This catalogue surpasses all others published by The Wiggy, and is one of the most elaborate ever published in theatrical history. The Wiggy guarantees every wire they send out.

## CORLISS GILES.

Corliss Giles is a young actor who has that attractive presence which should go with youth, and in his comparatively brief career on the stage has es-



Photo Gage, Fall River.

CORLISS GILES.

tablished an unquestioned right to tread the boards. He has been a valued member of several of the better stock companies, and has been particularly successful in heavy roles, although his ability is by no means confined to this special line of work.

## BERTHA BLANCHARD.

Bertha Blanchard will shortly make her debut in vaudeville in a sketch called Ashes of '94, written especially for her by Oliver Curdie. Miss Blanchard for five seasons played prominent roles with the late Richard Mansfield, and also had a wide experience in the Belasco and Mayer and H. W. Bishop stock companies in San Francisco, and with Florence Robertson's company. In addition to her talent as an actress, Miss Blanchard is also a very clever musician, and has received many complimentary notices on the quality of her singing voice.

## BEULAH POYNTER COMPANY.

Quite a departure from the usual plan of popular-priced companies was made by Beulah Poynter when organizing the support of their pretty little star Beulah Poynter. While the entire production used in presenting Leon Brown is carried and supported by Beulah Poynter, the company is composed of the most accomplished and experienced actors and actresses. In the last two years Miss Poynter has taken a most enviable position in the dramatic world, and by her entire effective methods has climbed into the affections of many thousands of people. It is, therefore, most fitting that she should be from a supporting company above the average. Beulah, with records only in drama and ability the result has proven that the public recognizes a perfectly balanced combination above anything. Miss Poynter is supported by Sam D. Morris, Edna Kane, Edna Kane, I. Irving White, Mrs. Marie Day, Ted V. Arnold, Sam J. Martin, George William, Nellie London, and L. J. Loring. Their pictures appear on another page.

## VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berge claims the distinction of having the only stock company in vaudeville. She always selects her supporting company with great care, and then trains them in such a way that her productions always have a distinct individuality. That her plan is a good one is proved by the fact that all of her time is filled. Miss Berge is one of the very few legitimate actresses who have made money out of vaudeville, and though she has had many good offers to abandon the field she prefers to remain in it for the present at least, as she finds the work very much. Her repertoire is extensive, consisting of Billie's First Love, Hamlet's Experiment, His Japanese Wife, Carmen, A Bowerful Camille, and The Morning After the Play. She has also in preparation American Chances and The Prairie Flower, two new sketches that she feels confident will please her audience.

## WILL M. CRESSY AND BLANCHE DAYNE.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne have been before the public for several years, gaining a constantly increasing popularity in the studios of life in New England, written by Mr. Cressy. To say one born east of New Haven and to thousands of others who have never even visited Boston, the sketches of Mr. Cressy are a pure delight. His humor flows as naturally as the brook, and when he plays a character her plan is a thing far away, and we seem to be looking in on a picture of real life in the New Hampshire valleys. Besides writing all the sketches necessary for his own use, Mr. Cressy has found time to supply Thomas J. Ryan with three splendid Irish character comedies, and a number of other well-known stunts with vehicles that have enhanced their reputations and increased their salaries. Mr. Cressy has a clever and efficient co-worker in Miss Dayne, and she has shared in every success made since they entered vaudeville.

## KIDD OPERA HOUSE AND HOTEL.

The Kidd Opera House, Princeton, Ind., always gives good business to good shows. The Hotel Kidd is entirely new and modern throughout. George P. Kidd is the proprietor and manager of both opera house and hotel.

## SELWYN AND COMPANY.

Foremost among the play agents of the country stands the name of Selwyn and Company. This firm has among its clients some of the most prominent authors and managers in the world. They have won a name for themselves, on account of their reliability in handling plays for aspiring playwrights, as well as for those whose work has already met with success. The advantage to be derived from dealing through Selwyn and Company with the production of plays, can readily be seen when it is realized with what difficulty the unknown playwright meets in getting his work before proper and responsible persons.

This company carries on an unusually large business with managers who have standing orders with them for plays of certain types in St. individual characters, and the immense volume of business which they do makes them play agents of the highest order. The firm of Selwyn and Company is located at 1410 Broadway, New York city.

## WINSOR MCCAY.

("Silas.")

There have been many cartoonists on the stage in past years, but not one of them ever dared to do an act without explaining his work. Winsor McCay, author of "Little Nemo in Slumberland," and "Sammy Snoot," who is also known as "Silas," and others in the New York "Herald" and New York "Evening Telegram," is "making good" without speaking one word in his act. His advent into vaudeville as a side issue to his regular newspaper work was a success from the start, and the longer he stays in vaudeville the better he goes, and managers are fast looking him as a high class novelty with alacrity.

## HELAINE HADLEY.

Helaine Hadley is a young actress who early gave unusual tokens of her ability, and she has achieved a prominent place among the later generation of leading women. She has a most attractive personality allied to impersonational qualities which are so rare in the theatre, and which give the aspect of life itself in characters susceptible of a treatment beyond the superficial. In several of the better stock companies Miss Hadley has shown a versatile and moving talent. Perhaps the most illuminative of the recent critical expressions on her work is that of the veteran George F. Goodale, of the Detroit "Free Press," who, reviewing her acting in The Wife, said: "Laudible (the Crook) is obviously Miss Hadley's opportunity. This young player has passion, reserve, force, a voice of thrilling music and the faculty of seeming self-forgetfulness. She promises well. Like Clara Morris, she performs difficult tasks with the external ease of ease."

## ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Dramatic School is still turning out actors and actresses that adorn and uplift the stage. No actor or actress could want a better recommendation than a certificate of graduation from this thorough training school. It is a well-known fact that some of the most prominent actors and actresses that grace the footlights to-day have graduated from this school. The school was founded in 1894, and has had continued success from its beginning to the present day. The Board of Trustees of this school contains some of the most prominent names in the theatrical world, they are: Franklin H. Gargant, president; Daniel Frohman, John Drew, Bronson Howard, and Benjamin F. Hooder. The next class of the Academy opens on Jan. 15. For catalogue and information apply to the Secretary, Room 141, Carnegie Hall, New York city.

## LIEBLER AND COMPANY.

The well-known firm of Liebler and Company, theatrical producers and managers, is composed of George C. Tylor and Theodore A. Liebler. They are located at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, and have established a business whose relations with the public have always been entirely satisfactory. The firm joins their many friends in wishing them a continued successful career.

## AL. H. "METZ" WILSON.

The singing ambassador of German dialect.

In this issue is presented a portrait of that genial comedian, Al. H. "Metz" Wilson, who is popularly known as the "Ambassador of German Dialect," and "Golden Voiced Singer," which is expressive as denoting the wealth and quality of his rich high lustre voice. The emphatic success of Mr. Wilson as a star under the management of Sidney A. Hills is most flattering, and each season receives him in such proportions that capacity audiences in the city and beyond are unable to secure seats in his simplicity. It is a happy blending of machine and man. Then the sweet sound of machine and an additional feature. They are all new this season. "Wilson's Lullaby Yodel," "Way Down South in Louisiana," and "Song of Fatherland." The company in his support is strictly a gathering of some



Photo Fenton, Detroit.

HELAINE HADLEY.

of the highest paid actors in the profession. For the season of 1908-09 a new play will be supplied this young star, and from advance information it will prove the most elaborate production he has ever had, aptly described as a "first-class song-lover's play for first-class song-loving people."

## PACKARD THEATRICAL EXCHANGE.

Mrs. Beaumont Packard, of the Packard Theatrical Exchange, has been the successful manager of this incorporation for some time. Mrs. Packard is located at 1410 Broadway, New York city, where she can be addressed and where she will be pleased to receive callers interested in her line of business.

## HENRY W. SAVAGE SUCCESSES.

Henry W. Savage, who, in recent years, is the one man who has made a success of high-grade comic opera, has now in preparation several new plays by well-known playwrights that the theatrical public anxiously awaits the sight of. Among these new productions is a comedy by Edith Ellis Baker, to be entitled Fortie Perkins; a fantastic operetta by Oscar Strawn, to be entitled Prince Henry's Fairy-moon; a French comedy in Woodstock; a German comedy in The Prince of Pilsen, and The Shogun, in preparation for revival. His present success is in the production of The Prince of Pilsen, at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York city; the same Theatre; a Russian comedy in preparation, and a Russian comic opera; Raymond Hitchcock in A Russian Tourist; The Prince of Pilsen, American company; French company, playing at the Olympia, Paris, and a Woodstock company on tour.

## THEATRICAL SCENERY.

The Danahy Studio Station, located in the Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill., has a reputation that is beyond reproach. These theatrical scenery people have to state credit the fact that they have done \$50,000 worth of business the past year. They make a specialty of billis, the finest work

AL. H. "METZ" WILSON.  
(The Singing Ambassador of German Dialect.)

# AL G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS

## 23<sup>rd</sup> YEAR

### Oldest Biggest And Best

carols selected by Mr. Field have lent not only effectiveness and artistic strength to the production, but they have also served

locutor. The band is under the direction of Ned Brill, while Paul La Londe is vocal director and Kennel Pearce is orchestra leader. Claude H. Long is agent in advance, Charles Phillips is general press representative, Joseph Rieder treasurer, and Doc Quigley, manager.

#### THE AL. G. FIELD BALLADISTS.

The leading balladists with the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels include George T. Martin, John C. Dickens, Walter Sherwood,



PAUL LA LONDE.



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

GEORGE T. MARTIN.

Paul La Londe, and Boardman S. Carnes, whose pictures appear here. Thoroughly familiar with the various styles of music, these singers are able to present a varied programme pleasing to all. Neither monotony of word nor melodic style mars their daily recitals so admirably are their songs arranged. Their fine appreciation of the poetical contents of a song, which is all too rare in singers, is one of the strong points of the Al. G. Field singers this season. It is frequently remarked that they bring out the most subtle meaning of the songs they interpret, infusing many a familiar verse with new significance. Where such vocalists join forces the results must necessarily be a delightful ensemble.

#### THE AL. G. FIELD COMEDIANS.

Billy Clark, "the man behind the fun"; Harry Van Fossen, "the man with the comedy shuffle"; Doc Quigley, "the man with the comedy legs," and Bun Granville are leaders in the ranks of burnt cork entertainers. They have few compeers in the ranks of minstrelsy.



Photo Smith, Selma, Ala.

WALTER SHERWOOD.

NE continuous round of unexampled prosperity has been enjoyed by the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels this season. Mr. Field, who opened his twenty-second consecutive season at Marion, O., Monday, Aug. 12, made a preliminary tour as far East as Buffalo, then returning to Louisville via Indianapolis opened his Southern tour at Louisville, Monday, Sept. 2, opening, as his wont, the McCauley Opera House. From Louisville to New Orleans through the Mississippi Valley, thence to Galveston, where the show was the day of the terrible storm, thence to San Antonio and to Texarkana, the outlet from the South, nearly sixty odd cities were visited, and in all greater prosperity was met with than in any year of Mr. Field's twenty-two odd years sole management of the organization which bears his name. It was one continuous triumph. Mr. Field from the opening of the hunting season, Nov. 1, up to the present time has enjoyed hunting, and accompanied by his famous pair of hunting dogs, "Court" and "Dollar," and behind his celebrated pair of white horses, "Belle" and "Sulton," he has scarcely missed a day when the weather was propitious and the place where he happened to be suitable for hunting, and he kept the car well supplied with game. From New Orleans to De Soto Mrs. and Miss Field accompanied the minstrel magnate. At Montgomery, Ala., Mr. Field entertained the entire company at a banquet in celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of his ownership and management



Photo by Hayes, Detroit.

JOHN C. DICKENS.

of the show which bears his name, and he was at that time the recipient of hundreds of telegrams and letters from friends throughout the country congratulating him on his long and successful career. The press and public this year have been unani-

mous in their praise of this year's production, which is far away ahead of anything ever attempted before in minstrelsy. Mr. Field himself appears in the new burlesque or political satire on Secretary Taft's visit

to unconsciously draw the children and younger folk into the ensemble, making the audience a part of the production. If the New York Board of Public Education wished to realize the potency and magnetism of



Photo Moore, New Orleans, La.

AL. G. FIELD AND HIS DOGS.

to the Philippines. The spectacles this year are sumptuous and include The Little Boy in Green and The Night Before Christmas. Both of these productions are elaborate, the water and church scene in The Night Before Christmas being unusually effective. The singing of the Christmas carols, and especially the Christmas hymn "Adeste Fideles," have been a source of continuous enjoyment to the women and children attending the matinees, and on many occasions Mr. Field's choir on the stage stopped to let the audience swell by their voices the beauty of the songs. In fact, the Christmas

Christmas carols they would not attempt to eliminate them from the school books of America's metropolitan city. When Mr. Field plays in Philadelphia he will undoubtedly be glad to have them come over and hear them sung by his company in the spectacle. The company includes this season Doc Quigley, Billy Clark, Harry Van Fossen, Bun Granville, comedians; John C. Dickens, George T. Martin, Walter Sherwood, Solon De Miller, Harry Lloyd, H. F. Stanhope, Norman Stanley, Earl Flynn, Harry Woods, Bert Ralton, Billy Walters, balladists, and Boardman S. Carnes, inter-

Of Mr. Field's extensive business staff, Doc Quigley, the manager, and Joseph R. Rieder, the business-manager and treasurer, have been with the minstrel magnate nearly twenty years. This speaks volumes for Mr. Field as an employer and manager.

# AL. G. FIELD. BUSINESS STAFF & LEADING COMEDIANS



DOC QUIGLEY  
MANAGER



AL. G. FIELD OWNER & DIRECTOR  
OF THE A. G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS



JOSEPH R. RIEDER  
TREASURER & BUSINESS MANAGER



THE FIESTA OF FLOWERS, AL. G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS FIRST PART



BILLY CLARK  
COMEDIAN



BUN GRANVILLE  
COMEDIAN



HARRY VAN FOSSEN  
COMEDIAN



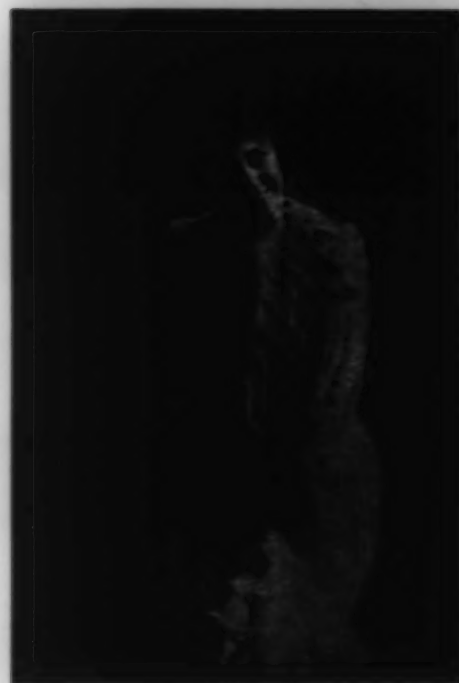
BOARDMAN S. CARNES  
INTERLOCUTOR

PHOTOS BY  
BAKER

## D. F. REYNARD.

Maxine Elliott, after a successful London season in H. V. Edmund's play, Under the Greenwood Tree, will come to New York next week for an unlimited engagement at the Garrick Theatre. In this play Miss Elliott has achieved an unusual degree of success, for the romantic fantasy of Mr. Edmund's work gives her many opportunities of which she takes the best advantage.

The J. L. Veronce Amusement company is constantly making new productions and meeting with success. Its principal attraction this season is Lillian Mortimer in *Buono in Arizona*. For next season Miss Mortimer is to have a new play, *A Girl's Best Friend*, and another play in preparation is in the



**Power of a Rogue.** The company has many plays, with paper, to lease.

Luana Patten, whose picture appears in this issue, is now playing the role of Ruth Carney in *The Girl Who Has Everything*, with Isabel Irving. Miss Patten originated and played last season the leading feminine role in the college play. At Yale, Paul Gilmore's vehicle, and her presentation of the part won for her most favorable comment wherever she appeared. She is adding much this season to her reputation by her work in the Clyde Fitch comedy.

Low Dockstader, the minstrel man, is this season, as usual, playing to crowded houses wherever he appears. He is introducing several novel features in his show, as well as supplying his audiences with the kind of minstrelsy that has made his name famous.

Will Kilroy, the widely known Chicago manager and producer, has met with his usual success this season in picking winners. He has won a permanent place in the field of big melodrama productions. Mr. Kilroy has a number of popular productions to lease, and arrangements can be made through the home office, Grand Opera House, Chicago.

Charles E. Blaney, author and producer of so many successful plays, is one of the best known and most popular young managers in the country. He claims to hold the record for successful attractions. Besides being an author and producer Mr. Blaney controls a number of theatres in the larger cities in the East.



## THE FOUR RIANOS.

Ed. F. Bernard is known from one end of the country to the other, and as one of the leading European cities as well, as one of the clearest ventriloquists on the stage. Mr. Bernard's art is quite that of the colubry, as he makes many others who enjoy his art, and he is a very good ventriloquist, showing a scene in a country village, with natural characters, all using different dialects. His mechanical effects are really remarkable. Mr. Bernard is now at work on a new production, a scene in a town, which he promises will outdo his present offering. He is an enthusiastic amateur, and once he takes to a thing he does it to perfection. But long ago, while touring through Connecticut, he was held up by a constable, who suspected that the machine was going to be faster than his watery watch. He was taken to the station, and his constable started for the Town Hall. As they were passing the bridge Bernard brought his ventriloquial powers into play and imitated the cry of a drowning woman. The constable, who was a very good fellow, was struck with the cry, and jumped from the machine to go to the rescue of the supposed female in distress. When he disappeared under the bridge Bernard pulled all the strings, and the constable returned to the constable had recovered from his surprise.

Joseph Hart is known as an indefatigable worker, and the list of attractions for vaudeville that he has arranged is accordingly long. He does not waste any time that he does not allow himself much time for rest. His productions are all as well put on that he has no difficulty in booking them for the entire season. Each one is a highlight, and all of them contain elements of novelty that make them most pleasing. His leading attraction is Carlo De Mar, who has a unique specialty, with songs especially composed and a special outfit of scenery. The whole act was designed and staged by Mr. Hart, and represents great credit to his ability. The act presents it charmingly. The other acts under Mr. Hart's management are nearly all big numbers, employing a great many people, and all carrying special features. They are:

The Futurity Winners, a very promising high class case home; Joseph Maxwell and company in *A Night in a Police Station*, Polly Pickle's *Fete in Feland*. The *Military Girls*, O'Hanna Sun and company.

Other acts are: The Electric Orchestra, The Dancing Daisies, Louis and August, The Musical Mile, Pauline, and The Backing Girls of Memphis. Other big acts that Mr. Hart has in connection are Minnie Dumpty, Jr., The Mystic Pool, Short Kennedy, The Musical Comedy, and the comedy of the Brazilian Ape, with Davis Abrahamson in the star part. Clifton Crawford, the monologist, is also under Mr. Hart's direction, and he has a number of other acts, the plan and scope of which he will announce in due time.

E. D. Nair and G. H. Nicolai this season have four important attractions on the road and are receiving their full share of good business. These attractions are Hag Ward in Net Yet, But Soon, George Sidney in Busy Day's Vacation, David Higgins in His Last Dollar, and John and Emma Ray in King Caney. These managers and attractions are known in every city in the country.

The Mt. Clemens Mineral Springs have long enjoyed a world-wide fame, the people of Michigan and in surrounding territory, and are now famous throughout the United States and in Canada also. After once visiting the springs the stranger is not only convinced of the value of the waters, but is anxious to return to make the place known to his friends. These baths are universal for the treatment of rheumatism and all nervous and blood diseases. Residing here is to be the greatest pleasure and a very gratifying feature of this resort is the fact that accommodations may be had to suit the pocket books and tastes of all classes. The place boasts of some two hundred hotels and boarding houses. The place is centrally located, being only a few miles from Detroit, and is connected with that city by Detroit suburban electric cars, which run every half hour. For addresses, J. A. Hastings, secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, will be glad to furnish the names of the places. The illustrated book of the resort will be mailed free.

The Four Blazes are a quartette of vanderbille fun-makers who have been delighting the patrons of the theatre for several seasons, and their popularity that never fails to materialize. Two of the members are made up as monkeys and second admirably in imitating the antics of those funny little animals. During the run of A Society Circus at the New York Hippodrome two seasons ago the Blazes were one of the most prominent features of the production. This season they are coming with the vanderbilled circus and have their time solidly booked.

State and Havlin, the booking agents of popular priced and one night stand circuits, are noted for their energy in arranging venues for comedians and filling them for theaters in all parts of the United States. Their organization is co-extensive with the territory covered by the chain of attractions they represent.

Florence Gale, a scout recruit to the vaudeville ranks, has made a notable success in a sketch called *The Girl Who Dared*, which was done at one of the local Keith and Proctor houses a short time ago by Miss Gale and her clever supporting company. Everything about the production, including the costumes, special scenery and accessories, shows the good taste



**Florence Gale.**

of the star, and Miss Gale's work in the leading role is worthy of the warmest commendation.

[illegible]

Moving pictures in one-act stand theatres, as a means of filling over time, has developed to a remarkable degree. In the past few years, there have been a number of attempts to make the one-act picture more popular. The *Illustrated American* called attention to this difficulty recently only for the "dark night" complaint, and for this development Milton Brothers deserve a large measure of credit. This enterprising firm of manufacturers, importers and dealers in films and moving picture machines and equipment, made a special study of the cause of the one-act picture's failure, and have created and met the demand. They make a specialty of the highest grade goods, and are doing business on the theory that the public wants the best and will not long be satisfied with worn out films or defective machines. Their success along this line is the result of their new picture work, the working picture made with one-act stand machines, more than justify their judgment in the matter. They also handle the "Kinetoscopes," a device to take the place of the rheostat where an alternating current is used, by which electric bills are reduced one half; and the "Kinetograph," which they describe as a perfect still-camera.

Peter J. Ridge is the manager of the Western Dramatic Agency, 127 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. This school has been favored by the press and the public, and is up-to-date in every detail, the latest traction stage, lighting, dramatic art and vocal culture, and positively guarantees to teach and place in successful work, actor or actress, as the above.

■ G. C. Shayne and Company, 128 West Forty-second Street, New York city, are manufacturers and importers of furs. They have no branch stores or agents, and are one of the most reliable fur stores in New York city. In buying furs, the old adage "The best is the cheapest," is particularly worth consideration. Shayne and Company can always be depended upon to have the best in stock.

M. Armbruster and Sons conduct a scenic artists' studio at 251 South Front Street, Columbus, Ohio. They have made a life study of the art, and have painted productions for some of the best stars, companies and theatres in the land. They will repeat your scenery while playing in Columbus.

The Great Raymond and his company are at present making a tour of Central and South America after a sensational successful season in Cuba. The tour is part of an itinerary that will carry Raymond entirely around the world. He has a very elaborate outfit and is breaking records everywhere. His tour is under the personal management of Maurice J. Raymond.

Julian Ellings, who has established himself as New York society this season, in wearing some of the smartest costumes, is a very different person from the thing he seems to be judged by himself and the structure of a well known Fifth Avenue establishment. The most difficult problem Ellings has, is that of keeping down his weight, and still allowing himself to be as much as possible. For this reason, Ellings spends half to train down twenty-five pounds. Ellings spends three hours a day keeping in trim for his work; an hour in the gymnasium, an hour on horseback and an hour on water polo and dancing. For the past year he has been training for the past year. Ellings is a New York school teacher and a devoted student in this result. He will soon come forward as a champion athlete in a school for girls, a musical play written by the Ellings family. A Washington newspaper man has been on an on the street newsstand manager, with Ellings as the star.

Charles H. Rossiter, whose picture is published in this issue, is one of the best known and most successful popular priced managers on the market. He is particularly noted for his work in the poultry and egg business. He has been in the business for over 20 years and has built up a large and successful business. He is now the owner and manager of the Rossiter Poultry and Egg Company, which is one of the largest and most successful of its kind in the country. He has a large staff of experienced men and women who are all well trained and efficient. He is a very successful and popular manager and is well known throughout the country. He is a very successful and popular manager and is well known throughout the country. He is a very successful and popular manager and is well known throughout the country.



## BATTERS OF FACT

Harry Dickson, the well-known stage director, will be discharged in May next. He is connected with a high class stock company. A letter addressed to him in case of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* will reach him at any time.

Murthor Dufano, playwright, is located at 10 West 135th Street, New York city. Miss Marbury Thorne, residing in his New York apartment building, and the actress, who is a very successful, and the actress, who is a very successful, is Barbara Delaney, Warwick Mammon, Gray's Inn.

Edgar F. Werner and Company, 45 East 115th Street, New York city, sell all published plays, whole sale and retail, including plays by the most prominent

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The Time, The Place  
and **The Girl**  
Western Company  
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**HOWARD and BARRISON**  
IN  
**The Flower of the Ranch**  
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BOTHEN, E. H. (Sam and Lee Shubert, mgrs.): Philadelphia, Pa., 16-28.  
 SPOONER, CHAS. E. (Honey Amuse. Co., mgrs.): Brooklyn, N. Y., 16-28.  
 SQUAW MAN (Lieber and Co., mgrs.): Minneapolis, Minn., 22-25, St. Paul, Minn., 25-28.  
 STABLE, ROSE (Henry A. Harris, mgr.): New York city, Nov. 25-Dec. 21, Buffalo, N. Y., 22-25.  
 STEWART, MAY (J. E. Cline, mgr.): Gardia, Minn., 17, Seneca, 18.  
 STUART, RALPH (H. B. Harris, mgr.): San Francisco, Cal., 9-21, Eugene, Ore., 22, Salem, 24, Astoria, 25, Portland, 26-28.  
 SWEETEST GIRL IN DIXIE (Southern "A", C. S. Rube, mgr.): Paula Valley, I. T., 17, Sulphur, 18, Ada, 19, Durant, 20, Okla., 21, Wilburton, 22, Ft. Smith, 24, Miami, Ark., 25, Okla. Queen, 26, Tampa, 27, Magnolia, 28.  
 SWEETEST GIRL IN DIXIE (Northern: W. R. Hughes, mgr.): Grand Island, Neb., 17, Aurora, 18, Sutton, 19, Howard, 21, Ores, 22, Tecumseh, 24, Auburn, 25, Nebraska City, 26, Council Bluffs, 27, Maryville, 28.  
 TAYLOR, ALBERT (Beth R. Spangler, mgr.): Midland, Tex., 17, Big Spring, 18, Colorado, 20, 21, Chico, 22, 24, Elkhart, 25, 26, Hamlet, 27, 28.  
 TELEGRAPH STATION (Hawley and Matthews, mgrs.): Stuttgart, Ark., 17, Wahoo, 18, Camden, 19, Magnolia, 20, Hope, 21, Fremont, 22, Gurdan, 23, Arkadelphia, 24, Beebe, 27.  
 TEMPLER AND BUSHNINE (W. F. Mann, owner: Richard Chapman, mgr.): Charlotte, Mich., 17, Lansing, 18, Owosso, 19, Ionia, 20, Flint, 21, St. Charles, 22, Holly, 23, Mt. Clemens, 24, Oxford, 25, Texas (Broadhurst and Ferris, mgrs.): Dubuque, Ia., 17, Le Centre, Wis., 18, Winona, 19, Albert Lea, Minn., 20, Nashville, 21, St. Paul, 22-25.  
 TEXAS SWEETHEARTS (Harrington, Ill., 18).  
 THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE (David Seymour, mgr.): Paterson, N. J., 16-18, White-Barre, Pa., 22-25, Scranton, 26.  
 THIEF (Charles Frohman, mgr.): New York city, Sept. 9-Indefinite.  
 THOMAS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS (G. Weyman, mgr.): Philadelphia, Pa., 17, West Chester, 18, Philadelphia, N. J., 19, Atlantic City, 20, 21, Chester, Pa., 22-25, Perth Amboy, N. J., 27, Philadelphia, 28.  
 THOMAS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS (Western: F. C. Walton, mgr.): Omaha, U. T., 17, Minneapolis, Ia., 18, Knoxville, 19, Fort City, 21, Lead, 22, American, 24, Provo, 25, Nephi, 26, Richfield, 27, Ephraim, 28.  
 THROUGH DEATH VALLEY (C. L. Crane, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., 9-28.  
 TOO FRODO TO BOO (Linda J. Carter, mgr.): Akron, O., 25, Beaver Falls, Pa., 26.  
 TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG (Charles Frohman, mgr.): New York city, Nov. 25-Dec. 21.  
 TOWNSEND, Y. M. (H. B. Harris, mgr.): San Francisco, Cal., 22-25.  
 UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Al. W. Martin's; Ed S. Martin, mgr.): Toronto, Can., 16-21, Brantford, 22, Woodstock, 23, St. Thomas, 24, St. Catharines, 27, Hamilton, 28.  
 UNCLE JOHN PERKINS (Eastern: Thomas Roe, mgr.): Barre, Vt., 17, Claremont, N. H., 18, Lebanon, 19, Lowell, Mass., 21.  
 UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (Central: Harry Dool, mgr.): Cairo, Ill., 25, Murphysboro, 26, Du Quoin, 27, Mt. Vernon, 28.  
 UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (Eastern: Harry Dool, mgr.): Philadelphia, N. J., 25, Dover, 26, Perth Amboy, 27, New Brunswick, 28.  
 UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (Western: Harry Dool, mgr.): Vallejo, 18, Woodland, 19, Chico, 20, Marysville, 21, Gracerville, 22, Sacramento, 23.  
 UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (C. D. Barton and Co., mgrs.): Philadelphia, Pa., 25-28.  
 UNDER THE NORTH STAR (G. G. Chandler, mgr.): Northampton, 17, Litchfield, 18, Wilmar, 19, Monticello, 20, Greenville, 21, Wheaton, 22, Walpoleton, N. D., 24, Freya Falls, Minn., 25, Alexandria, 26, Glenwood, 27, Melrose, 28.  
 UNDER TWO FLAGS (The White City Amuse. Co., mgrs.): Hattiesburg, Miss., 17, Crystal Springs, 18, Macoules, 19, Brookhaven, 20, Natchez, 21, Baton Rouge, La., 22, Donaldville, 24, New Iberia, 25, Lake Charles, 26, Beaumont, Tex., 27, Nacogdoches, 28.  
 VAN, BILLY B. (P. H. Sullivan Amuse. Co., mgrs.): Detroit, Mich., 15-21, Columbus, O., 22-25, Dayton, 26-28.  
 VENDETTA (E. A. Harrington, mgr.): Krohn, Ohio, 18, Harrison, 19, Atoka, 20, Lehigh, 21, Sampa, 22, VIRGINIA (Kline, Le Sueur, mgrs.): New Orleans, La., 15-21, Gulfport, Miss., 22, Biloxi, 23, Donaldsonville, La., 27, Plaquemine, 28.  
 WALSH, EDWARD (Ashbury Park, N. J., 18).  
 WALSH, BLANCH (Charles Blumfeld, mgr.): New Haven, 17, Waterbury, 18, Hartford, 19, Springfield, Mass., 20, Pittsfield, 21, Glen Falls, N. Y., 22, Albany, 23, Schenectady, 24, Utica, 27, Syracuse, 28.  
 WARFIELD, DAVID (David Belasco, mgr.): New York city, Oct. 16-Indefinite.  
 WARRENS OF VIRGINIA (David Belasco, mgr.): New York city, Dec. 3-Indefinite.  
 WAS BORN TO BE (Benedict, Minn., 17-19, Cass Lake, 20-22, Ackley, 23, Park Rapids, 24, Wadena, 25, WAY DOWN EAST (Wm. A. Brady, mgr.): Louisville, Ky., 22-25.  
 WAY DOWN EAST (Wm. A. Brady, mgr.): Stockton, Cal., 18, Sacramento, 19, San Jose, 20, Oakland, 21, San Francisco, 22-Jan. 4.  
 WE ARE KING (A. W. Cross, mgr.): Fairfield, Ia., 17, Abila, 18, Knoxville, 19, Proctor, 20, Waterloo, 21, Ft. Madison, 22, Ottumwa, 23, Centerville, 24, Oakesboro, 25, Eldora, 27, Marshalltown, 28.  
 WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES (N. L. Johnson, mgr.): Lexington, Mo., 17, Leavenworth, Kan., 18, Wichita, 21, Pittsburg, 23, Oakes, 24.  
 WHAT MONEY WILLS DO (Harry Shannon, mgr.): Marion, Ind., 17, Carlisle, 18, Harlan, 19, Coulterville, 20, Collinsville, 23, Moberly, Mo., 25, Fayette, 26, Marceline, 28.  
 WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS (Wm. Macready, mgr.): Norman, I. T., 17, Ardmore, 18, Galveston, Tex., 19, Ft. Worth, 20, Dallas, 21, Elms, 22, Waco, 23, Cleburne, 25, Weatherford, 26, Cisco, 27, Stamford, 28.  
 WHITECAP, W. A. (Jules Murry, mgr.): Beaumont, Tex., 17, Orange, 18, Crowley, 19, New Iberia, 20, Lafayette, La., 21, Alexandria, 22, Shreveport, 23, Natchez, Miss., 24, Jackson, 27, Monroe, La., 28.  
 WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOMES (E. J. Carpenter's; Harry E. Brown, mgr.): Elms, Wash., 17, Monticello, 18, Aberdeen, 19, Hingham, 20, So. Bend, 21, Portland, Ore., 22-25.  
 WILLIAMS, LOTTIE (Chas. E. Honey Amuse. Co., mgrs.): Chicago, Ill., 6-28.  
 WILSON, AL. H. (Sidney R. Ellis, mgr.): Trenton, N. J., 17, Allentown, Pa., 18, Williamsport, 20, Sunbury, 26, Pottsville, 27, Reading, 28.  
 WILSON, FRANCIS (Chas. Frohman, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., 16-28.  
 WITCHING HOUR (Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., mgrs.): New York city, Nov. 15-Indefinite.  
 YOUNG BUFFALO, KING OF THE WILD WEST (Chas. E. Honey Amuse. Co., mgrs.): Cleveland, O., 16-21, Pittsburgh, Pa., 22-25.  
 YOUNGER BROS. (Horne, Tex., 17, Bryan, 18, Navasota, 19, Hempstead, 20, Brenham, 21, Houston, 24, Galveston, 25.  
 ZUCKER, THE COUNTRY BOY (Leon Allen, mgr.): Taylor, Tex., 17, Waco, 18, Austin, 19.

### STOCK COMPANIES

ACADEMY STOCK: Lowell, Mass.—Indefinite.  
 ALBEE: Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 12-Indefinite.  
 ALGASER (Belasco and Meyer, mgrs.): San Francisco, Cal.—Indefinite.

ALLEN: Portland, Ore.—Indefinite.  
 AVENUE STOCK: East St. Louis, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 AYLSWORTH (Arthur J. Aylsworth, mgr.): Goldfield, Nev., April 1-Indefinite.  
 BAKER: Portland, Ore.—Indefinite.  
 BALDWIN-MELVILLE (Walter A. Baldwin, mgr.): New Orleans, La.—Indefinite.  
 BARRY-BURKE STOCK (John W. Barry, mgr.): New Orleans, La., Aug. 25-Indefinite.  
 BELASCO (Belasco and Meyer, mgrs.): Los Angeles, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 BISHOP'S PLAYERS (H. W. Bishop, mgr.): Oakland, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 BOSTON STOCK (Lindsay Morton, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Sept. 2-Indefinite.  
 BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE: Boston, Mass.—Indefinite.  
 BUNTING, EMMA (Roy Applegate, mgr.): San Antonio, Tex.—Indefinite.  
 BURBANK: Los Angeles, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 BUSH TEMPLE STOCK (Edwin L. Baker, mgr.): Chicago, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 CASTLE SQUARE (Boston Stage Society, mgrs.): Boston, Mass.—Indefinite.  
 CHRISTINE HILL (T. L. Trezler, mgr.): Minneapolis, Minn.—Indefinite.  
 CLEVELAND, HARRY B.: North Yakima, Wash., June 24-Indefinite.  
 COLLEGE THEATRE: Chicago, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 COLUMBIA STOCK: Spokane, Wash., Aug. 27-Indefinite.  
 CURTIS: Spokane, Wash.—Indefinite.  
 CUTTER (Ira Swisher, mgr.): Richmond, Ind., July 4-Indefinite.  
 DANCY AND SPECK: Philadelphia, Pa.—Indefinite.  
 FAMILY: East St. Louis, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 FAUCET, GEORGE: Baltimore, Md.—Indefinite.  
 FERRIS (Sparks M. Berry, mgr.): Los Angeles, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 FITZGERALD, W. D. STOCK (W. D. Fitzgerald, mgr.): Washington, D. C., Aug. 19-Indefinite.  
 FOREPAUGH: Philadelphia, Pa.—Indefinite.  
 FOREPAUGH: Cleveland, O.—Indefinite.  
 FRENCH: Portland, Ore.—Indefinite.  
 GARRICK STOCK: San Jose, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 GERMAN THEATRE: Philadelphia, Pa.—Indefinite.  
 GERMAN THEATRE: Cincinnati, O.—Indefinite.  
 GORTON STOCK: Tacoma, Wash.—Indefinite.  
 HAMILTON, FLORENCE (Harry and Burke, mgrs.): Fall River, Mass.—Indefinite.  
 HOWARD'S THEATRE STOCK: Chicago, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 HOWELL, ERNEST: San Francisco, Cal., May 12-Indefinite.  
 LAFAYETTE PLAYERS: Detroit, Mich., Aug. 28-Indefinite.  
 LAWRENCE, DEL S.: Sacramento, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 LIVINGSTON: Cleveland, O., June 24-Indefinite.  
 LYCUM THEATRE (Louis Phillips, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y.—Indefinite.  
 MACK-LEONE STOCK: Duluth, Minn.—Indefinite.  
 MARLOW STOCK: Chicago, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 MIDDLETON AND BARRIE: Boston, Mass.—Indefinite.  
 MOROSCO STOCK: Los Angeles, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 NEILSON, MARIE: Fresno, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 ORPHEUM STOCK: Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 16-Indefinite.  
 PALMER BROS. STOCK: San Diego, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 PARTAGES PLAYERS: Seattle, Wash.—Indefinite.  
 PARK THEATRE STOCK: Manchester, N. H.—Indefinite.  
 PARRAU THEATRE: Passaic, N. J.—Indefinite.  
 PATTON'S LEE AVENUE (Cora Patton, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., June 27-Indefinite.  
 PEOPLE'S STOCK: Chicago, Ill.—Indefinite.  
 PICKWICK: San Diego, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 POLA (Pauline E. Boyle, mgr.): New Haven, Conn., Nov. 25-Indefinite.  
 PRINCE OF THEATRE: San Francisco, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 PROCTOR'S HARLEM: New York city—Indefinite.  
 RAPIDS STOCK (Frank Salisbury, mgr.): Alexandria, La., Nov. 25-Indefinite.  
 REDMOND, ED: San Francisco, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 RICHMOND STOCK: Stapleton, S. I.—Indefinite.  
 ROYAL ALEXANDRIA STOCK: Toronto, Can.—Indefinite.  
 RUJARD, ESTHER, STOCK: San Francisco, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 SANFORD'S WALTER PLAYERS (No. 2): San Francisco, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 SANFORD, WALTER: San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 11-Indefinite.  
 SHIRLEY JESSIE: Spokane, Wash.—Indefinite.  
 SOBO STOCK (Van East and Thorpe, mgrs.): Berkeley, Cal.—Indefinite.  
 SPENCER, GEORGE (Harris and Graham, mgrs.): Marietta, Ga., 16-21.  
 BENNETT-MOULTON (Moulton, Thompson and Moulton, mgrs.): Newport, R. I., 22-25.  
 BROWN, KIRK (J. E. Macaulay, mgr.): Utica, N. Y., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (Fred Gillen, mgr.): Coxsackie, N. Y., 16-21, Middletown, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (A. H. Graybill, mgr.): Camden, N. J., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (Geo. V. Halliday, mgr.): Steubenville, O., 16-21, Erie, Pa., 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (G. G. Hilton, mgr.): Schenectady, N. Y., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS STOCK (Joseph D. Grass, mgr.): Quincy, Ill., 16-21.  
 CARPENTER, FRANKIE (Gore Grady, mgr.): Iowa, Mass., 22-25.  
 CHAMBERLAIN STOCK (Chas. R. Champlin, mgr.): Allentown, Pa., 22-25.  
 CHASE-LISTER STOCK: Pierre, Wyo., 16-21, Aberdeen, 22-25.  
 CHAUNCEY-KIEFFER (Fred Chauncey, mgr.): Franklin, Pa., 16-21, Oil City, 22-25.  
 CHESTER, BISHOP (G. E. Reinhardt, mgr.): New Castle, Pa., 16-21, Cumberland, Md., 22-25.  
 CHESTER, DAWSON: Norwalk, Conn.—Indefinite.  
 CHESTER, DE VONDE, STOCK: Washington, W. Va., 16-21.  
 CHICAGO STOCK (Western: Chas. E. Hamilton, mgr.): Huntington, Ind., 16-21, Chicago, 22-25.  
 CHICAGO STOCK (Eastern: Chas. E. Hamilton, mgr.): Worcester, N. Y., 16-21, Worcester, 22-25.

### REPERTOIRE COMPANIES

ADAM GOOD (Western: Monte Thompson, mgr.): Danbury, Conn., 22-25.  
 ADAM GOOD (Eastern: Monte Thompson, mgr.): North Adams, Mass., 22-25.  
 AMERICAN STOCK (Arthur R. Herbst, mgr.): Neenah, Wis., 16-21, Oshkosh, 22-25.  
 AUBREY STOCK (Western: D. Otto Hittner, mgr.): Ft. Wayne, Ind., 16-21, Battle Creek, Mich., 22-25.  
 BARRIE, EDWIN (Harris and Graham, mgrs.): Marietta, Ga., 16-21.  
 BENNETT-MOULTON (Moulton, Thompson and Moulton, mgrs.): Newport, R. I., 22-25.  
 BROWN, KIRK (J. E. Macaulay, mgr.): Utica, N. Y., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (Fred Gillen, mgr.): Coxsackie, N. Y., 16-21, Middletown, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (A. H. Graybill, mgr.): Camden, N. J., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (Geo. V. Halliday, mgr.): Steubenville, O., 16-21, Erie, Pa., 22-25.  
 BURGESS, EARL (G. G. Hilton, mgr.): Schenectady, N. Y., 16-21, Bridgeport, 22-25.  
 BURGESS STOCK (Joseph D. Grass, mgr.): Quincy, Ill., 16-21.  
 CARPENTER, FRANKIE (Gore Grady, mgr.): Iowa, Mass., 22-25.  
 CHAMBERLAIN STOCK (Chas. R. Champlin, mgr.): Allentown, Pa., 22-25.  
 CHASE-LISTER STOCK: Pierre, Wyo., 16-21, Aberdeen, 22-25.  
 CHAUNCEY-KIEFFER (Fred Chauncey, mgr.): Franklin, Pa., 16-21, Oil City, 22-25.  
 CHESTER, BISHOP (G. E. Reinhardt, mgr.): New Castle, Pa., 16-21, Cumberland, Md., 22-25.  
 CHESTER, DAWSON: Norwalk, Conn.—Indefinite.  
 CHESTER, DE VONDE, STOCK: Washington, W. Va., 16-21.  
 CHICAGO STOCK (Western: Chas. E. Hamilton, mgr.): Huntington, Ind., 16-21, Chicago, 22-25.  
 CHICAGO STOCK (Eastern: Chas. E. Hamilton, mgr.): Worcester, N. Y., 16-21, Worcester, 22-25.



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**COLONIAL STOCK** (Chas. W. Besser, mgr.): Tiffin, O., 16-21, Nassau 23-25.  
**CRESCENT COMEDY** (R. A. Bergman, mgr.): Parkersburg, W. Va., 16-21, Marietta, O., 23-25.  
**CUTTER** (Wallace R. Carter, mgr.): Washington, Pa., 16-21.  
**DE LACY LEIGH** (Monte Thompson, mgr.): Bangor, Me., 16-21.  
**DEPUE-BURDETTE STOCK** (Chas. E. Depue, mgr.): Griffin, Ga., 17, Columbus 19-21, Augusta 23-25.  
**DOUGHERTY STOCK** (J. M. Dougherty, mgr.): Brookline, E. D., 16-21, Watertown 23-25.  
**EDMUND SQUARE STOCK** (Geo. M. Edmund, mgr.): Cumberland, Md., 16-21, Myersdale, Pa., 23-25.  
**ELMER STOCK** (Elmer Monks, mgr.): Biddford, N. Y., 23-25.  
**ELWIN STOCK** (Leslie Elwyn, mgr.): Glen Falls, N. Y., 23-25.  
**EWING, GERTRUDE** (Clemens, Tex., 16-19, Weatherford 21, 22, Galveston 23-25.  
**FENBURG STOCK** (Geo. M. Fenburg, mgr.): New Britain, Conn., 23-25.  
**FENBURG STOCK** (No. 2; Geo. Fenburg, mgr.): Augusta, Me., 23-25.  
**GAGE STOCK** (Fred Gage, mgr.): Portland, Me., 16-21, Lewiston 23-25.  
**GALVAN STOCK** (Portsmouth, O., 17, Jackson 20, 21, Gallipolis 24, 25, Ashland 27, 28.  
**GRAY HEN** (N. Appell, mgr.): E. Liverpool, O., 16-21.  
**HARDER-HALL** (Eugene J. Hall, mgr.): Newburgh, N. Y., 23-25.  
**HARVEY STOCK** (Geo. A. Sullivan, mgr.): Williamsport, Pa., 16-21, New Bedford, Mass., 23-25.  
**HERALD SQUARE STOCK** (Geo. H. Ritter, mgr.): Hazleton, Pa., 16-21.  
**HILLMAN, MAY** (Ernest Schnabel, mgr.): North Adams, Mass., 16-21, Pittsfield 23-25.  
**HIMMELSTEIN'S IDEALS** (G. A. Herle, mgr.): Harrisburg, Pa., 16-21, Easton 23-25.  
**HIMMELSTEIN'S IMPERIAL STOCK** (R. P. Himmelstein, mgr.): Ft. Huron, Mich., 16-21, Saginaw 23-25.  
**KENNEDY PLAYERS** (A. A. Raitt, mgr.): Providence, R. I., 16-21, Lowell, Mass., 23-25.  
**KNICKERBOCKER STOCK** (E. D. Pike, mgr.): Lynn, Mass., 16-21, Salem 23-25.  
**LA DELL HARVEY STOCK** (Vandergriff, Pa., 16-21, Monroeville 23-25.  
**LESLIE, ROSABELLE** (Jim Allen, mgr.): Washington, Pa., 23-25.  
**LONG, FRANK E. STOCK** (Washington, Wia., 23-25.  
**MAJESTIC STOCK** (Bella, O., 23-25.  
**MALLOY STOCK** (Raymond L. Malloy, mgr.): New Bedford, Mass., 16-21, Taunton 23-25.  
**MAXIM AND NIGHTS COMEDIANS** (J. W. Night, mgr.): Aneta, N. D., 16-21, Hope 23-25.  
**MORRISON COMEDY** (Rush Morrison, mgr.): Hazleton, Pa., 16-21, Shamokin 23-25.  
**MURRAY-BOWELL** (P. H. Murray, mgr.): Berlin, N. H., 16-21, Concord 23-25.  
**MYRLE-HARDER STOCK** (Southern; Letimore and Leigh, mgr.): Bay City, Mich., 16-21.  
**MYRLE-HARDER** (R. H. Hall, mgr.): Newburg, N. Y., 23-25.  
**MYRLE-HARDER** (W. H. Harder, mgr.): New Rochelle, N. Y., 16-21, Brooklyn, Mass., 23-25.  
**PARTELLO STOCK** (W. A. Partello, mgr.): Hamilton, Ont., 16-21, Kingston 23-25.  
**PRICE AND BUTLER STOCK** (Wm. G. Price, mgr.): Patten, Pa., 16-21, Barnstable 23-25.  
**RECORD STOCK** (Robert Taylor, mgr.): Portsmouth, O., 16-21, Parkersburg 23-25.  
**ROSEBANK STOCK** (P. C. Rose, mgr.): Canton, O., 16-21, Norwalk 23-25.  
**ROWLEY-GAY** (Walter J. Gay, mgr.): Mendon, Pa., 16-21, Rochester 23-25.  
**TAYLOR** (W. Taylor, mgr. and mgr.): Portsmouth, N. H., 16-21, Lawrence, Mass., 23-25.  
**TURNER, CLARA** (Wm. W. Jackson, mgr.): Brockton, Mass., 16-21, Fall River 23-25.  
**WALLACE'S THEATRE** (Western; Dubinsky Bros., mgr.): Salt Lake City, U. S. A., 23-25.  
**WALLACE'S THEATRE** (Southern; Dubinsky Bros., mgr.): Atlanta, Ga., 16-21, 23-25.  
**WALLACE'S THEATRE** (Northern; Dubinsky Bros., mgr.): Rock Island, Ill., 16-21, 23-25.  
**WATSON, KEN** (Wm. F. Watson, mgr.): Ocala, Fla., 16-21, Vero Beach 23-25.  
**WINNINGER STOCK** (Chas. H. Frick, mgr.): Chicago Heights, Ill., 16-21, Michigan City, Ind., 23-25.  
**WOLFORD STOCK** (H. L. Paul, mgr.): Needham, Mass., 16-21.  
**YANKEE DOODLE STOCK** (Wm. De Balla, mgr.): Easton, Pa., 16-21, Pottsville 23-25.  
**YOUNG STOCK** (Chatham, Ont., 16-21.

**OPERA AND EXTRAVAGANZA.**  
**ABORN OPERA:** New York City Oct. 23-Indefinite.  
**ALLEN CURTIS MUSICAL** (Allen Curtis, mgr.): New York, 16-21.  
**AUTO RACE AND FOUR SEASONS** (Shubert and Anderson, mgr.): New York City Nov. 27-Indefinite.  
**BELLE OF MONTFAIR** (T. W. Ryley, mgr.): Detroit, Mich., 16-21.  
**BERNARD SAM** (Chas. Frohman, mgr.): Lancaster, Pa., 17, Harrisburg 19, Reading 19, Easton 20, Allentown 21, Brockton, Mass., 23-25.  
**BLACK PATTI THROUADOUSS** (Vedick and Nolan, mgr.): Dallas, Tex., 17, McKinney 18, Sherman 19, Galveston 20, Ardmore 21, 22, Oklahoma City, O. T., 22, Shawnee 23, McAlester, I. T., 24, Muskogee 25, Ft. Smith, Ark., 26, Clarksville 27, Russellville 28.

**BUDGEMASTER** (Wm. F. Collins, mgr.): Albany, N. Y., 17, Troy 18, 19, Adams 20, 21, Poughkeepsie 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.  
**BUTTER BROWN** (Eastern): New York City 16-21, 23-25.  
**BUTTER BROWN** (Central): Bait. Wia., 17, Jackson 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.  
**BUTTER BROWN** (Western): Denver, Colo., 16-21, 23-25.  
**BUTTER BROWN** (Central): Bait. Wia., 17, Jackson 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.  
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VAUDEVILLE.

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PRESENTING

**The Only Stock Company  
IN VAUDEVILLE**

BILLIE'S FIRST LOVE  
JIMMIE'S EXPERIMENT  
HIS JAPANESE WIFE  
CARMEN

A BOWERY CAMILLE  
THE MORNING AFTER THE PLAY  
ANOTHER CHANCE (New Act)  
THE PRAIRIE FLOWER (New Act)

**TIME ALL FILLED**

Photo Marcus, N. Y.  
VALERIE BERGERE.

*The Ventriloquist with a Production***ED. F. REYNARD**

AND HIS FAMOUS MECHANICAL FIGURES

**ENTIRE NEW ACT FOR NEXT SEASON**

ECLIPSING EVERYTHING HERETOFORE OFFERED IN THE VENTRILOQUIAL LINE

*The Ventriloquist Who Made Ventriloquism Famous***WILL M. CRESSY**

AND

**BLANCHE DAYNE**

Still struggling for a livelihood in Vaudeville.  
Had to stop writing sketches because "Sime" didn't like them. Pressure of other business had nothing to do with it.  
Parties intending visiting us at our New Hampshire home next summer will find much better roads than before; I have  
been presented with a Steam Roller for which the present owner had no use; only used three months too.

Wanted; A good route for next season; Sam Hodgdon please write.  
Wanted; A Bridgeport Audience that will laugh at Cressy & Dayne.

*And as Merry a Christmas to you as you wish to us.*

WILL M. CRESSY

BLANCHE DAYNE

**"MERRY CHRISTMAS"****LILLIAN HALE & CO.**

IN VAUDEVILLE

PRESENTING THE LAUGHING SUCCESS

**THE PHANTOM RIVAL**

BY SAGER DEAN

**James Harrigan**

ECCENTRIC  
MONOLOGISTIC  
JUGGLER

THE GLIB, GABBY, GARRULOUS, GAGGER, AND  
PERPETRATOR OF PITHY, POINTED PARAGRAMS

# TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

## CHICAGO

**Salome Jane Pleases—The Great Divide—Good Outlook for the Holidays—Items.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Eleanor Robson in Salome Jane keeps her engagement at the Grand Opera House this week. The production is one of the finest of the season, and the acting of the entire company, including three bright children, most excellent. The play and company delighted the audience rather more than the critics. Miss Robson revealed Salome's emotional depth and strength of character completely. H. B. Warner makes the most of his short lead, and A. L. Lipman does the gambler most cleverly. The audience enthusiastically admired George W. Wilson's Colonel Starbottle and Ada Dwyer's Lisa Heath. Oris Skinner will begin his annual engagement at the Grand Opera House on Jan. 20 in his new play, The Honor of the Family, a dramatization of a Balzac novel.

Manager Edwin L. Barker, of the Players' stock at the Bush Temple, announces Lena Rivers for next week, followed by Moths and several special productions, including When Knighthood Was in Flower, When We Were Twenty-one, Hamlet, and As You Like It.

The Great Divide, with Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, will be the Christmas attraction at the Garrick. The engagement of three weeks will begin Monday night, Dec. 16. This celebrated play, by Professor William Vaughn Moody, of this city, will return after its long, brilliant career on Broadway, just as presented there.

Manager William Roche will have The Millionaire Tramp at the Bijou next week. At the Academy, Ramsey Morris' famous literary effort, The Ninety and Nine, will thrill the crowds. Manager Frank Reola, of the People's, has prepared a special production of Sapho for next week.

The Christmas bill at the People's will be The Night Before Christmas.

Viola Allen is to be the second attraction at the Chicago Opera House under the Liebler management. The date of the engagement depends on the run of The Man from Home at this house.

Manager Kingsbury, of The Man from Home, will act as manager of the Chicago Opera House during the stay of the play there.

The Christmas bill at the Bijou will be The Child of the Regiment; at the Academy, Broadway After Dark.

Frank V. Hawley, here with the Four Mortons last season, is back in town as representative of The House of a Thousand Candles.

Guy Steele, author of "The Storm and the Forthright Land," is at home for the winter after a widely traveled tour with the Ringling Bros. He says the "show" was a big success last season.

Fritz Huttman, a rising young Chicago tenor, now with the Le Brun Grand Opera Trio for the third season, is home for the holidays.

Harry Clay Blaney's first effort at writing a melodrama, From Sing Sing to Liberty, is an instantaneous success. It overtook the Bijou all last week. The company is strong, including Johnnie Hoot, Frederick Armada, Augusta Hill, Irene Myers, Harry A. Fisher, and Arnold Alexander.

Maurice Briere as Jack Rutledge in On the Stroke of Twelve at the People's, Walter Jones as Henry Rutledge, Jay Quigley as Levi, Marie Nelson as Doris, and Maude Cleveland as Marie Bergerre gave this melodrama more than its usual strength last week. Frank Tobin and Van Barrett have joined the company.

Gertrude Binley has left the Players at the Bush Temple and gone to Boston to join the Bennett-Moulton company. Mary Hill, wife of the stage director of the Bush, Harry Long, succeeds Miss Binley. The new ingenue is Blanch Crozier.

Bjornson's The Gauntlet was carefully and effectively played by Donald Robertson and company at Music Hall. Mr. Robertson did Ries nicely and Marion Redlich was excellent as Svava. The company included Alice John as Mrs. Ries, Edwin Burke as Mr. Christensen, Yvonne de Kromat as Mrs. Christensen, Milton Sills as Alf, and Robert Vivian as Karl Hoff.

The Clansman has drawn large houses all week at McVicker's, and the usual demonstration against it by the colored people was made. The Four Mortons have an unusually popular vehicle this season. A capacity matinee Wednesday was very enthusiastic.

Of course Christmas, McVicker's, in Old Kentucky.

Manager Fred Eberts, of the Great Northern, has three good bookings for the immediate future: Just Out of College, next week for the first time here at popular prices; Nap Ward, for Christmas cheer, and Dream City, which is sure to be most enjoyable, with Mary Marble and Chip, not to mention that Victor Herbert's music will grace the occasion.

Manager Charles Marvin's players gave an excellent performance of Lost Paradise. Sapho next week, with Stranger in a Strange Land for Christmas.

The Merry Widow is still filling the Colonial. OTIS COLBURN.

## WASHINGTON

**Polly of the Circus—Sothern as Dundreary—Christmas Offerings—Notes.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—In Margaret Mayo's play, Polly of the Circus, which had a most successful production at the National Theatre last Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, Frederick Thompson jumps again squarely in the limelight as a strikingly original designer and stage producer. His last act, with the two tableaux, showing a three-act circus in full swing, and the second picturing the circus lot, a month after the performance, are masterpieces of stage craft. The story deals with the love of a minister of the gospel for a circus performer. As the heroine, Mabel Tallaferra has a part that just suits, and in which she is going to score a strong success. I append the cast of characters for future reference: The Rev. John Douglas, Malcolm Williams; Deacon Strong, James Cherry; Deacon Silverson, J. B. Hoots; Dr. Bartley, Herbert Ayling; Willie Wilbur, W. Burton; James; Harry Jones; Guy Nichols; Uncle Toby, John Findlay; Big Jim, Joseph Brennan; Joe Barker, J. W. Benson; Mrs. Willoughby, Mathilde Weeding; Julia Strong, Desiree Lazard; Miss Perkins, Jennie Weathersby; Mandy Jones, Mattie Ferguson; Jennie Willoughby, Edith Wild; Polly, Mabel Tallaferra. There was a large party of New York theatrical managers present at the opening performance. Rogers Brown, in Panama is the attraction at the National week of Dec. 16. William Faversham in The Squaw Man Christmas week.

E. H. Sothern's engagement at the Belasco Theatre was notably successful. On his appearance as Lord Dundreary Thursday night for the first time Mr. Sothern was the recipient of great praise. The week commencing Dec. 16 will be open Monday and Tuesday nights only, being occupied by the Lipsa Yiddish players, presenting Madame Kenny Lipsa, Bernard Bernstein, and Leon Black and company in Mircles Effros and Medea.

The Time, the Place and the Girl had excellent business at the Columbia Theatre. May Robson will come Dec. 16 in The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, followed on Dec. 23 by Miss Hook of Holland.

The End of the Trail, featuring Julia Gray, comes to the new Academy of Music Dec. 14. Edna, the Pretty Typewriter, is the announcement for Christmas week.

Manager F. B. Weston, of the Majestic Theatre, announces a vaudeville bill for the week of Dec. 16.

The Washington Choral Society, assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Madame Marie Zimmerman, soprano; Mary Lansing, contralto;

Daniel Beddoe, tenor, and Thomas Daniel, basso, will render Handel's oratorio, The Messiah, at Convention Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 17. Newcomers at Chase's for the week commencing Dec. 16 include Stella Mayhew, Madden and Phipps, Gillett's trained sides, James and Jennie Joe, Murray K. Hill, the Booney Sisters, and Ziska and King.

Edmund Hayes in The Jolly Girls at the Lyceum and the Behman Show and Frank D. Bryan's Congress of American Girls are at the Garrick. JOHN T. WARREN.

## BOSTON

**The San Carlo Company—N. C. Goodwin—Auto-Christmas Offerings—Gossip.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

Boston, Dec. 14.—The San Carlo Opera company will enter upon the second week of its engagement at the Majestic with Carmen, including Lehengrin and Lucia as works not presented during the first week of the engagement in this city. Henry Russell's operatic forces have certainly again earned their honors in this city, and their excellent performances have met with the approbation of society audiences. As for the soloists Constantino, Mauri, Nielsen, and Lucia have proved the notable success of the engagement. A third week of opera will be played here, although only two were originally announced, and in this additional period Don Giovanni may be included.

Nat C. Goodwin will be the star at the Hollis Street Theatre next week. As the Genius has never been played in this city it will probably hold the stage for the full fortnight of the engagement, so that Mr. Goodwin will not have a chance to revive the earlier pieces of his repertoire as he has done in other places this year.

Iolanthe has had a notably successful revival at the Castle Square by the comic opera section, the cast including nearly all of those who were seen in the past previous presentation at this house. A notable exception is in the presence of James Gilbert, who played the Lord Chancellor.

Lindsay Morrison's Stock company at the Boston will revive All the Comforts of Home, which will be a decided change from Graustark of this week.

Edgar Selwyn's appearance in Strongheart at the Globe is fully as successful as that of the original, and as a result the double engagement was very happily booked.

The Hypocrites still continues to draw fine audiences at it is rather noticeable that society folks are trifle timid about the piece. There are enough playgoers who are not, and they serve to make the piece one of the hits of the year.

The Red Mill continues to test the capacity at the Colonial, with Montgomery and Stone as the magnets. The stay will be limited to this week, and then The Round Up will give a variation in the bill.

Deadwood Dick will be the melodrama of next week at the Grand Opera House, another thriller of the Far West.

Kidnapped will be the offering of the stock company at the Bowdoin Square, with the full company enlisted.

Valerie Bergere will be next week's headliner at Keith's.

Susanne Adams will make her first Boston appearance in vaudeville at the Tremont.

The Alce Hurley company from London in the coster's concert will make quite a transatlantic novelty at the Orpheum.

Charlton closes her special engagement at the Howard Athenaeum to-night.

Changes of bill in the different wheels will be made at the Palace, Lyceum and Columbia.

Lillian Russell will be the guest of honor at the reception given by the Professional Woman's Club of this city at the Vendome, Thursday. Her sister, Mrs. Westford, of the Professional Woman's League of New York, was with her and divided the honors. The occasion was attended by many of the well-known actresses now in the city, and was also marked by the presence of members of other professions. A number of special features had been planned by the president of the club, Miss Marion Howard Brainer.

The engagement of Miss Russell in Wildfire at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Charles Dillingham and Bruce Edwards made a flying trip from New York this week so as to see how The Red Mill was getting on at the Colonial.

George M. Cohan and his bride were in town the first part of the week to say good-bye to the members of her family before sailing for an extended trip in Europe.

R. F. Keith made a flying trip to Boston the first of the week, but quickly returned to New York. He is spending most of his time in the metropolis nowadays, and is not very often at his Boston houses. Rumor has it that Carl D. Lofthrop is to be transferred to the New York booking office, and that R. G. Larsen will be made general press representative.

A pleasing concert was given by the Dorothea Dix Hall Senior Dramatic Club at the Berkeley Hall the first part of the week. Songs, dances and readings by the very clever children were the feature of the evening. JAY BENTON.

## ST. LOUIS

**Good Prospects for the Week—Richard Carle—Edna Wallace Hopper—Notes.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

St. Louis, Dec. 14.—Of the newcomers the plays which promise to arouse the most interest next week are Richard Carle's The Spring Chicken and George M. Cohan's Fifty Miles from Boston. Carle himself will appear in his piece at the Olympic, while Edna Wallace Hopper, with excellent support, will scintillate at the Century. The latter play has for its attractions a cast of exceptionally large and Managers Short and Cavanaugh predict a good week for their respective offerings.

Charley Grapewin, with Anna Chance, in their great hit, The Awakening of Mr. Pippa, will be the offering at the Grand Opera House for one week, commencing next Sunday matinee.

The Banker, the Thief and the Girl will be the melodrama to come to Havilla's next week. The piece, which is on view this week, Little Heroes of the Street, is forcing Manager Garon to hang up the S. R. O. sign at every performance.

A celebrated company of negro entertainers is the Smart Set, which will come to the Imperial to-morrow afternoon for a week's engagement. George Ade's Just Out of College, offered at popular prices, will establish a new attendance record for this house this week.

Madeline Lewis, a beautiful St. Louis girl, and a member of the Suburban Stock company last summer, has a conspicuous part in Gus Thomas' new play, The Witching Hour, which is playing in New York city at present.

Jacob Oppenheimer has announced that the new American Theatre will open on New Year's Eve, with a vaudeville bill second to none. J. G. T. SPRINK.

## CINCINNATI

**The Right of Way—Robinson's Closed Again—New Stock Members—A Benefit.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 14.—The Right of Way met with both critical and popular approval at the Grand this week, and will be followed Monday by William H. Crane in George Ade's latest play, Father and the Son. The holiday attractions at this house will be Fifty Miles from Boston and Ben Hur.

Blanche Bates has had an excellent week at the Lyric and will be followed to-morrow night by Laura Burt and Henry B. Stanford in The Walls of Jericho.

Jim the Periman is scheduled for revival by the Forepaugh Stock company at the Olympic. Quo Vadis will be revived Christmas week, with

Allies of Old Vincennes for the New Year's offering.

Williams and Walker in Bandanna Land will follow Grace Cameron at the Walnut to-morrow.

After a week of poor business, with vaudeville as the attraction, Robinson's is closed again. It is stated that the manager left the city without paying the performers in full, and several of them are still in the city. Several attachment suits have been commenced with the hope of securing a portion of the rent deposit made with the owners of the property.

Maye Louise Allen and Frank Sylvester have joined the Forepaugh Stock company and will be cast in important parts. Mr. Sylvester was with the company two years ago and will be warmly welcomed by his many friends.

As Told in the Hills comes to the Lyceum Sunday for a week's engagement.

Henck's will have a new Western play, The Girl of Eagle Ranch.

A benefit performance has been arranged for Tuesday afternoon at the Lyric for the sufferers in the Monongah mine disaster. Volunteers from every company in the city will take Robert Edison in Classroom in due time Dec. 23 for two weeks, to be followed on Jan. 6 by The Waltz Dream, its first American production, for two weeks.

Maxine Elliott in Under the Greenwood Tree pleased her many admirers for two weeks at the Broad Street Theatre and will be followed Dec. 16 for the first time here, by Polly of the Circus. John Drew in My Wife comes Dec. 23 for a three weeks' stay.

The Dairymaid concludes a successful two weeks' term this evening at the Garrick Theatre, and the patrons certainly received big returns for their money. Hattie Williams in The Little Cherub is the attraction for the week of Dec. 16, to be followed by Grace George in Divorcena, Dec. 23, for two weeks.

The Great Divide, with Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, at the Lyric Theatre, is one of the most attractive offerings of the season. It is highly appreciated by a large patronage. E. A. Sothern comes Dec. 16 for two weeks, with change of programme four times for opening week.

The Orchid, with Eddie Foy and company, remains for the coming week at the Adelphi Theatre, being the third and final week. Julia Marlowe in Gloria opens Christmas week, remaining for a fortnight.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch at the Walnut Street Theatre is splendidly received with Mrs. Blanche Chesser in the title role. It remains for the coming week. Chatterbox Oloft in O'Neill of Derry, Dec. 23 and 30.

Orpheum Stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Zana received genuine indorsement and patronage and credited equal to the original star production. What Happened to Jones, Dec. 16; Trilby, Dec. 23.

The Forrest Theatre: The Follies of 1907 will open here beginning Dec. 20, followed by The Round Up, with a third attraction still undecided to fill in the balance of the season.

The Cushman Club home for chorus girls has rented quarters at 322 South Tenth Street, and will shortly open same.

The body of Charles J. Williams, the young actor, late of the Belasco company in The Wars of Virginia, who died in this city Dec. 8, has been placed in a receiving vault, with hopes that his relatives may claim the remains.

On Parole, with Mary Emerson, opened splendidly this week at the Park Theatre. Simple Simon comes Dec. 16 for two weeks. Buster Brown, Dec. 30.

The Honeymooners is a good card for the week at the Grand Opera House. In New York Town, due here Dec. 16; Wizard of Oz, Dec. 23; The Rays in King Casey, Dec. 30.

National Theatre: Chatterbox Charlie, with thrilling situations, attracted good houses. The Cole and Johnson Shoe-Fly Regiment follows Dec. 16; The Card King of the Coast, Dec. 23; Race Across the Continent, Dec. 30.

Gilard Avenue Theatre: The Spoilers, with elaborate scenery, with good patronage. The Convict and the Lady due here Dec. 16; Under Suspicion, Dec. 23; Joseph Horlis in Our Friend Fritz, Dec. 30.

Middleton and Barber's Stock company at Forepaugh's Theatre in Monte Cristo, with special scenic effects and elaborate cast, fully deserved its nightly warm reception and large patronage. The Bells in rehearsal for week of Dec. 16, and The Sporting Duchess, Dec. 23.

People's Theatre: The Ninety and Nine, a big card for uptown. The Cowboy and the Squaw follows Dec. 16; Mayor of Laughland, Dec. 23. Blaney's Arch Street Theatre: Shadowed by Three attracted the usual clientele. Sapho, with Katharyn Furnell, comes Dec. 16; The Outlaw's Christmas, Dec. 23; Rocky Mountain Express, Dec. 30.

Hart's Kensington Theatre: The Mysterious Burglar to fair houses. The Night Before Christmas follows Dec. 16; The Little Organ Grinder, Dec. 23.

Standard Theatre: Darcy and Speck's Stock company was favorably received this week in Forepaugh. For week Dec. 16, The Smugglers.

The Empire Theatre, Frankford, is making big preparations for the holidays. The Stanford Western Stock company is gaining in favor daily. Dumont's Minstrels are preparing their annual Christmas tree for the children. There is no such thing as dull times at this house.

The Metropolitan Opera company produce Madame Butterfly in Italian at the Academy of Music Dec. 17. A. FRANKMOR.

## BALTIMORE

**The Rich Mr. Hoggensheimer—Brewster's Millions—At Yale—The End of the Trail.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—Sam Bernard in The Rich Mr. Hoggensheimer kept large audiences in a merry mood at Ford's all last week. Next week, The Time, the Place and the Girl.

The Fawcett Stock company at Albaugh's Theatre played to its usual good patronage all last week, and for week of Dec. 16, Merchant of Venice, Richard III, and Hamlet will be given.

Brewster's Millions, with Edward Ables in the role of Monty Brewster, returned to the Academy last week and enjoyed a very successful engagement. Next week, Herbert Kelcey and Edie Shannon will appear in The Walls of Jericho.

At Yale was the bill which pleased large audiences at the Auditorium last week. For the next two weeks Bonita the Beautiful and Wine, Woman and Song will be the offering.

The End of the Trail, with an excellent cast including William Josey and Julia Gray, had a very successful week at Blaney's the past week. Next week, Shadowed by Three.

In their musical comedy, The Shoe Fly Regiment, Cole and Johnson held the stage at the Holiday Street, presenting a clever and amusing entertainment. Edna, the Pretty Typewriter, will follow.

The Philadelphia Orchestra will give a concert at the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening, Dec. 16. The Van Den Berg Opera company at the Princess presented The Mikado last week to appreciative audiences. A souvenir is given to every lady at each performance.

## BABY GIRL'S ECZEMA

**Covered with Yellow Sores—Sight of Eye Destroyed—Doctors Fail—Cured in a Week by Cuticura**

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema. We took her to three doctors, but by this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Doctor No. 3 said that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone, but that he could help it. Well, we were nearly discouraged. I thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., Aug. 17, 1906."

## PITTSBURGH

**Anna Held—James O'Neill—The Four Huntings—A Child Shall Lead Them.**  
(Special to The Mirror.)

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 14.—Anna Held in The Parisian Model has been drawing large houses at the Nixon this week. Robert Edison in Classroom comes next week.

At the Alvin, James O'Neill in Virginia, Monte Cristo and Julius Caesar has been pleasing crowds. The same attraction holds for next week.

The Four Huntings in The Pool House, at the Bijou, will be followed next week by The Card King of the Coast.

The Way of the Transgressor is at Blaney's, with A Child Shall Lead Them to come next week.

The Lipzin Yiddish company, with David Kessler, will occupy the Duquesne Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights.

At the Academy, Edmund Hayes as The Wise Guy is the attraction. The Gayety has Toby Claude with the Rents Santley company.

## MORE ARRESTS IN KANSAS CITY.

Fifty-four actors, actresses, managers and employees of theatres in Kansas City were indicted in that city on Tuesday for alleged violation of the law regarding Sunday amusements. Of this number thirty-three were arraigned on Tuesday and held under \$200 bonds, and similar action was taken with the others on Wednesday. The trials were set for Jan. 7. Most of the players are vaudeville performers, and the list included Lew Hawkins, Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell, Daisy Dumont, Blanche Holt, Belle Chase, Mother, Mile, Toona, Ella and Blanche Carson, Dawson and Jane, Finlay and Burke, Ernesto and Masera, George Schick, and Charley Kitts. Others were Burt Clark, A. H. Wilson, T. C. Hamilton, Margaret Lee, Katherine Sage, Charles French, Joseph Sullivan and May Stockton, of In Old Kentucky, and Crane Wilbur, Harry Hammill, George O. Beavans, Emma Rosalie, and Lydia Powell, with the Lottie, the Poor Sales Lady company.

## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Week ending December 21.  
ACADEMY OF MUSIC—The Lion and the Mouse—612 times, plus 8th week—30 to 36 times.  
ALHAMBRA—Vaudeville.  
AMERICAN—Helle, the Beautiful Coat Model.  
ASTOR—Sam Jones—6th week—42 to 48 times.  
BELASCO—The Warrens of Virginia—4th week—15 to 22 times.  
BERKELEY—Arnold Daly and Margaret Wycherly in A Child Shall Lead Them—5 to 12 times.  
BIJOU—Alla Nadimova in A Doll's House—42 times, plus 5th week—33 to 41 times.  
BROADWAY—The Round Up—46 times, plus 9th week—67 to 74 times.  
CASINO—The Gay White Way—11th week—23 to 30 times.  
CIRCLE—Closed Dec. 7.  
COLONIAL—Vaudeville.  
CRITICISM—Marie Dore in The Morals of Marcus—5th week—30 to 36 times.  
DALY—Closed Dec. 14.  
DEWEY—Lady Bird Burlesque.  
EMPIRE—John Drew in My Wife—16th week—121 to 128 times.  
FOURTEENTH STREET—Lillian Mortimer in Bunch in Arizona—28 times, plus 9 times.  
GARDEN—Closed Dec. 7.  
GARRICK—Closed Dec. 14.  
GERMAN—Ghosts, 1 time; Caporet, 1 time; Hans Ruckert, 1 time; On the Eve, 2 times.  
GOTHAM—High Jinks Burlesque.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Ernest Hogan in The Oyster Shell—9 times, plus 8 times.  
HACKETT—The Witching Hour—5th week—23 to 40 times.  
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE—Stock on in Harvest.  
HERALD SQUARE—Low Fields in The Girl Behind the Counter—12th week—65 to 70 times.  
HIPPODROME—The Auto Race and The Four Seasons—4th week.  
HUDSON—Rose Stahl in The Chorus Lady—315 times, plus 4th week—26 to 33 times.  
HURON AND SEAMON'S MUSIC HALL—Dainty Duchess Burlesque.  
KALICH—Yiddish Drama.  
KEITH & PROCTOR'S UNION SQUARE—Vaudeville.  
KEITH & PROCTOR'S 2ND STREET—Vaudeville.  
KEITH & PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE—Stock co. in The Night Before Christmas.  
KEITH & PROCTOR'S 10TH STREET—Vaudeville.  
KNICKERBOCKER—Victor Brown in The Talk of New York—3d week—19 to 21 times.  
LIBERTY—Chatterbox Oloft in O'Neill of Derry—4th week—26 to 33 times.  
LINCOLN SQUARE—Alvin Opera co. in The Chimes of Normandy.  
LONDON—Fay Foster Burlesque.  
LYCEUM—The Thief—15th week—114 to 121 times.  
LYRIC—The Secret Orchard—1st week—1 to 8 times.  
MADISON SQUARE—Closed Nov. 16.  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Closed.  
MAJESTIC—The Top of the World—9th week—40 to 75 times.  
MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—Grand Opera company in repertoire—7th week.  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Grand Opera company in repertoire—5th week.  
MINER'S BOWERY—Dreamland Burlesque.  
MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE—Cherry Blossom Burlesque.  
MURRAY HILL—Boston Belles.  
NEW AMSTERDAM—The Merry Widow—9th week—62 to 74 times.  
NEW STAR—The Four Corners of the Earth.  
NEW YORK—Vaudeville.  
PASTOR'S—Vaudeville.  
SAVOY—The Man of the Hour—35th week—428 to 445 times.  
STUYVESANT—David Warfield in A Grand Army Man—10th week—65 to 71 times.  
THALIA—The Original Cohen—9 times.  
VICTORIA—Vaudeville.  
WALLACE'S—A Knight for a Day—1st week—1 to 8 times.  
WEBER'S—Closed Dec. 7.  
WEST END—The Cat and the Fiddle—9 times.  
YORKVILLE—The Burglar and the Lady.

## For Nervous Women

Horsford's Acid Phosphate quiets the nerves, relieves nausea and headache, and induces refreshing sleep. Best of all tonics for debility and loss of appetite.

## JAMES HENRY STODDART DEAD.



James Henry Stoddart, the veteran actor, died at his home in Seward, N. J., on Dec. 9. Mr. Stoddart's last appearance on the stage was in April, 1905. He was playing in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* at Galt, Ont., when he was stricken with paralysis. After an illness of seven weeks in Galt, he was able to return to his home in Seward, N. J., where his son and daughter went to live with him. His death was due to a second stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Stoddart was born in Barnsley, Yorkshire, Oct. 13, 1827. His parents were Scotch players, his father having acted for twenty-four years at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. He made his debut when five years old in Douglas Jerrold's *The Rent Day*. At sixteen he played in Aberdeen and from there went to Liverpool, where he joined a stock company managed by Copeland, playing principally old men's parts. He then toured the provinces with Macready and Matthews appearing, among other parts, as Adam in *As You Like It*.

In 1854 he sailed for America, armed with a letter from Copeland to the elder Wallace. Upon his arrival in New York he was immediately given a position with the stock company at Wallace's Theatre. Here Stoddart met the elder Sotherton, John Brougham, Laura Keane and Miss Conover, who later became his wife. He stayed with Wallace for four seasons, appearing as Verges in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Bunyan in *In Progress*, Mountstuart in *Home, Ephraim* in *Wild Oats*, Cross in *School*, Jessop in *Lost at Sea*, Bunter in *Men and Acres*, the Trumpeter in *The Lanciers*, Magnus in *Minnie's Luck*, Our Mr. Jenkins in *The Two Roses*, Slick in *A Serious Family*, Sulley in *The Road to Ruin*, Dr. Pangloss in *The Heir at Law*, Dr. Gilford in *The Poor Gentleman*, Bill Downey in *The Unfinished Gentleman*, Bangles in *Randall's Thumb*, Pinchbeck in *Playing With Fire*, Bunberry Kobb in *Rosedale*, Sadloyle in *Elfin*, Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, Sir Henry Deoge in *A Jealous Wife*, Meddle in *London Assurance*, Jabez Jubal in *The Lost Trump Card*, Chryso in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and Murcott in *Our American Cousin*.

After leaving Wallace's he joined Laura Keane. Joseph Jefferson made his debut with Miss Keane, as Dr. Pangloss in *The Heir at Law*, Stoddart playing Steadfast. He next supported Charles Matthews in *Mobile and Montreal*, and afterward played with Edwin Booth in a stock company in Baltimore. In 1859 he supported Dion Boucicault at the Winter Garden in New York, and the next season supported Mrs. John Wood at the Olympic. In this company were James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. He appeared here in *The Streets of New York*, *Monte Cristo*, *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Our Mutual Friend*. One of his greatest hits was made as Moneybags in *A Long Strike*. He was now generally recognized as one of the leading character-actors in America.

After touring in *A Long Strike* he joined A. M. Palmer's stock company at the Union Square Theatre, where he remained for over twenty years. It was with Palmer that in 1883 he refused the part of Baron Chevalier in *A Parisian Romance*, knowing that he was unsuited to the part. This refusal gave Richard Mansfield the chance for his first great hit. While with Mr. Palmer, Stoddart appeared as Pierre Michel in *Rose Michel*, Martial in *Forrest*, Dr. Mordant in *Consentance*, Dr. Osborne in *Miss Maiton*, Zachariah in *The Dancheffa*, Noggs in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Jorkin Tubbs in *Pink Dominoes*, Gourmet in *The Mother's Secret*, Tiberge in *Montjoie*, Babbege in *The Banker's Daughter*, Althaus in *Lost Children*, Bonny in *French Flats*, Bidoche in *Daniel Rochat*, Chevalier de la Foutrette in *The Croire*, Ferri in *Felicita*, Dr. Mordant in *Consentance*, Seth Preme in *Lights of London*, John Rantau in *The Rantans*, Mr. Sefton in *Storm Beaten*, Abner Day in *Separation*, Lantille in *The Artist's Daughter*, Dr. Darcy in *Dupre* and Rosa Larose in *A French Boy*. He also appeared in *Sealed Instructions*, *Jacob Fletcher in Saints and Sinners*, *Sir Ellis Drake in The Martyr*, *Robbins in Heart of Hearts*, *Mr. Parr in Partners*, *Marshall in Captain Swift*, *Justice Mundle in Aunt Jack*, *Goldfinch in A Pair of Spectacles*, and *Colonel Preston in Alabama*.

After leaving Mr. Palmer he appeared as Joe Aymer in *The Sporting Duchess*, and in *The Fatal Card*. He then appeared with Henry Miller in *The Only Way*. In 1896 he starred as Lochlan Campbell in *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. In 1902 he published his memoirs, under the name of "Recollections of a Player."

## FRANK LOSEE VERY ILL.

Frank Losee, who plays Padre Antonio in *The Rose of the Rancho*, mysteriously disappeared after the performance at Providence, R. I., on Dec. 10, and an understudy took his part. Thursday evening Mr. Losee walked into his boarding place in that city very ill and unable to tell where he had been or why he left so suddenly. He was put to bed and Dr. F. L. Husey, who was called, said later that Losee is very sick and can see no one. Losee is badly bruised about the hands and legs, although there is no mark on his face. Mrs. Losee was summoned from New York.

## IN BROOKLYN THEATRES.

The attraction this week at the Manhattan Theatre is *Breast of the Moon*. Next week, *Rattle Williams in The Little Church*.

Maud Adams, in *Peter Pan*, is seen this week at the Broadway Theatre. Sam Bernard in *The Rich Mr. Bozengruber* next week.

The Rose of the Rancho, with Frances Starr and a strong cast, is the offering for one week at the Shubert Theatre.

The Manhattan Theatre has Cora Spencer this week in two plays, *The Dancer* and *The King and The Girl*. The engagement will last for two weeks.

The Little Organ Grinder is the attraction for the week at the Follie Theatre. Next week, *Nellie*, the Beautiful Chick Model.

Phantom is produced by Cora Spencer's Players at the Lee Avenue Theatre this week.

This week will finish advanced vaudeville at the Grand Opera House. The Alton Opera company will occupy the house beginning Dec. 23, opening with *Robin Hood*.

## VAUDEVILLE.

The bill this week at the Orpheum is: *The Star Boat*, *Frederick Bond*, *Freemont*, *Benton* and company, *Shields* and *Bogers*, *Dan Burke*, *Mathews* and *Ashley*, *Nichols Sisters*, *Eight Bonadus Arala*, *Kemp's Tales of the Wild*, and *Princess Trille*.

The Grand Opera House has: *Madame Irma Monti*, *Baldini* and company in *Carmen*, *Trixie Frigiana*, *Jack Norworth*, *Winston's* solo, *Rudie Furman*, *Juan Colorado*, *Maud Hall*, *Macy* and company, *Zobodie*, and *Mama Tris*.

There is an exceptional bill this week at Keener's Theatre, with Sergeant Howard S. Starrett with his trained horses as a headliner. Others are Dorothy Howard and company, *Bliss* and *Prevost*, *Hilbert* and *Warner*, and *Scott* and *Whally*.

## MRS. RANKIN'S TESTIMONIAL.

With the exception of the abate every foot of space was taken up at the Broadway Theatre last Thursday afternoon, which was the occasion of the testimonial to Mrs. McKee Rankin (Kitty Blanchard). The testimonial was given under the auspices of the women of the stage. Nearly \$7,500 was realized for the fund from the sale of seats and contributions from various sources.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez sold programmes for 25 cents each. She was assisted by a number of pretty girls who sold both programmes and candy. From this source about \$400 was realized. Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, and Tony Pastor each paid \$100 for single seats, and Grace George gave \$50 for a chair. A programme upon which was written the autographs of all the actors taking part in the afternoon's performance was auctioned off by Victor Moore. Sam Harris got the programme for \$100.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, in his usual eloquent style appeared before the curtain and delivered a glowing tribute to the fame of the old actress. Following Mr. Thomas, Law Fields began the programme with the highly entertaining waltz scene from *The Girl Behind the Counter*. Lew Fields was assisted by George Deban and Messrs. Mitchell, Castle, and Torrey. Rose Stahl followed in the second act, *The Chorus Lady*, assisted by Amy Lester, Claire Lane, Helen Hilton, Annie Ives, Margaret Wheeler, Carolyn Green, Amy Lee, Eva Dennison, Maude Knowlton, Thomas Maguire, Garrett Campbell, and John Adams, the other members of the cast in this scene.

May Irwin sang a song and gave two original readings, and was followed by Madame Nasimova in the third act of *A Dog's House*. Those who appeared in this act with Madame Nasimova were Dodson Mitchell, Warner Oland, Cyril Young, Rosalind Ivan, Jacques Martin, Lillian Singleton, Gladys Huette and Violet Hill.

Marshall P. Wilder appeared before the curtain and entertained the house with a couple of stories, after which Elsie Janis appeared and gave imitations of Richard Carle, Eddie Foy, Sam Bernard, and Harry Lander.

Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson gave *The Merry Widow* waltz, and were followed by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, giving his arrangement of *"American Fantasy."* The trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice* came next, with Viola Allen as Portia and Ernest Novelli as Shylock, speaking his native language. Cecelia Loftus took the part of Nerissa. Edmund Brown played the Duke of Venice, John E. Kellard played Antonio, Edwin Arden played Gratiano, Forrest Robinson played Bassanio, Charles Lane played Salanio, and Frank H. Westerson played Balarino. Victor Moore, assisted by the chorus in *The Talk of New York*, completed the programme.

## LEONA BALL.



## ALDERMEN VOTE ON SUNDAY QUESTION.

The New York Board of Aldermen held a meeting Tuesday last, at which Alderman Douli introduced an ordinance permitting sacred, educational, vocal, instrumental concerts, lectures, addresses, recitations and singing on Sundays. There was a warm discussion and when the vote had been counted there were 35 in favor of the resolution and 34 against it. The ordinance was referred to the Committee on Laws and Legislation, who held a public hearing on Friday, listening to many speeches for and against the ordinance. The committee will make a report to the Board on Tuesday, Dec. 17, when another vote will be taken. The people affected by the enforcement of the law were very active during the week. The motion-picture managers and the owners of the penny arcades formed an organization and engaged lawyers to seek injunctions to prevent the police from interfering with them. The theatrical managers held another meeting at the Hotel Astor and decided to conform with the law for another Sunday at least, awaiting the outcome of the next meeting of the Board of Aldermen. The management of the Eden Musee made a special application for an injunction that will allow the showing of the wax figures, without the usual concert.

## AMUSEMENT COMPANIES INCORPORATED.

The following amusement companies were incorporated at Albany during the past week: The Fred Mace Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$10,000; directors, Fred Mace, Walter Lawrence, and Frank Hulac, New York. Tauber Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$2,000; directors, David Steinhardt, H. W. Gugler, and G. A. Gottlieb, New York. World Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$10,000; directors, W. P. McKown, Brooklyn, and F. L. Nugent and O. L. Minge, New York.

## BERTHA KALICH.

Bertha Kalich has achieved the greatest success of her career in Harrison Grey Fiske's production of *Marta of the Lowlands*, the thrilling drama by Angel Guimera, the Catalan dramatist. Every phase of the life of its heroine—a young peasant woman with a primitive, passionate nature, that at last finds happiness in a noble love—is splendidly depicted by Kalich. Her *Madama* comes for her moving pathos, her wealth of emotional feeling and her overwhelming outbursts of dramatic force. Her acting has received the enthusiastic applause of large audiences everywhere, and the warmest of praise from leading reviewers. W. L. Hubbard, of the Chicago "Tribune," says: "Madama Kalich's impersonation is a piece of dramatic acting such as the Chicago stage has not seen from any actress in years, and to miss it is to miss one of the truly great moments that come but rarely in the theatre's experience." Marta of the Lowlands is fair to be come here, as it is in Europe, Mexico, and South America, a popular classic. It is real drama, with a plot remarkable for a strength which grips and holds the spectator to the close. The scenes are in the lowlands of the Pyrenees, and there are the opportunities for picturesque scenery and costumes. The characters are mostly from among the Catalan peasants, and the story in which they figure is universal in its humanity, while the Latin temperament gives it fire and passion. Madama Kalich since she came under Mr. Fiske's direction has quickly assumed a place among the few great actors of the day. In the various roles in which she has appeared she has shown a diversity of attributes which go to make up the really great artist. In no character, however, has she won greater popularity than in her present offering.

## WANTS

Rates, 10 words per line, each additional word 2c. Advertisements of a strictly commercial nature excluded. Terms, cash with order.

ASPIRING amateur or professional dramatic lady actress with some songs to meet and star jointly with prominent actor; own company. First-class booking and profitable business assured. Postals, DRAMATIC MIRROR.

IF you want your legal business promptly looked after, James Foster Williams (Colonial Building), theatrical lawyer, of 207 Broadway, New York, can do it.

I HAVE it! Your new play! Either on hand or written to order. 128 Noble Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LADY Agents Wanted—Members of touring companies can make big money selling *Seventy-Six* of the *Elks' National Home*, to Elks. Address T. W. Richardson, Bedford City, Virginia.

MELODRAMA to let on low royalty, season 1908-9. Southern or Eastern territory. Good money maker, now playing big one-night stands to good business. Small cast, elegant line of songs. Night shows half interest with good, reliable acting men. Responsible parties only. Address Mgr. Melodrama, 205 20th Ave., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

SCENIC ARTIST for house productions or road touring—see list of references. J. M. Majestic Theatre, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Clever girl, able to do some singing and dancing, for vaudeville act. Call or address Dana De Haven, care Hallett's office, Room 617, Ketchikan Theatre Annex, 1428 Broadway.

WANTED—Music composer to write music to song poems and publish same as partners to all royalties received from publishers. Address "Tragic," Minn.

## COMING EVENTS.

Dec. 19—The Bad Boy and His Teddy Bears, Disney's, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dec. 20—On the Eve, German Theatre, New York.

Dec. 20—Julia Marlowe, in *Gloria*, New Haven, Conn.

Dec. 22—Paid in Full, Montreal, Can.

Dec. 22—James K. Hackett, in *John Gayde's Honour*, Daly's, New York.

Dec. 22—Maxine Elliott, in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Garrick, New York.

Dec. 22—York and Adams in *Playing the Poses*, Circle, New York.

Dec. 22—Folly of the Circus, Liberty Theatre, New York.

Dec. 22—The Bad Boy and His Teddy Bears, Disney's, Lincoln Square, New York.

Dec. 24—Maude Adams, in *Peter Pan*, Empire, New York.

Dec. 25—Ethel Barrymore, in *Her Sister, Hudson*, New York.

Dec. 25—Mary Shaw's tour in *Ghosts*, Candide, and Mrs. Warren's Profession begins.

Dec. 26—Florence Roberts in *Sham*, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 26—Miss Hook of Holland, Criterion, New York.

Jan. 5—Doris O'Halloran, in *Penny Macree*, McVey's, Chicago.

Jan. 6—The Waltz Dream, Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Jan. 6—William Gillette, in *The Little Affair* at Boston.

Jan. 6—Maude Adams, in *Quality Street*, Empire, New York.

Jan. 6—Funibashi, Casino, New York.

Jan. 6—Paid in Full, Astor Theatre, New York.

Jan. 13—Maude Adams in *The Jesters*, Empire, New York.

Jan. 20—New Ziegfeld Review, Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Jan. 27—The Waltz Dream, Broadway Theatre, New York.

Jan. 27—E. H. Sothern, Lyric Theatre, New York.

## HUBERT LABADIE IN FAUST.

Hubert Labadie, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is now in his sixteenth year with Faust. He began his career as an actor in Detroit twenty-nine years ago in Shakespearean drama. Fifteen years ago he began starring in the part of Mephistopheles in Faust, and his success has grown with each successive season. His production this year is entirely new, and the best he has ever carried. The electrical effects, in particular, are noteworthy. Mr. Labadie being an advanced student of electrical science, and having introduced many novel features along this line.

## MATTERS OF FACT.

James A. Hilsa, the somewhat stout comedian who has been playing the Honorable Gideon Gay in *The Rogers Brothers in Panama*, has tendered his resignation and will terminate his engagement with the company in Baltimore, Md., Saturday evening, Dec. 28. He is playing in Washington, D. C., this week.

George Allison, leading man with the stock company at the Windsor Theatre, Winnipeg, Canada, is one of the most popular stock actors in the country and is noted for the careful preparation he gives to all of the characters he portrays.

James L. Carhart is located at 128 West Thirty-seventh street, New York City.

The Thomas J. Ryan-Richfield company is still winning hearty laughs in the leading vaudeville houses with the Haggerty sketches written by Will M. Haggerty. Mr. Ryan is one of the ablest Irish comedians on the boards, and Miss Richfield lends him admirable support.

CHB Gordon is a popular German comedian, who has a unique sociality, in which he impersonates a German politician, who orates on the topics of the day in a very amusing fashion. Mr. Gordon is one of the foremost vaudeville who are seldom troubled with open dates.

The Wilkeson Theatrical Exchange, which is located at 54 Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill., has among its clients some of the best known comedians known in the theatrical profession. This is a firm that can be depended upon to deliver the goods.

The Three College Girls, Cornelia Hollingshead, Dorothy Turner and Georgia Duvall, will appear in vaudeville in a novel sketch called *The Fickle Mr. Portocane*, by Wilbur Hyman, under the management of C. C. Richardson.

George B. Snyder and Harry Buckley are now in their sixteenth season as partners in vaudeville. They do a comedy musical act that has no superior. One of the reasons for their continued success is the fact that they are always adding something new to their turn. This season their act is practically new and is the best they have ever offered.

W. H. Murphy, Blanche Nichols and company have played from Zanzibar to Uncle Tom over 600 times in New York, and it is still extremely popular with vaudeville. The work of Mr. Murphy and Miss Nichols is acrobatically funny, and their act is one of the standard headline attractions.

Mary Prebble is in a position to place American plays in England and to arrange for foreign productions. She may be addressed in care of *The Mirror*.

The "hustling agent," Jay Packard, is continually living up to his dowered nickname. Players who deal with him find him untiring in his efforts in their behalf.

Walter Hibbell, who is being featured as Agatha in *The Royal Slave*, is in his second season in that role. His repertoire includes *Richard III*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Brutus*, *Shylock*, *Hamlet*, *Nicholas*, *Herod*, *Damon*, *Pescara*, and *Amelia*. Address care Minn.

The Vance and Sullivan Company is composed of Clay T. Vance, president, and J. F. Sullivan, secretary and treasurer. The attractions which this company has had on the road this season have met with their usual degree of success. For time apply to them at 1441 Broadway, New York City.

Barnett, 323 State Street, Chicago, Ill., is doing a good business in dresses, sealskin coats and furs, for stage and street.

Charles L. Leitz, 39 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, has been established in business since 1877. The Leitz wigs and toupees, for stage and street wear, are unexcelled.

Granville F. Sturge, the dramatist, always has plays on hand. He is located at 128 Noble Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Thompson Music Company, the prominent Chicago song publishing house, is offering to the public this year two big hits: *"When Vacation Days Are Over"* and *"Common Sense."* The company takes pleasure in sending professional copies free. A complete list of their songs will be mailed upon application.

May and Flora Heugler are now on tour with the Rogers Brothers in Panama company, and are being enthusiastically received everywhere. Communications may be addressed to Low's Exchange, New York City.

## NEW YORK THEATRES.

New York Theatres Under Direction of Sam A. and Lee Shubert, Inc.

**HIPPODROME** Entire Block, 6th Ave. 4th to 6th Sts. Dty. Main, best seats, \$1. Evenings \$2. to \$1.50. Greater, Grandest, Bigger than Ever

**THE AUTO RACE**  
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**THE WINTER CARNIVAL**  
All New Circus Acts in the Arena.

**LYRIC** 6th St. W. of F-way. Tel. 1048 Bryant. Ev'g 8:15. Mat. Wed. and Sat.

**The Secret Orchard**  
Channing Pollock's New Play.  
SPECIAL MATINEE, CHRISTMAS.

**CASINO** F-way and 5th St. Tel. 1048 Bryant. Ev'g 8:15. Main Thurs. & Sat. 8:15.

JEFFERSON BLANCHER ALEXANDER

DE ANGELIS RING CARR

**The Gay White Way**

Special Matinee Christmas and New Year's.

**DALY'S** Broadway and 50th St. Tel. 1048 Bryant.

CLOSED THIS WEEK  
REOPENS MONDAY, DEC. 23.

**JAMES K. HACKETT**  
IN  
**JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR**

A New Play by Alfred Sutro

Seats Ready Thursday, Dec. 19th.

**MAJESTIC** Broadway and 50th St. Tel. 1048 Bryant.

Evenings at 8:15. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. 2:15. Wilbur Shubert Co., Prop's.

**The Top o' th' World**

GEORGE W. MONROE ANNA LAUGHLIN RAILLY & AUSTIN

Souvenir Billie of the Daily Matinee Beginning Dec. 18.

**HERALD SQUARE** F-way & 5th St. Tel. 1048-15.

Evenings, 8:15. Main, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:15.

**LEW FIELDS**  
In the Great Musical Hit,  
**The Girl Behind**  
**The Counter**

Main, Xmas, New Year's and Thurs., Dec. 26.

**THE HACKETT THEATRE**  
4th St., West of Broadway.

Evenings, 8:15. Main, Thurs Xmas and New Year's.

MR. HACKETT, Sole Lessee and Manager

**JOHN MASON**  
In Augustus Thomas' Masterpiece,  
**"The Witching Hour"**

"Is a really remarkable play."—New York Times.

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Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2

DAVID BELASCO presents

**DAVID WARFIELD**  
In a New American Play,  
**A GRAND ARMY MAN**

By David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short

**DELASCO THEATRE**  
43d St., West of Broadway.

Evenings at 8:15. Mat. Saturday, 2:15.

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**THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA**

A New American Play by Wm. C. de Mille.

With a Notable Cast, Including

CHARLOTTE WALKER FRANK KERNAN

**BLANEY'S LINCOLN SQ. THEATRE**  
Broadway, 6th St.

Even. 8:15, 10, 11, 12:30. Wed. Mat., 2:15 & 5:15. Sat. Mat., 2:15 & 5:15.

LAST WEEK.

**ABORN OPERA CO.**  
**Chimes of Normandy**

**PASTOR'S**  
MATINEE EVERY DAY

Katherine Miley, Fiske and McDonough, Gilbert and Katen, Potter and Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and Company, Peckless Two Weeks Three

Nightingales, Evans Trio, Jeanne Conches, Winslow and Conner, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome More and Company.

**THE DEWEY** 214th Street.

Ladies' Matinee To-day.

**THE LADY BIRDS**

2 Burlesques. Vaudeville. Big Amateur Night Every Thursday

**THE GOTHAN** 214th Street.

Ladies' Matinee To-day.

**NIGHTINGALES**

"Rehearsal" 9:15. Vaudeville. Big Amateur Night Every Friday

# THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

## NEW VAUDEVILLE ACTS.

A SCARCITY OF NOVEL OFFERINGS, BUT TWO WELL-KNOWN STARS APPEAR

May Irwin, Suzanne Adams, Sam Rowley, The Georgetown and The Six American Dancers Make Up the Short List of Newcomers.

The following new acts were seen in the local theatres last week:

### Back to Vaudeville.

May Irwin returned to the field in which she and her sister Flo made their first success, and headed the bill at the Colonial. It must be recorded that Miss Irwin's turn is very ordinary and that she made no special effort to earn the enormous salary she is receiving. She went at her work in a careless, indifferent, hurry-up-and-get-it-over fashion, and did not make much more of an impression than the average "three songs and off" sourette. She opened with a song about bumble-bees and some colored folks that were sung by them, and followed it with a ditty that told of a woman who was weary of lending everything, including her husband. Then came a short recitation and a song called "I Couldn't Come Home in the Dark," that was fairly amusing. In this Miss Irwin did a short, old-fashioned "walk-around." As an encore she recited a short bit of humorous verse, and the boys hurried out with the cards announcing the next number in a way that showed that the star was not to be coaxed into doing anything more. Following the really remarkable turn of Princess Trizie, a trained mare, Miss Irwin's offering seemed tame and commonplace, and the salary earned by the mare is said to have been less than one-seventh of the amount paid to the headliner.

### Grand Opera Star Appears.

Suzanne Adams, formerly a grand opera star, and who has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, made her local vaudeville debut at the New York Theatre. Her opening number was the "Jewell Song" from Faust, which was followed by "Speak But One Word." "Comin' Thro' the Rye" called forth a hearty encore and the singer rendered "Home, Sweet Home" with splendid effect. After several recalls she sang a short song called "Sunbeam." While the operatic selection was applauded, it was quite evident that the homelier songs were what the spectators wanted, and Miss Adams showed excellent judgment in fitting her repertoire to her new surroundings. The singer must be credited with having made an extremely pleasing impression, but her measure of success would hardly justify the salary of \$5,000 a week mentioned in the advertisements.

### An Australian Comedian.

Sam Rowley, a comedian from Australia, was introduced to New York by Tony Pastor. Mr. Rowley dresses and makes up in eccentric fashion, and follows the style of entertainment common to the general run of English monologists. He is short in stature and has a voice quite out of proportion to his size that has a wide range. He uses it very effectively, and his efforts were received with every evidence of approval.

### Very Clever Acrobats.

The Georgetown were seen for the first time at the New York Theatre, in a turn that is deserving of the warmest praise. They do a splendid routine of tricks, in many of which the youngest member plays a very prominent part. He is tossed about in what seems a very reckless manner, but always lands in the right place, wearing an engaging smile. The turn is one of the best of its kind imported this season.

### Smart Dancing Act.

The Six American Dancers made their New York debut at the 125th Street Theatre. They are all lively and attractive, and show the results of much careful training. The dances introduced are all cleverly done, and the costuming and equipment is elaborate and expensive. The turn pleased the patrons, and is of the sort that is certain to make a good impression anywhere.

### CRYSTAL WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Adams celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage at their home, 321 West Forty-fourth Street, on Sunday evening, Dec. 8. A bountiful supper was served, the table being decorated with American flags, after which there was singing by Master Royal Mackey, and speeches by Burns O'Sullivan and Maudie Kimball. Many handsome presents in cut glass were received by Mr. and Mrs. Adams, as well as several letters and telegrams of congratulation from out of town friends. Mrs. Adams has been a helpless invalid for the past six years, but is cheerful under her affliction, and was one of the gayest at the merry party. Among those present were Rose La Harle, Mr. and Mrs. James Combes, Maudie Kimball, Burns O'Sullivan, Anna Courtney, Charles Souss and others from the Hippodrome, where Mr. Adams has been playing for the past four seasons. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Mackey and their two sons, Theodore and Royal, of Brooklyn, and Henry Edwards, of Montreal, also enjoyed the occasion.

### TEMPLE SUES VOEGTLIN.

Edward P. Temple, stage director of the Hippodrome, has started a suit against Arthur Voegtlin, the scenic artist of the big playhouse, for \$125,000, alleging that he has been injured to that amount by slanderous stories alleged to have been spread by Mr. Voegtlin. The defendant was arrested on Thursday by a deputy sheriff on an order issued by Justice Truax of the Supreme Court, but was immediately released when Lee Shubert put up a bond for \$2,500.

### SUMMONED IN A HURRY.

Catherine Countess had a chance to show her talent as a quick change artist last week. She was not booked for the work and had settled down at her home in 137th Street for at least seven days' rest, when at 5.30 on Monday afternoon she got a "hurry call" from the United Booking Office to go to Trenton, N. J., to fill the place of a missing act. She called her company of three people together by telephone, summoned a cab, had her trunk put on top of it, and hurried for the train. She and her company reached Trenton at 8.25, put on her sketch, Zaza's Ill, at the Trent Theatre at 9 o'clock, and at its conclusion received four curtain calls.

### MARRIED ON THE STAGE.

On Friday, Dec. 6, at the Lafayette Theatre, Buffalo, Jules Jacobs, of Jacobs and West, touring with the Sam Devere company, was married to Sadie York, a non-professional, of Jamestown, N. Y., by the Rev. Mr. Piper, of Grace M. E. Church. The wedding took place on the stage, in full view of the audience, which was unusually large, owing to the fact that the groom is a native of Buffalo. A substantial purse, contributed by the company, was presented to the happy pair.

## ANY AMES.



Photo Hall, N. Y.

Amy Ames, the well-known comedienne, is now appearing in vaudeville, offering her new monologue, The Chambermaids' Union, in which she introduces a little song concerning an old maid's parrot, giving an imitation of the bird, that always creates a whirl of merriment. Miss Ames established her reputation in the farces of the late Charles H. Hoyt, originating many roles, and invariably winning success. For five seasons she played with Donnelly and Girard, and she has also appeared in many big productions, including the original production of Ninety and Nine. Miss Ames' special forte is the delineation of Irish characters, in which she excels, but she is experienced and clever in all lines of character portrayal.

## HANNERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.

McMahon's Pullman Porter Maids, Edna Luby, and Karna's Company Score Hits.

A well balanced bill attracted the usual large audiences. Tim McMahon and Edythe Chappelle, backed up by the Pullman Porter Maids, had the most important act on the programme, as Mr. McMahon carries special and elaborate scenery and leaves nothing undone that will add to the value of his offering. The Pullman Porter Maids act in big and well staged, and in practically two acts in one, as the specialty of McMahon and Chappelle is interpolated and makes the turn doubly attractive. It was splendidly received and the stars and girls were recalled several times. Edna Luby replaced Charlotte Parry and company most acceptably. She imitated Edna May, Marie Dressler, Anna Held, Alice Lloyd, David Warfield, and Vesta Victoria, proving her versatility and cleverness in no uncertain way. Fred Karna's London Pan-tomime company kept the house in roars with A Night in an English Music Hall. Warren and Blanchard made William Hammerstein laugh when they sang a coon song in German. Josephine Sabal scored with her vivacious rendition of popular songs. Billy S. Clifford was on next to last, but managed to squeeze through. The Sisters Delmore opened the bill very nicely, and Keno, Welsh and Melrose closed it acceptably. Alec Hurley and company, for their second week, offered The Costers' Concert.

## PASTOR'S.

Devlin and Ellwood, Clayton and Drew, Sam Rowley, and Carrie Scott Win Favor.

There were several interesting numbers in Mr. Pastor's list last week and good audiences expressed their approval of his selection of artists. James S. Devlin and Mae Ellwood, who made a hit here several weeks ago in The Girl from Yonkers, returned as headliners in the same sketch and scored once more. Murray Clayton and Lillian Drew in A Knight in Rome have a travesty that pleases the masses. Carrie Scott, who has been absent from New York for a very long time, had a rousing reception at her opening performance, which showed that she had not been forgotten. Her tough girl specialty is still her strongest card. Bartlett and Collins entertained cleverly and were applauded. John F. Clark sang topically and talked humorously. Grace Orma pleased with some songs, and Milton's dogs entertained the youngsters. Clifford and Hall with songs and comedy. James A. Welch and company in Finnigan's Flirtation, the Harringtons, Mike Scott, the quaint and original singer and dancer; Juggling De Lisle, and the vitagraph rounded out the bill. Sam Rowley's act is reviewed elsewhere.

## COLONIAL.

May Irwin Heads the List.—Princess Trizie a Remarkable Animal.

May Irwin made her reappearance in vaudeville and her engagement attracted much attention. Her act is reviewed elsewhere. Bond and Benton appeared in the amusing farce Handkerchief No. 15, assisted by Carrie Lee Stoyie, Francis Yale, and Jack Cobb. Winner McCay replaced James J. Morton and scored a big hit with his cleverly drawn sketches, entitled "The Seven Ages." Princess Trizie, a highly educated equine, gave an exhibition that kept everybody guessing as to how the tricks were done. Dan Burke and his Schoolgirls put on a very lively singing and dancing number, in which the "poetry of motion" is admirably shown. The Bedouin Arabs tumbled recklessly, and Fields and Ward tried some new remarks that won favor. Other numbers were the Italian Trio, Shields and Rogers, lariat experts, and the motion pictures.

## MELVILLE SAILS FOR EUROPE

Frederick Melville sailed for Europe on Dec. 14 on the Lusitania on a flying trip to attend to some important matters in connection with European bookings for American acts. He has had the dates for his Motegiri act rearranged and will return in time to open with it in Boston on Jan. 20, and from that date will play the Keith and Proctor houses. Moran and Nier, the hat-jugglers, are under Mr. Melville's management, and he has booked them to open in Berlin. John C. Rice and Eddie Cohen have also commissioned Mr. Melville to look after their interests in Europe. Sheila, the Hindoo conjuror, brought over here by Mr. Melville, returned to Europe with him.

## THE KEITH AND PROCTOR THEATRES.

The Fadettes, Cressy and Dayne, Ross and Fenton, and Gertrude Hoffman Are Leaders.

### Union Square.

The Fadettes of Boston were the main attraction and drew their admirers in large numbers. Charles F. Semon had some new remarks concerning his narrow appearance. Paul Batty's bears made a big hit with the children, going through their clumsy antics. Raymond and Caverly scored with their Dutchisms. Catherine Hayes and Sabel Johnson, with their stunning figures becomingly gowned, pleased with A Dream of Baby Days. The Fadettes introduced many odd juggling feats, and Netta Vesta warbled some of the songs of the day in smart fashion. Foy and Clark in The Spring of Youth won many laughs. Willie Hale's tricks won favor, and Wise and Milton, Wood and Lawson, the Nohrens, and the pictures did their share to amuse and entertain.

### Twenty-third Street.

The headliner position was divided equally between Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne and Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton. Cressy and Dayne scored a hit in The Village Lawyer, one of Mr. Cressy's best sketches. Ross and Fenton, who appeared by permission of Joe Weber, were seen in the amusing comedietta Just Like a Woman, written by Mr. Ross. During the action of the sketch Mr. Ross gave his imitation of Harry Lauder, which aroused genuine enthusiasm. The Roman Opera company was a big feature, and the Picchiani did some good work in the acrobatic line. Mignonette Kokin, with her songs; Eckhoff and Gordon, comedy musicians; Swor Brothers, comedians; Galletti's monkeys, and the pictures were the other numbers.

### Fifty-eighth Street.

Stella Mayhew headed a bill that was made up of popular and pleasing numbers. Her songs are well rendered and she was repeatedly encored. Two acts that were decidedly to the liking of the patrons were those of Brown, Harris and Brown and the Aron Comedy Four. Both are full of rough comedy, and both made solid hits. The Nichols Sisters, real impersonators of the Southern darkey girl, and Hoey and Lea, with Hebrew jests and parodies, scored. Charles Wilson, the English jumper, and Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs won their share of applause.

### 125th Street.

With two exceptionally strong headliners and an excellent bill to support them, the business at this house was very large. Gertrude Hoffman with her imitative caricatures, and the big production, The Star Boat, with Taylor Granville, both scored heartily. The Seven Perfection Monarchs, club manipulators; Martin Brothers, Jimmie Lucas, the new monologist; Bobby North, with the latest Hebrew jokes and songs; Stelling and Revelle, expert gymnasts; the pictures, and the Six American dancers, whose act is reviewed elsewhere, won their share of popular approval.

## ALHAMBRA.

Fred Walton, Grace Emmett, Lily Lena, and Cameron and Flanagan Score.

An excellent bill made up of well-known acts attracted audiences that tested the capacity of the house. Fred Walton was the headliner, and his pantomime was splendidly done. Loud laughter punctuated the presentation of Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband by Grace Emmett and company. Lily Lena, for her second week, changed her song and acted as headliner in The Girl from Yonkers, returned as headliners in the same sketch and scored once more. Murray Clayton and Lillian Drew in A Knight in Rome have a travesty that pleases the masses. Carrie Scott, who has been absent from New York for a very long time, had a rousing reception at her opening performance, which showed that she had not been forgotten. Her tough girl specialty is still her strongest card. Bartlett and Collins entertained cleverly and were applauded. John F. Clark sang topically and talked humorously. Grace Orma pleased with some songs, and Milton's dogs entertained the youngsters. Clifford and Hall with songs and comedy. James A. Welch and company in Finnigan's Flirtation, the Harringtons, Mike Scott, the quaint and original singer and dancer; Juggling De Lisle, and the vitagraph rounded out the bill. Sam Rowley's act is reviewed elsewhere.

## ANOTHER CHANGE IN BROOKLYN.

The Park Theatre, opposite Borough Hall in Brooklyn, has been secured by the Empire Circuit and after Dec. 23 will be devoted to burlesque. It is just around the corner from Hyde and Behman's Olympic, which also houses burlesque, and only a few blocks from the Star, where the gay travesty players also hold forth. The Park Theatre has had a checked career. For the past few weeks it has been occupied by the Hal Clarendon Stock company. This week The Rose of the Rancho is playing there, under an old contract made with the Shuberts.

## NIBLO AT THE MINES.



Photo by Josephine Cohen.

The above snapshot of Fred Niblo and two young employees of the mines at Johannesburg, South Africa, was made by Mrs. Niblo just after her husband had emerged from a sight-seeing trip hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. The ornament hanging under Mr. Niblo's chin is a "breather" used to prevent dust and gas from entering the lungs.

## BENJAMIN CHAPIN.



Mr. Chapin as Lincoln in his own one-act play, At the White House, week of Dec. 9, at the Orpheum Theatre, Boston. Mr. Chapin will play a return week as headliner at this theatre.

## NEW YORK.

Suzanne Adams, Maudie Hall-Macy, Calceado and Others Entertain.

The New York debut of Suzanne Adams as a vaudeville star was an important event and record of it is made in another column. Calceado, "King of the Wire," was given a very cordial welcome, and his remarkable feats again astonished everybody. Calceado has been bouncing on the wire for many years, but his act is as good as it was in his youth. Maudie Hall-Macy played a return engagement in The Magic and the Jay and repeated her former success, in which her company shared. Greene and Warner were very happy in their jungle skit, and Julian Rose continued to tell his Hebrew stories with good results. The Quigley Brothers in their very amusing dialogue were one of the big hits of the week. Mlle. Chester and her status dog, Radio Furman, and the Georgetown, whose act is reviewed elsewhere, made up the remainder of the bill.

## THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

PASTOR'S.—Katherine Miller, Fluke and McDonough, Gilbert and Katen, Potter and Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and company, Fearless Two Macks, Three Nightingales, Evans Trio, Jenny Conchas, Winans and Casler, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome Mora and company.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S UNION SQUARE.—Rogers and Deely, Cameron and Flanagan, Agnes Mahr and company, Lambert, the Sandwines, Kathryn Dahl, the Kratos, Patsy Doyle and others.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—Marie Lloyd, Fanny Rice, Ruth Allen and company, Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Honey, Will Rogers, Martin Brothers, Howard and Howard, Kramer and Belchairs.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.—Folly Pickles' Pets in Pettland, Adelaide Hermann, Netta Vesta, in a Japanese Garden, Raymond and Caverly, Three Leightons, Eckhoff and Gordon, Picchiani Troupe.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET.—McMahon and Chappelle and the Pullman Porter Maids, Will Rogers, Harry Corson Clarke and company, Billy Clifford, Delmore and Lea, Macart's monkeys, Wotpert Trio, Clarence Sisters.

HANNERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.—Valaska Surratt and William Gould, William Courtleigh and company, Corinna, the Six English Rockers and Nellie Florida, Lily Lena, Les Trombetta, Frederick Brothers and Burns, Brothers Damin, Dill and Ward.

COLONIAL.—Robert Hilliard and company, Empire City Quartette, Roman Opera company, Motoring, Waterbury Brothers and Tony, Kitabani Troupe, Collins and Brown, the Sandwines.

ALHAMBRA.—Betty King, William Hawtrey and company, the Novella, Searl and Violet Allen company, Basque Quartette, Meredith Sisters, Bert Levy, Goltz Trio, Cook and Sylvia.

NEW YORK.—Louis Mann and company, Josephine Cohen and company, Fred Niblo, Cottrell-Powell Troupe, Baron's Burlesque Managerie, Walthour Bicycle Troupe, J. W. Winton, Johnny Johns, O Kabe Japanese Troupe.

## The Burlesque Houses.

DEWEY.—W. B. Watson's Burlesquers were a good drawing card, and the travesties and olio met with favor. The comedy is of the slap-dash order, but it was quite to the liking of the patrons. This week, The Lady Birds.

GOHAM.—The Ideal Extravaganza company pleased twelve good-sized crowds, and the various performers won applause. This week, High Jinks Burlesquers.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—The Bohemian Burlesquers met with the appreciation of large audiences. This week, Cherry Blossoms.

HURTIG AND SEAMON'S.—Phil Sheridan's City Sports did a large business, partly owing to the engagement of Terry McGovern and Young Corbett. This week, Dainty Duches.

LONDON.—Miner's Americans, with lively burlesque and vaudeville, entertained in a pleasing way. This week, Fay Foster company.

MURRAY HILL.—The Vanity Fair Burlesquers were well received by fair audiences. This week, Boston Belles.

MINER'S ROBERT.—The Jolly Grass Widows lived up to their title and furnished a brisk entertainment. This week, Drestland Burlesquers.

VAUDEVILLE.

VAUDEVILLE.

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Dec. 9 Hammerstein's Victoria  
" 16 Keith & Proctor's 24th St.  
" 23 " " " 24th St.  
" 30 " " " 24th St.

CRESSY AND DAYNE TO STAR.

If present negotiations come to a successful issue it is more than likely that Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will begin their deferred starting tour under the management of the Shuberts early in 1908. They will appear in a three-act version of The Village Lawyer, one of Mr. Cressy's sketches, which he is writing in collaboration with J. Clarence Harvey. New England will be the first territory to be covered by these popular players.

VAUDEVILLE JOTTINGS.

T. J. Hunt will open and operate a vaudeville theatre at Pine Bluff, Ark., Dec. 27. He also has a house at Fort Smith, Ark.

Melville Ellis, the actor-composer, and Edward P. Temple, stage-manager of the Hippodrome, have been appointed a committee of two to make some necessary alterations and improvements in The Auto Race at the Hippodrome.

It is said that the new burlesque at Weber's will follow The Merry Widow very closely, with just enough exaggeration to give it a touch of burlesque. Jeannette Lowrie will play a few weeks in vaudeville, while Yama, in which she has made a success, is playing one-night stands.

Mable Hite has secured vaudeville bookings through M. S. Benthams. She will appear alone, in an act written for her by Vincent Bryan.

Virginia East has decided to do a single singing act when she makes her reappearance next week, instead of using a sketch, as originally planned.

Truly Shattuck will go to Europe early in the Spring, but will fill a number of dates on this side before sailing.

Morris Hyman, father of Sidney Hyman, of London, and of the well-known South African manager, died in London recently.

Nelson Lewis, who died of Bright's disease at Sharon Springs a few days ago, was in his thirty-ninth year. He was a son of Thomas and Catherine Marcotte. The remains were interred at Sharon Springs.

VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS' DATES.

Performers are requested to send their dates well in advance. Dates will be furnished on application. The names of performers with combinations are not published in this list.

Abel and Arden—Keith's, Phila., 23-28.  
Adams-Taylor-Lyric, Dayton, O., 16-21, Empire, Paterson, N. J., 23-28.  
Adams, Musical-Family, Carbondale, Pa., 16-21.  
Aberna, The-Maj., San Antonio, Tex., 16-21.  
All, George-Keith's, Cleveland, 16-21, Orph., Minneapolis, 23-28.  
Allen, Earl and Violet-Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21.  
Allen, Earl and Violet-Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21.  
Allie, Earl and Violet-Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21.  
Alpine Troupe-Bijou, Decatur, Ill., 16-21.  
American Novelty-Quartette-Pantages, Seattle, Wash., 9-11.  
American Four-Orph., Allentown, Pa., 16-21.  
Ames-McMaw, Schenectady, N. Y., 16-21.  
Ames's Animals-Maj., Johnston, Pa., 16-21.  
Ames's Animals-Maj., Johnston, Pa., 16-21.  
Ames's Animals-Maj., Johnston, Pa., 16-21.  
Arlington Four-Orph., Salt Lake City, U., 16-21.  
Armstrong and Clark-Temple, Detroit, 16-21, Cook's, Rochester, N. Y., 23-28.  
Ashton, The-Francis, Albany, N. Y., 16-21.  
Asa, A. W.-Colonial, Norfolk, Va., 16-21, Maryland, Balto., 23-28.  
Atkinson, Geo.-Amusement, Bradock, Pa., 16-21, Orph., Pittsburgh, 23-28.  
Auburn, The-Edison, O., 15-18, Findlay, O., 19-21, Middletown, O., 23-28.  
Austin, Taming-Parillon, Abertillery, Eng., 23-28.  
Palace, Perth, Eng., 30-Jan. 4, Palace, Gloucester, Eng., 6-11.  
Baldini, Irma Monti-Grand, Bklyn., 16-21.  
Balsara, The-Maj., Chgo., 16-21, Grand, Indianapolis, 23-28.  
Banks and Newton-Hathaway's, Malden, Mass., 16-21.  
Baron's Dogs-N. Y. Theatre, N. Y., 16-21.  
Bartholdi's Cockatoo-Orph., Omaha, 16-21, Orph., Kansas City, 23-28.  
Bassett, Jugglers-Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21.  
Beattie, Jugglers-Orph., Chillicothe, O., 16-21.  
Bedouin Arabs-Orph., Bklyn., 16-21.  
Belleville Brothers-Orph., New Orleans, 16-21.  
BENNETT, VALERIE-Keith's, Boston, 16-21.  
Keith's, Prov., 23-28.  
Berry and Berry-Orph., Minneapolis, 15-21, Olympic, Chgo., 23-28.  
Bingham-Dehane, O., 15-18, Findlay, O., 19-21, Middletown, O., 23-28.  
Blackett and Miller-Poll's, Bridgeport, Conn., 16-21.  
Boulder and Quinn-Empire, Pictou, N. S., 16-21.  
Bowen Brothers-Grand, Butte, Mont., 16-21, Wash., Spokane, 23-28.  
Bowen, Walters and Crocker-Shea's, Toronto, 16-21.  
Bradley and Davis-Parlor, York, Pa., 16-21.  
Brenon, Herbert, and Helen Downing-Acme, Sacramento, Cal., 16-21, National, Frisco, 23-28.  
Brittons, The-Shea's, Buffalo, 16-21, Shea's, Toronto, 23-28.  
Brown, Gil-Maj., Evansville, Ind., 16-21.  
Bruno, Chris, and Mable Russell-Colonial, N. Y., 16-21, Orph., Bklyn., 23-28.  
Bryant and Saville-Temple, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 16-21.  
Burke, Dan-Orph., Bklyn., 16-21, Alhambra, N. Y., 23-28.  
Burton and Voss-Empire, Des Moines, Ia., 16-21.  
Bush, Frank-Keith's, Phila., 23-28.  
Byrd and Vance-Vaudeville, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 16-21.  
Byron and Langdon-Colonial, Lawrence, Mass., 16-21.  
Callahan and St. George-Keith's, Prov., 16-21.  
Callan and Smith-Haymarket, Chgo., 16-21.  
Cameron and Fleming-K., and P. Union Sq., 16-21, Empire, Paterson, N. J., 23-28.  
Carney Brothers-Orph., Denver, Colo., 16-21.  
Carleton-Maryland, Balto., 16-21.  
Carrollton, Charles G.-Family, Seattle, Wash., 16-21.  
Carson and Willard-Poll's, Bridgeport, Conn., 16-21.  
Caselli's Dogs-Orph., Frisco, 23-Jan. 4.  
Casey and Crane-Maj., Chgo., 16-21.  
Chadwick Trio-Nelson, Springfield, Mass., 16-21.  
Chester and Jones-Empire, Hoboken, N. J., 16-21.  
Clarence Sisters-K. and P. 125th St., 16-21.  
Clark, Bergman and Mahoney-Keith's, Phila., 23-28.  
Clark and Duncan-Lyric, Terre Haute, Ind., 16-21.  
Clifton's Five-Hippodrome, N. Y.-Indefinite.  
COHAN, JOSEPHINE-N. Y. Theatre, N. Y., 16-21.  
Cole and Clemens-Lobby's, Balto., 16-21.  
Collins and Brown-Colonial, N. Y., 16-21.  
Columbian, Fire-Maj., Little Rock, Ark., 16-21.  
Maj., Ft. Worth, Tex., 23-28.  
Cuphus, Jenny-Pastor's, N. Y., 16-21.



Taylor,  
Holmes

(Even his swearing is art.—Denver Republican)

"WHOM IT IS?"

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KELLY AND KENT

Orpheum Road Show

Conn. Downey and Willard-Maj., Chgo., 23-28.  
Connelly, E. J.-Orph., Frisco, 23-Jan. 4.  
Cook and Sylvia-Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21.  
Cook, Frank, and Muriel Stone-Hathaway's, New Bedford, Mass., 16-21.  
Cooper, Lee-Bijou, Kansas, Wis., 16-21, Bijou, Racine, Wis., 23-28.  
Cooper and Robinson-Gotham, Bklyn., 16-21.  
Cowan-Orph., Frisco, 23-Jan. 4.  
Cordine-Hammerstein's, N. Y., 16-21.  
Cotton, Lola-Lyric, Dayton, O., 16-21.  
Cottrell and Powell-N. Y. Theatre, N. Y., 16-21.  
Courtleigh, William-Hammerstein's, N. Y., 16-21.  
CREWELL, WILL M., AND BLANCHE DAYNE  
-Empire, Paterson, N. J., 16-21, Empire, Hoboken, N. J., 23-28.  
Crewell, Will, Oshkosh, Wis., 16-21.  
Crewell, W. P.-Method, Ore., Nov. 4-Indefinite.  
Cochran, The-Colonial, St. Louis, 16-21.  
Cunningham and Smith-Star, Waterville, W. Va., 16-21.  
Curtis and Palmer-Auditorium, Lynn, Mass., 16-21.  
Dagwell, Ande-Grand, Pittsburgh, 16-21, Temple, Detroit, 23-28.  
Dahl, Kathryn-K. and P. Union Sq., 16-21.  
Dale, Violet-Orpheum, Sioux City, Ia., 15-21, Orph., St. Paul, 23-28.  
Daly's Country Club-Keith's, Phila., 16-21.  
Dann Brothers-Hammerstein's, N. Y., 16-21.  
Dancers, Six American-Empire, Paterson, N. J., 16-21.  
Dennis Brothers-Shea's, Buffalo, 16-21, Shea's, Toronto, 23-28.  
Darrow, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart-Poll's, Scranton, Pa., 16-21.  
Davis, Edwards-Keith's, Phila., 16-21, Orph., Reading, Pa., 23-28.  
Davis, Mary and Laura-Princess, Columbus, 16-21.  
Davis and Le Roy-Maj., Ashland, Ky., 16-21.  
De Camo-Maj., Birmingham, Ala., 16-21.  
De Haven Septette-Orph., St. Paul, 16-21.  
De Lacey, The-Bijou, Jacksonville, Ill., 16-21.  
De Lussan, Zella-Orph., Frisco, 8-21.  
De Rango and La Rue-Family, Pittston, Pa., 16-21.  
De Voe Trio-Keith's, Prov., 16-21.  
De Witt, Burns and Terrace-Poll's, Scranton, Pa., 16-21, Keith's, Phila., 23-28.  
Deane, Sydney-Orph., Kansas City, 16-21.  
Deaves, Harry-B-way, Camden, N. J., 16-21.  
Deimo-Star, McKees Rock, Pa., 16-21.  
Deimos, Robert-Olympic, Springfield, Ill., 16-21.  
Dellmore and Lee-Keith's, Phila., 23-28.  
Dennis, Joe-Maj., Johnston, Pa., 16-21, Novelty, Bklyn., 23-28.  
Dennis, Robert-Olympic, Springfield, Ill., 16-21.  
D'Vee, Liane-Forest, Phila., 16-21, York, Buffalo, 23-28.

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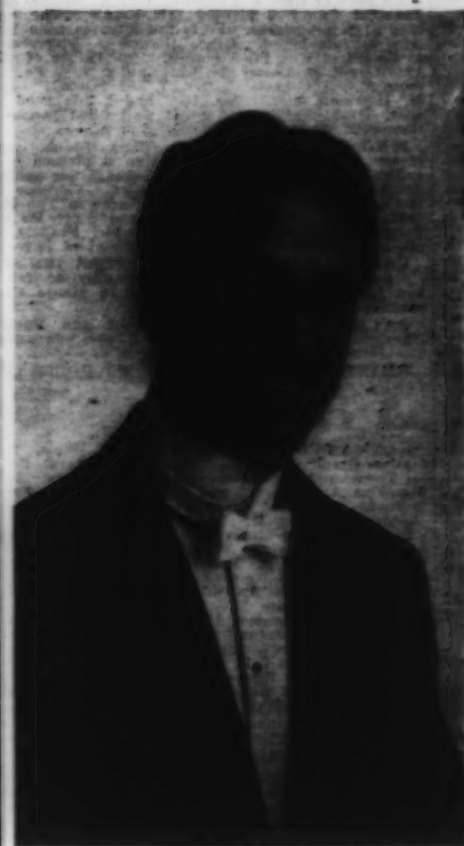
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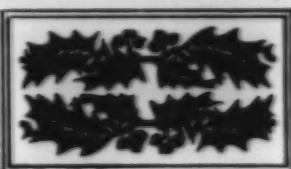
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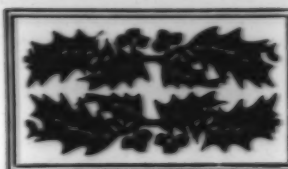
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